

# True Story

May 25 Cents  
Magazine

Truth Is  
Stranger  
Than  
Fiction

Beginning  
The Bachelor  
Husband  
Page 17

Posed by  
Hazel Dawn



# Get Your Name on This Electrical Pay Roll

Weekly Pay Roll	
W. E. Pence	Automotive Elect. Expert \$185 a week
C. E. Lockhart	Contracting Dept. \$120 a week
A. F. Klemz	Supt. Elect. Construction \$150 a week
Harry E. Wolf	Chief Electrician \$100 a week



"These are the actual salaries being earned by these men today. I have letters from them and hundreds of other men telling how I helped them out of small pay jobs into these big-pay positions."

## Electrical Experts Earn \$3,500 to \$10,000 a Year

GET out of the small-pay, hard-work class. Earn \$12 to \$30 a day as an Electrical Expert. You can do it. Trained Electrical Men are needed everywhere at the highest salaries. The opportunities for advancement are the greatest ever known. Even the ordinary electrician is highly paid, but you can be an Expert—the man who bosses the big jobs.

### FREE Electrical Outfit

You need tools, material and instruments to do the practical work I teach—these I give to you absolutely free—there is nothing for you to buy. You are absolutely privileged to use my Electrical Laboratories without cost, as well as my students' employment department which helps you land a good job.

### Money-Back Guarantee

You take no risk when you enroll for my Course. Under bond, I guarantee to return every penny paid me if you are not entirely satisfied with my instruction. A Million Dollar Institution stands back of me in this guarantee.

### Let Me Help You to a Big Pay Job

I am Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works and I know exactly what you need to insure your success. I guarantee to give you that knowledge. In a few short months I can fit you to hold down one of the finest paying jobs in the world.

### Earn Extra Money While You Learn

Learn right in your own home without losing an hour's time from the work you do now. In fact early in my course I show you how to make extra money doing spare time electrical work. Many of my students earn as high as \$35 a week in addition to their regular pay.

### Age or Education Make No Difference

You don't have to be a college man—not even a high school graduate. If you can read and write English I can make a big success of you. My Electrical Course is the most simple, thorough and successful course in existence. It has revolutionized training by correspondence. It has dozens of successful features never before attempted.

### Mail Coupon for My Book "Vital Facts"

Let me send you my big free book of "Vital Facts"—let me tell you more about how you can jump from a "bossed" to a "bossing" job—a regular man's size job that pays \$70 to \$200 a week. Fill out and mail the coupon NOW before you turn this page.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

## CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS

2150 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago

Dept. 495



L. L. COOKE  
Chief Engineer  
Chicago Engineering Works  
Dept. 495  
2150 Lawrence Avenue  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Send at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book of "Vital Facts," and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

**The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man**

## Read What Some Other Students Are Doing

"When I started to study with you I was working as a machine boss, at \$150 a month, and seemingly was unable to do better."

"Five months after starting your Course I was made Mine-Electrician, at \$250 a month, and now I have just had another \$75 advance, making my present salary \$325 a month, an increase of \$175 a month in 10 months."

"And it's all due to you."

"You started me on the right track, you kept me there by your encouraging letters, and you surely have helped me to make good."

"I can't thank you enough."—Robert C. Dawson, Mine Electrician, The Consolidated Coal Co., Berryburg, W. Va.

"Since I started to study with you a year ago I have, doing electrical work in my spare time, made the price of two Courses, and have increased my earning power just 100 per cent."—Samuel Albright, Riverside, Wash.

"During May I made about \$85.00 in my spare time. I can hand you the credit, because when I started I knew NOTHING about Electricity."—L. Randall, Ironton, Minn.

"You will be pleased to learn of my promotion to Chief Electrician. It was your Course put me where I am. Although only a little over half through your lessons I have had my wages raised from \$75.00 to \$275.00 a month and expect to do better before I am through."—H. E. Wolf, Columbus, Ohio.

"When I enrolled with you I was only able to make \$75.00 a month. Today, thanks to your splendid lessons, I am in business for myself, making over \$400.00 a month."—A. Schreck, Phoenix, Arizona.

"Electrical men here speak very highly of your Course. One—the Fresno Manager of the General Electric Company—says your Course is equal to the three years' training courses at their Schenectady shops."—E. Linville, Fresno, California.

"I want to speak a good word in regard to your Course and methods. It has helped me wonderfully. I passed a Journeyman's examination with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and am now carrying a first-class card."—J. R. Overton, Maryville, Tennessee.

"When I enrolled I knew nothing about Electricity. Today I am the highest paid workman for the Massena Light & Power Co."—C. C. Burkhart, Massena, New York.

"You don't know how glad I am that my son has found such a man as you. I only wish other mothers knew of the interest you take in your students—their boys."—Mrs. S. Williams, Huntington Beach, Calif.

"I am still holding that position with the Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company, secured on your recommendation."—A. Swanson, Minneapolis, Minn.

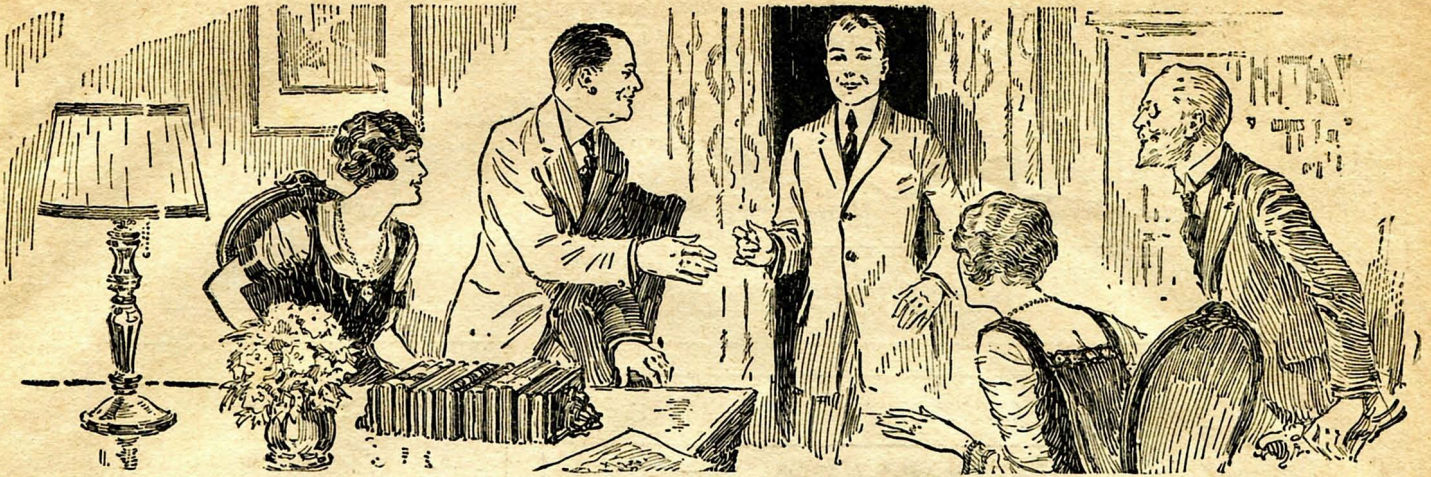
"In 18 months since I started to study with you I have increased my salary from \$6 a day to \$4,000 a year."—A. F. Klemz, State Supt. of Const. Miller-York Co., Saginaw, Mich.

"The outfit is wonderful, so much better than I expected, and I must say I am more than pleased with the same."—F. X. Droege, Covington, Ky.

"Before I started to study with you I was only able to make \$50 every two weeks. Now I am making \$300 a month, and going up all the time. Your Course has put me where I am."—J. E. Stallinger, Mine Electrician, New River & Pocahontas Con. Coal Co., Layland, West Virginia.

"I would not take 1,000 dollars and be without your Course. If I did, the years ahead would only be like the few that have passed."—H. Swiger, Wallace, West Virginia.





# How to Make a Hit with Influential People!

SOMETHING about Richard Bradley made him attract unusual attention wherever he went. You would instinctively pick him out of a crowd as worthy of note. In a gathering of any sort—at the club, at dinners or business meetings—the most important people present could always be found around Bradley, eager to make friends with him. And as for the ladies—well, to use a colloquial expression, they literally “threw themselves at him.”

It wasn't Bradley's physical appearance, or the way he dressed or acted, that caused him to attract such favorable attention. In these things he was not unlike other men. But there was a vividness and charm about him which you felt the moment you saw him; and in his eye was the glint of steel acquired only by men who are doing things in a big way.

Yet he had started life as an errand boy with a grammar-school education. And now at 29 years of age he was making \$12,000 a year in a keenly-competitive business in which none but mature men of high education were supposed to be able to succeed.

BRADLEY and I saw each other often, and, naturally, I valued his friendship highly. One day he dropped in to see me with a “tip” on a big job he said I could get if I'd go after it. It was a big job—right in my line—but I felt it was altogether too big for me at that time. I doubted if I could get it; and even if I could, I didn't see how I could possibly be worth the large salary it paid. As I told this to Bradley a look of surprise, then of utter amazement, flashed across his face.

“Too big for you!” he exploded—“what nonsense! Nothing is too big, or too important, or too good for you—or for anyone else. Get that foolish nonsense out of your mind. The reason why you and lots of other fellows aren't getting more money is because you let the world bluff you. You've already got the ability—much more than many men holding high positions—but you haven't yet learned the knack of making people pay you big money for it.”

Bradley then told me astonishing things about men and women, life, business and the world in general. I was utterly astounded at what he said. It seemed as though a curtain had suddenly been lifted from my eyes and I could now see clearly for the first time. Then he drew his chair close to mine and told me a mental knock to use in dealing with people so as to immediately destroy any advantage they have over you, and to gain the advantage yourself.

“And now,” continued Bradley, in a tone of friendly command, “telephone to the man I told you about and ask for an appointment.”

## How to—

- gain the self-assurance that strongly impresses people;
- overcome nervousness in meeting people;
- meet and deal with “big” people as easily as you do your closest friends;
- quickly develop an impressive, winning personality;
- dominate and control people;
- prevent people from out-witting you;
- quickly get a substantial raise, promotion or anything you especially want;
- use the secret of making big money to bring you quick results;
- make people look upon you as a “winner”;
- intensify your knowledge and skill, without further study, to make it bring you substantial and quick rewards;
- win your way into the highest social circles.

I SAW my man the following day, and did exactly what Bradley told me to do both before and during the interview. And I got that job! Yes, actually landed a job I was afraid to tackle until Bradley told me such astonishing things. You can well imagine my delight! It pays me three times more than I ever thought myself capable of earning! All my friends are wondering how I did it! I've the satisfaction of knowing I'm making good in a big way—got it straight from the president at luncheon. If it hadn't been for Bradley I'd still be asleep in a rut letting the world bluff me out of money which is rightfully mine. But now I know the knack of getting big money!

WHAT Bradley told me was this: “You know that until recent generations our ancestors, as a race, were oppressed, exploited and held down by the governing classes. They were bluffed into believing that kings and the ruling classes were infinitely better and altogether superior to them. The ruling classes forced this bluff on the people by means of artificial standards of society and a lot of flub-dub magnificence.

“Today you and the rest of us laugh at this. We know it to be bunk. But just as we inherit our type of body, so do we inherit our state of mind. Our ancestors had a high respect for—even fear of—people in authority. Recent researches in psycho-analysis prove that even today most of us have an undue respect for, or actual fear of, people in positions of authority. We may not realize it. Consciously we may not have this fear; but, nevertheless, we have it—planted deep in our subconscious mind—inherited from our ancestors.

“That is why so few people get the rich rewards they are entitled to. They know they are worth more money, but they dislike to face the boss. They know they have the ability to hold a bigger job, but lack the know-how and the nerve to get it. Tens of thousands of natural-born money-makers and leaders of men are today held down to underpaid jobs simply because they are bluffed by other men. And many splendid men and women find themselves unable to enter high social circles, simply because of an inherited state of mind.

“But there's a simple way to quickly overcome this inherited handicap,” continued Bradley. “It will not only wipe out your fears, but give you invincible courage, dash and intrepidity which sweeps everything before it, and makes people view you with amazed admiration. It will enable you to dominate other people instead of being dominated by them.” And then he told me the actual methods

to use—the methods which enabled me to win and hold my big job which pays me three times more than I ever thought myself capable of earning.

## Startling Revelations!

THE whole of these astonishing facts, with all the powerful methods, are clearly and fully told in “NERVE,” a remarkable 6-volume pocket-size Course by William G. Clifford. That is where Bradley got his information which enabled him and his friend to accomplish such remarkable things. Within one hour after you start to read this astonishing Course your eyes will be opened as they never were opened before! There is nothing to laboriously study or learn. You can apply at once the powerful methods it gives you—methods which will immediately thrill you with invincible courage and give you great power over men and women and the world at large.

## SEND NO MONEY.

Merely fill in and mail the coupon. The complete Course “NERVE,” in six attractive volumes, goes to you immediately. Simply pay the postman \$1.25 plus postage and the complete Course is yours. If you are not delighted, return the Course within five days and your money will instantly be refunded.

You have always wanted to know how to forcefully assert yourself to command respect from other men; how to meet the biggest business and social leaders with the impressive manner that wins their admiration; how to feel at ease under all conditions; how to know if the other man is bluffing you and how to quickly turn the tables on him. All those things and more—including the secret of making big money—are clearly and specifically told in “NERVE,” as you will quickly see to your great profit and delight.

We may be compelled to withdraw this remarkable offer at any moment, so it is suggested that you get “NERVE” now—before it is too late!

Fairfield Publishers Inc.,

110 West 40th Street (Dept. 883) New York City

FAIRFIELD PUBLISHERS Inc., 110 W. 40th St., New York City  
Send me “NERVE” by William G. Clifford, in six pocket-size volumes. I will pay the postman \$1.25 plus postage in full payment on arrival. It is understood that, if I am not more than satisfied, I may return the Course to you within five days and receive my money back instantly.

Name.....  
(Print name and address clearly)

Street.....

City..... Price outside of U.S., \$1.35 cash with order. 883

## Big Cut In Price!

“NERVE” has created a tremendous impression. Letters and telegrams are snowing us under. Personal calls by the score. All from purchasers—telling how greatly they have been astonished—delighted—thrilled—pushed to success—by “NERVE.”

Orders are flooding us. The big, new, revised edition of “NERVE” sells regularly for \$3. But now we can cut costs by printing large editions. We'll share our saving with you. If you order immediately we'll send you the regular \$3 Course for only \$1.25. A clear saving to you of \$1.75. Was \$3—now \$1.25. But you must ACT QUICKLY!

**\$1.25**  
Special Quick-Action Offer!



# True Story ] for May

Magazine

Volume VI

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Number 4

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Hazel Dawn, Colored by J. A. Krohmer*

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## Prize Stories

**T**RUE STORY'S editors had purposed to announce in this number the complete results of TRUE STORY'S Prize Contest closing with the first day of last January. But the awards cannot be announced until the June issue for a hundred or more reasons.

You may be responsible for one of these reasons, for each of them takes the form of a manuscript that the judges of the Contest have not yet decided out-of-the-running.

**T**HE cloud has a silver lining, though, for in this way TRUE STORY'S editors are afforded a wider choice and contestants greater chance of their stories publication, whether or not awarded prizes.

In the meantime the second of the contest's hundred dollar prizes goes to Mrs. Lillian Irish, of Huron, South Dakota, for her story, "The Turnpike," which is, incidentally, one of the most interesting of the life stories that will make up June TRUE STORY.

## Don't Forget:

**W**E'D like to have your candid comments on TRUE STORY—its appearance and appeal, its vices and its virtues. You've perhaps noted the offer of twenty-five dollars to be awarded monthly to readers whose criticisms TRUE STORY'S editors find most helpful. The best letter received during April will be awarded ten dollars, the next best five dollars, the next best in turn two dollars each.

**I**NSTEAD of saying that a story is good, bad or indifferent, give it a percentage rate for interest-holding, as follows: Poor, equals any rating under 79 per cent; fair, equals 80 to 89 per cent; good, 90 to 93 per cent; very good, 94 to 96 per cent; superlatively good, 97 to 100 per cent.

In the June number will appear the list of March letter-writers awarded prizes.



# New Discovery Explains Why Hair Turns Gray

**Science Shows How Any Man or Woman Can Now Quickly Restore Hair to Its Own, Original Color**

**G**RAY hair is simply hair without color! Science has discovered that if a certain natural process in the root were not affected by worry or by advancing age, the hair would never become gray, but retain its natural color throughout life.

A remarkable new discovery now makes it possible for the original color of the hair to be restored quickly and easily through a simple, natural process. Hair acquires its color (blond, black, brown, auburn, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter or pigment in tiny cells found at the root of the hair. This coloring matter is given off at the tip of the papilla, enters the root, and is dissolved in tiny corpuscles in the middle layer of the hair. The process is known as pigmentation. (See diagram.)

## Gray Hair Not Always a Sign of Age

Gray hair, which is regarded by many as an indication of approaching age, is simply due to the absence or loss of pigment in the cells. That explains why one woman may be gray at thirty while another retains the lustrous color of her hair until extreme old age.

As long as the process of pigmentation continues, the hair remains black or brown or whatever the original color happened to be. But as soon as this process is affected by advancing age, or by shock, worry or illness, the pigment supply lessens or fails—and no coloring is sent up into the hair. The result is that the hair becomes streaked with gray. This gray does not indicate a change in color. It indicates an absence of color, and unless this condition is corrected, the hair will soon become entirely gray.

## The Only Way Color Can Be Restored

If only one hair in your head is gray, it is a danger signal. The cells of pigmentation need nourishment and stimulation. If the hair is streaked with gray, instant action is necessary, otherwise the hair will lose all its color. If the hair is entirely or almost entirely gray, there is only one way to restore it to its natural color—and that is by stimulating the cells of pigmentation so that they function properly and supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

The ordinary hair "restorer" is a dye or tint that merely colors the gray hair artificially. It makes the hair coarse and brittle and artificial color gradually wears away. But Tru-Tone actually strengthens

and nourishes the pigment cells so that they once more supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

## Guarantee Backed By a Million Dollar Bank

Tru-Tone is a pure, delicately scented powder that you simply dissolve in water and use on the scalp. It is absolutely guaranteed to be as entirely harmless as water itself. Tru-Tone contains no alkali, acid, coal tar, wood alcohol, nickel, copper or other ingredients that could possibly injure the hair or scalp. Our guarantee of Tru-Tone's harmless purity and satisfaction to users is backed by a deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which is authorized to return to any purchaser the total amount paid for Tru-Tone if its results are unsatisfactory, or if any of our statements misrepresent it. Tru-Tone is not only as harmless as the water you use with it, but it will make your hair glossy, thick and beautiful at the same time that it restores it to natural color.

Tru-Tone is not a dye, or a stain, or a tint. It does not act on the hair at all, but on the tiny pigment cells that supply the hair with color. These cells can supply the hair with only one color—and that is the natural color. If your hair was auburn originally, Tru-Tone will restore it to its true auburn color. If it was blond, or brown or black, Tru-Tone will restore it to the exact shade and lustre it had in youth.

## Take Advantage of This Special Free-Proof Offer

Nothing can so thoroughly convince you of the wonderful power of Tru-Tone in restoring the hair to its natural color as trying it. That is why we are making the very special offer.

If you will fill in the coupon below and

mail it to us at once, we will send you a full-size carton of Tru-Tone. Don't send any money. And don't send a sample of your hair—Tru-Tone acts alike on all hair; it restores it to its own natural color. Just send the coupon—but be sure to do it at once.

## Mail Coupon Now!

When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only \$1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for \$3.00. You may send money with your order if you wish. If after a fair test you are not delighted with results, if Tru-Tone does not restore your hair to its original color, simply return what is left of it and your money will be refunded at once.

Clip the coupon and mail it now, before you forget. Bear in mind that this is a free-proof offer; the test of Tru-Tone need cost nothing if you are not absolutely delighted. Act NOW! Domino House Dept. T-245, 267 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Domino House,**  
Dept. T-245, 267 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

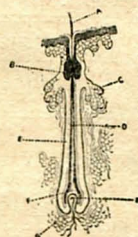
You may send me a \$3.00 carton of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman \$1.45 plus postage. Although I am benefiting by the special introductory cut price, I am nevertheless purchasing the first carton with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole and only judge.

Name .....

Address .....

If apt to be out when postman calls, then send remittance right with this coupon.

## Why Gray Hair Is Simply Hair Without Color



The hair shaft (A) springs from a tube-like depression in the scalp called a follicle (E). The bulb (F) rests on a tiny tip of tissue called the papilla (H). The color of the hair is due to a pigment given off at the tip of this papilla. When sickness, worry or shock interferes with this pigment supply, the hair becomes gray. To restore it to its natural color, the pigment supply must be restored through a natural process. In the diagram, B is the root, C is the oil gland, D is the root sheath, and G is the fat cells. Study the diagram and you will see for yourself why there is only one scientific way to restore the color of hair.





# Your Figure

Has Charm Only as You Are  
Fully Developed

## BEAUTY OF FORM

can be cultivated just the same as flowers are made to blossom with proper care. Woman, by nature refined and delicate, craves the natural beauty of her sex. How wonderful to be a perfect woman.

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never look natural or feel right. They are really harmful and retard development. You should add to your physical beauty by enlarging your bust-form to its natural size. This is easy to accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new scientific appliance that brings delightful results.

accomplish with the NATIONAL, a new

## FREE BEAUTY BOOK

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"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."

This valuable information, explaining the causes of non-development, together with photographic proof showing as much as five inches enlargement by this method, will be sent FREE to every woman who writes quickly. Those desiring book sent sealed, enclose 4c postage.

THE OLIVE COMPANY

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CLARINDA, IOWA

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OF THIRD MONTH PRECEDING  
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Sex Books For Professional And Advanced Adult readers only. The Modern Book Society, 4150 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (formerly of New York City)

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Real Estate Men Make \$5,000 To \$10,000 Yearly. You can do it. Send \$1 for latest book showing how to do it. Money refunded if not what we claim. Alliance Realty Bureau, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

\$92—\$192 Month. Men—Women Over 17. Steady work. Get U. S. Government positions. Common education sufficient. Influence unnecessary. List positions obtainable—free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. C54, Rochester, N. Y.

Ambitious Men—Women: \$40.00, \$150.00 Weekly. Become advertising writers. Students frequently earn \$20.00, \$40.00 weekly while learning. Prepare quickly, home spare time. We assist you to position. Write Applied Arts Institute, Dept. 242, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.

## Help Wanted Female

Girls—Women. Become Dress Designers. \$35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C, 562, Rochester, N. Y.

## Mail Order Business

I Made \$25,000 With Small Mail Order Business. Sample article 25c. Free Booklet. Stamp. Alts Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

## Motion Picture Plays

Photoplays: 5000 Ideas Needed. Working Girl paid \$10,000 for ideas she thought worthless. Details free. Write, Producers League, 400, St. Louis.

## Personal

Want To Hear From Owner Having Farm For sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, 305th Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Let's Swap! Buy! Sell! What'd've got? What'd've want? 20,000 readers. Dime trial. Swap Bulletin, Detroit.

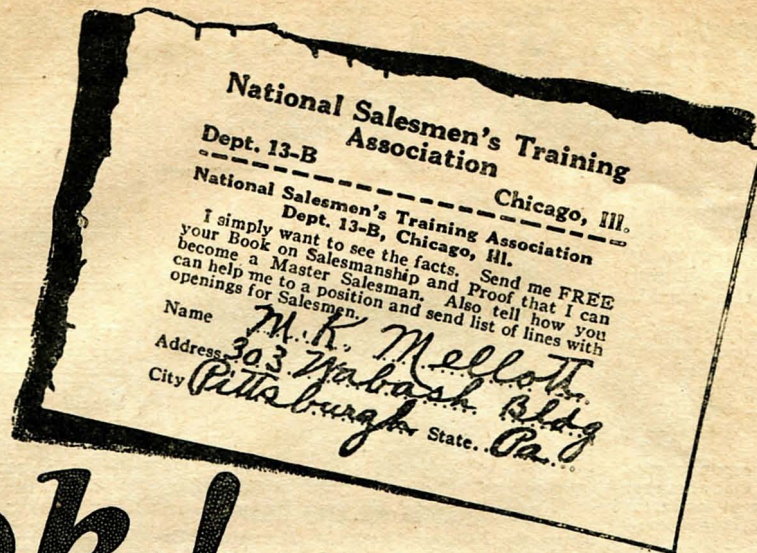
"Lonesome? Make Acquaintances Everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today for free information enclosing stamp. Harmony Club, 944 Montana St., Chicago."

Tobacco Or Snuff Habit Cured Or No Pay. \$1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., S. E., Baltimore, Md.

Free For Fat People. All Obese People Wishing quick permanent reduction should write me immediately regarding my liberal free offer to send one full month's supply of my great new druggless obesity treatment, absolutely free. Address J. E. Bennett, 501 San Fernando Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

(Continued on page 6)





# Look!

## This is the Coupon that Put Me in the \$10,000 a Year Class

THAT little slip of paper wouldn't cash in for a penny at a bank teller's window. But \$10,000 wouldn't begin to express what it has been worth to me.

Most of us do look upon \$10,000 as a pretty good yearly salary. To me it looked almost impossibly big. Why I was just a young farmer boy! Yet somehow or other the figure "\$10,000-a-year," always stuck in my mind. I used to add it up time and again. I used to figure all I could do with an amount like that coming in each year. I could have a beautifully furnished home in the city, a car—well, just about everything I wanted.

And then it happened! Today—not so long afterward—I find myself in the \$10,000 a year class. I am a little amazed myself when I think that just a couple of short years ago I was pushing a plow. And I had never realized \$10,000 a year was waiting for me in a field in which I had no previous experience whatever!

### • Why People Laughed

The first time I mentioned the word "Salesman" at home I was greeted with a laugh from everyone in the family. "The idea of a farmer boy making good as a salesman!" they said. But I *knew* there was a way to do it. I knew that men had stepped down from bookkeepers' stools into high-salaried jobs as salesmen. I knew that clerks who had never sold a dime's worth of goods in their lives had made big money selling. I knew that firemen, city policemen, railway mail clerks, and others who were farmer boys like myself had become successful salesmen at large salaries. And what is more, I *knew HOW they had done it!*

The whole thing happened in a rather commonplace way. I had just finished a hard day out in the fields and was sitting in



the kitchen resting and waiting for supper. I picked up a magazine and there I read how a great organization of expert salesmen and sales managers had banded together to fit men to succeed in this great field. I read of the wonderful success of their methods. I read how a man from Portland, Oregon, named F. Wynn had stepped from a small-pay job to a salesman's with earnings which amounted to as high as \$550.00 a week. I read of a fireman who never before had earned more than \$60.00 a month. This organization made a salesman out of him and his earnings ran up to the \$300.00 a week figure. His name was George W. Kearns and he came from Oklahoma City. I read about a farmer like myself, Charles Berry of Winterset, Iowa, who earned a thousand dollars the very first month he became a salesman. I read about W. Hartle of Chicago who had spent ten years in the railway mail service at a salary ranging from \$900 to \$1200 a year. As a salesman his earnings were \$1000 in thirty days.

### Why It Was Easy

These men had never sold goods—had never known they could sell. But that hadn't mattered a bit. They learned of this great organization formed for the express purpose of fitting men for the great opportunities in the field of Salesmanship and to help them to positions in the lines that most appeal to them. Step by step—in their spare time at home this Association took them thru every phase of selling. Then almost before they realized it they were in the big money class. And that night, even before I had supper, I mailed the coupon that you see reproduced above.

### I Leave the Farm for \$10,000 a Year

The rest seems like an amazing dream to me. Right at home in my spare time I was

taken through every phase of selling. Today—and it is just about three years since then—and I am the Branch and Sales Manager of one of the large brush manufacturing companies of Philadelphia. I had been with them only seven months when I began to make the money I had once dreamed of earning.

When an organization has done that much for you wouldn't you want to help them too? And that is why I am telling my story here. Because I have no doubt that there are hundreds of others who realize that selling is the real big-money field. But they have never realized that they could easily get their share of this big money regardless of whether they had ever sold a dime's worth of goods before in their lives.

M. K. Mellott.

### Send for This Free Book

The same opportunity that has brought Mr. Mellott and hundreds of others their good fortune is open to you. Whether or not you have ever thought of becoming a Salesman, you should examine the facts about the tremendous possibilities for big earnings in this fascinating field. This will not cost you a penny and places you under no obligation. It simply means that you will receive, entirely free, a remarkable book, "The Knight of the Grip," and the personal stories of men in every part of the country who today are enjoying splendid success and earning five, ten and fifteen times as much money as ever before. Make a start now! Mail at once the coupon that can put you into the \$10,000 a year class too. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 60-E, Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association,  
Dept. 60-E, Chicago, Ill.

I simply want to see the facts. Send me FREE your Book on Salesmanship and Proof that I can become a Master Salesman. Also tell how you can help me to a position and send list of lines with openings for Salesmen.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



# I Can Teach You Piano In Half Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me **by mail**. I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is **entirely different** from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent **entirely away from the keyboard**, learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you **do go** to the keyboard, you accomplish **twice as much**, because you **understand what you are doing**. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in other keys as well.

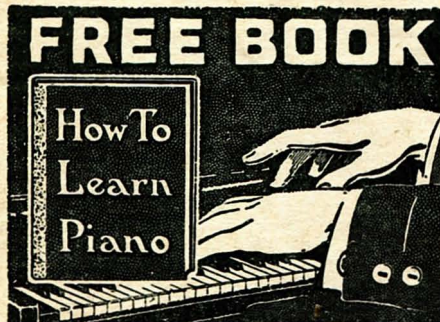
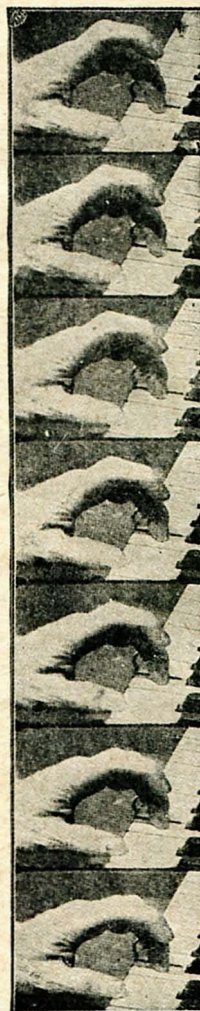
I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are **entirely unknown** to the average teacher. My patented invention, the **COLOR-TONE**, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, **QUINN-DEX**. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from **MEMORY**—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The **COLOR-TONE** and **QUINN-DEX** save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all **essential** ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is **far superior** to all others; and even for the wealthiest students there is nothing **better** at any price.



**DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO**  
From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

to the keyboard, you are **doing**. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in other keys as well.



## FREE BOOK COUPON

**QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio TS-45**  
598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," and full particulars of your course and special reduced Tuition Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and **this makes all the difference in the world**.

My course is endorsed by distinguished musicians, who would not recommend any course that did not maintain the highest musical standards. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted. Write today, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

**MARCUS LUCIUS QUINN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC**

Studio TS-45 598 Columbia Road  
BOSTON, 25, MASS.

## FREE VIOLIN

Genuine  
\$20.00  
Imported

You can surprise your friends by learning to play in one week. Show them how easy it is to play **at once** for pleasure or profit, using my **three new inventions**.

Over 10,000 Students Found Violin Playing **Easy to Learn**

My three new inventions make it easy for young or old. I have taught violin lessons 40 years. Write your name and address at bottom of page and send for free violin offer and three new inventions.

**PROF. A. HINCHCLIFFE, 233 Broadway**  
Woolworth Bldg. Denb51-5 NEW YORK

## BOOKKEEPER

GET OUT OF THE RUT:

become a certified Public or Cost Accountant; go into business for yourself; demand for expert accountants exceeds the supply; our graduates earn over \$5,000 yearly; have more business than they can handle; learn at home in spare time by our new system. Write for booklet and special offer. (No solicitors will call.)

Universal Business Institute, 371 Pullman Bldg., New York

## SONG WRITERS

Have you song poems or melodies? I have best proposition to offer you.

**RAY HIBBELER**  
D138, 4040 Dickens Avenue, Chicago

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

(Continued from page 4)

### Photoplays, Short Stories, Etc.

**Wanted—Men and Women Ambitious To Make money writing Stories and Photoplays.** Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 168, Auburn, N. Y.

**Stories, Poems, Plays, Etc., Are Wanted For publication.** Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau 172, Hannibal, Mo.

Earn \$25 Weekly, Spare Time, Writing For Newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 946, St. Louis, Mo.

### Song Poems Wanted

**Writers! Have You A Song Poem, Story, Photoplay to sell?** Submit MSS. now to Music Sales Co., 102, St. Louis.

**Song Poems Wanted. Prompt Decision.** Revising, composing, arranging, copyrighting, printing. Pioneer Music Co., Suite 575, 1674 Broadway, New York.

**Write The Words For A Song.** We Will Compose music, secure copyright and print. Submit poems on any subject. Seton Music Company, 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 302, Chicago.

**Write A Song Poem, Love, Mother, Home, Comic, or any subject.** I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 659 Reaper Block, Chicago.

**Write The Words For A Song.** We Revise Poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 227B Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

**Free Booklet "Song Writing Facts."** Song poems wanted. Free examination. We write music, facilitate publication. Successful Song Service, 240 West 46th Street, New York. Department U.

### Stamping Names

**Make \$19 Per 100, Stamping Names On Key Checks.** Send 25c for sample and particulars. R. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.



### Why Many Men Are Old at 40

Perhaps the most common cause is the disturbed condition of an important gland. Even men of iron constitution are not exempt from this amazingly common irregularity. We have for limited distribution, an ethically accurate, educational and interesting

### FREE BOOK

Its message may prove of unsuspected value to you; It explains how a disturbed condition of this vital gland may cause sciatica, backache, painful and tender feet, interrupted sleep and other extremely uncomfortable and often serious conditions. It tells of Theralmaid, a simple means by which the essential of a new hygienic principle, done into convenient form corrects this prostate gland condition and its attendant health faults without medicine, massage, or knife. The records of its success for five years is incontrovertible. The book is free. Simply address

**THE ELECTRO THERMAL COMPANY**  
3106 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio

## BECOME AN EXPERT STENOGRAPHER AND SPEED TYPIST

A profession that offers men and women rich rewards, fascinating work, big pay, and opens the way for promotion to high executive positions paying \$50 to \$100 a week and up. Many of America's biggest business men and women got their start because they mastered stenography. Demand for expert stenographers and typists always exceeds the supply at salaries of from \$30 to \$50 a week. The Tulloss New Way makes you an expert, one who can start in at a large salary. Complete course in shorthand and typewriting, new principles, insures exceptional speed and accuracy. You can write shorthand the new way 125 to 160 words a minute. You can typewrite 80 to 100 words a minute and with this speed goes accuracy and ease of operation—no fatigue as with the old way. Remarkable methods—remarkable results. You learn faster the Tulloss New Way. No previous stenographic schooling necessary. Train at home during your spare time. Only about half usual cost—you will become a far more efficient stenographer—worth more money than the average right from the start. If already a stenographer you nevertheless need New Way training in speed typewriting, for no matter how good you are in shorthand, you can never expect the high salaries paid to those who get speed, real speed, and accuracy on a typewriter. Quickly acquired in ten easy lessons. Will send you free our amazing book, "How to Be a Big Man's Right Hand." It tells how business men choose their private secretaries, how they advance them to executive positions. Send postal or letter and indicate whether you are interested in the complete stenography course or simply speed typewriting. No obligation—write today.

**THE TULLOSS SCHOOL, 558 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio**

## ACFIELD'S METAPAD IT SUPPORTS & BINDS THE FRONT ARCH

Instantly Relieves  
Metatarsal Arch Affections

Morton Toe, cramping of toes, enlarged little toe joints, sole calluses and spreading of foot. Worn in any shoe, under or over stocking. Any other foot troubles?

Write for full particulars.



**Foot Specialties C. R. ACFIELD**  
Marbridge Bldg., 1328 Broadway Dept. S. F. New York



# Marie Franzán Tells Secret of Quickly Making Your Skin Beautiful

*An amazing improvement can now be made in any complexion, almost overnight. Famous beauty specialist tells of the discovery of the three types of skin and the special treatment for each*

IT is now so easy to have really beautiful skin, free from all ordinary blemishes! Any complexion can quickly be transformed to natural, radiant beauty! The secret has been found in a scientific discovery concerning the basic nature of skin. This new discovery brings amazingly rapid results because it is based on the fundamental fact that each skin—*your skin*—is *different*, there are certain scientific peculiarities about it! Unless you know what these are, you may be doing very great damage to your

complexion every day. For the preparations and treatments that benefit another may be entirely unsuited to your skin.

But the interesting and surprising thing is this: If you do know what type of skin yours is, and if you use the treatment especially designed for it, you can make such an improvement in it as would seem almost too good to be true. You can see it suddenly transform to clear, fresh, radiant beauty!



## Which is Your Type of Skin?

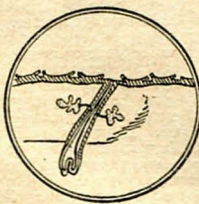
### Three Types Oily Skin



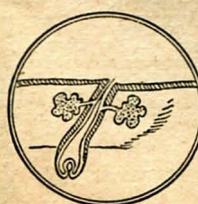
Caused by excessive secretion in oil glands—as shown in this scientific cut. Has a greasy, shiny appearance—a tendency towards enlarged pores and blackheads. Looks coarse; powder does not stay on. Needs special preparations for proper cleansing and to remove excess oil and refreshen the tone and texture of the skin.

### Dry Skin

Note how the oil glands are shrunken and inactive; do not supply sufficient nourishment. Skin flakes off like fine dandruff because it lacks oil. Skin wrinkles and is affected by the wind and by the use of ordinary soap. Very sensitive—requires soothing cleansers and special creams to supply extra nourishment and make it smooth and soft.



### Normal Skin



Clear, firm delicately colored. (Note normal size gland.) Soft and smooth. Looks almost transparent in artificial light. Wrong treatments cause normal skin to become either too dry or too oily. Normal skin requires its own special treatment or it soon loses natural vitality and becomes faded and colorless.

THIS remarkable new discovery is the outcome of years spent in the study of complexion correction based on the known fact that it is wrong for all women to attempt to use the same preparations on their skins. The result of this exhaustive investigation into the scientific facts concerning the structure of the skin is the discovery of the *Three Types of Skin*, and the right treatment for each!

### Find Your Type Now

These are the three types of skin: Oily, Dry, and Normal. Which is yours? You can tell easily from the descriptions given in the panel on this page. Now you can see why, if your skin is oily, you must use a special treatment to remove the excess oil, to eliminate its shiny appearance, to overcome the tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads.

On the other hand, if you have a dry skin, you must be careful not to use ordinary soaps and preparations which increase this condition. Beware of a dry skin, for it ages quickly, develops wrinkles and becomes pale and colorless.

Or if you are blessed with a normal skin, you can see that you shouldn't use preparations designed for a dry skin or an oily skin. The normal skin too has its special requirements to keep it functioning properly and to preserve its healthful vitality.

So the first step toward a beautiful complexion is to determine which type of skin you have. Then you must use the special treatment designed especially for this type.

### See for Yourself the Amazing Results of the New Discovery

The complete treatment for each type of skin may now be had in a combination set which includes a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the wonderful Beauty Secret, together with an interesting booklet that tells all about the three types of skin and their care.

You have only to use the combination set—

known as the Luxtone Beauty Combination—which is designed for your type of skin, in accordance with directions. And in order that you may do this without risking a penny and see for yourself its wonderful results, a special offer is made to readers of this magazine.

### Read These

Just a short time ago I sent a treatment to a young woman in Punxsatowney, Pa. Today I have a letter from her saying, "Have used the entire oily skin method. The difference in my skin is amazing."

You will be as delighted as this girl from Ravenna, Ohio. "I had almost given up hope of having fair complexion. I read about your Beauty Combination. You see I am a chorus girl and by using preparations everyone told me about my skin became so oily and coarse with blackheads. But now I am getting wonderful results from using your preparations. I don't see how I can ever thank you and I cannot express in words my gratitude. Your advertisement was a Godsend to me."

### Make This 5-Days' Trial

Simply indicate on the coupon below whether your skin is Oily, Dry or Normal, and send to me—Marie Franzán, care of the Luxtone Company. You will receive by mail the Luxtone Beauty Combination you need. When it arrives, pay the postman only \$2.00, the special low price.

Then, if after 5 days' trial, you are not more than delighted with the improvement in your complexion, your money will be refunded without question.

This is a special offer. Mail the coupon now before it is withdrawn.

Just indicate your type of skin on the coupon below, and mail it today.

### THE LUXTONE CO.

Dept. 15  
2703 Cottage Grove Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill.

### THE LUXTONE COMPANY

Frank Welsh, Pres.

Dept. 15

2703 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I would like to try the special treatment for my type of skin. Send me the Luxtone Beauty Combination, consisting of a special soap, a day cream, a night cream, and a jar of the powder-and-cream Beauty Secret. Also booklet on complexion correction. I will pay the postman \$2.00 on arrival. My money is to be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied after 5 days' trial.

For { Oily  
Dry (Please check your type of skin)  
Normal

Name.....

Address.....



# His New Discovery Takes the Place of Exercise



EDWARD LANKOW

Famous Basso, of Chicago, Boston and Metropolitan Opera Companies in the role of "Mephistopheles"

*Without dieting, gymnastics, baths, or medicines—without spending even a single minute a day in exercise YOU can easily build up a wonderful physique, glorious health, and bodily power if you know the remarkable secret of Edward Lankow, the famous basso of Chicago, Metropolitan and Boston Opera Companies. He has taught his secret to other great singers, U. S. Army generals, and many prominent public men.*

EDWARD LANKOW, a big, robust giant of a man, with the endurance to work eighteen hours a day and the strength of a wrestler NEVER exercises. He pays no attention to diet—eats anything that appeals to him—wears only the lightest under-clothing winter or summer, and even in the coldest weather dons only a light-weight overcoat.

How does he do it and maintain his fine physique? He has discovered a new way to breathe which he calls the "Science of Breath Control."

As a matter of fact you have never seen a truly great singer with a weak, puny undeveloped body. All are powerfully built, unfailingly healthy people—yet they seldom, if ever, go in for strenuous "muscle-building" exercises. But they UNCONSCIOUSLY do practice some of the principles of the "Science of Breath Control," and that is why they have such glorious health and vitality, such great strength and endurance. You, too, can develop what is known as "the singer's physique"—a deep, powerful chest, a strong diaphragm, wonderful endurance—freedom from constipation, colds and other ailments, and a continuous sense of bounding physical vitality and energy.

## A Famous Singer Discovers the Secret of Vigorous Health

Through a remarkable discovery Mr. Lankow has originated a wonderful new method of breathing, the amazing effects of which may be seen in his own remarkable physique. His secret is a few easy diaphragmatic breathing exercises, which invigorate and strengthen the vital internal organs of the body by constant massage. Once the simple secret is learned, diaphragmatic breathing becomes a habit—it becomes your regular practice—and all of the time your entire system is gaining splendid new health and vigor without any conscious effort on your part. You gain greater mental clearness and physical perfection than you have ever known before. And, remember, all this is attained without subjecting yourself to medicines, diets, or physical exercises of any kind.

This is the same method that was endorsed by the U. S. Government and taught to officers in the army by Mr. Lankow himself. Prominent physicians and health authorities have given it the strongest possible recommendations and support.

## Controlled Breathing Is a Real Health Tonic

Mr. Lankow's exercises are based on Nature's fundamental law in building up the body. Proper diet will assist the stomach, the alimentary canal and incidentally the blood; gymnastics will exercise and develop the outer muscles of the body. But air is the very first essential in our existence. It is the oxygen in the air we breathe that is the greatest purifying force in nature. To get this oxygen into the lungs and system, we must know how to breathe it in.

Controlled Breathing has proven most valuable to secure that vital strength of the heart, lungs and other internal organs so essential to the full realization of health. Controlled Breathing will give greater results in vital development than any other single form of training. It produces the maximum oxygenation of the blood, resulting in improved circulation and nutrition of the entire body. Waste products are removed from the cells of muscles and brain. Drowsiness and fatigue are overcome. The power to resist disease is strengthened and both the quality and length of life processes are increased.

Controlled Breathing prevents and cures disease. Diseases like catarrh and hay fever, suffered by 90 per cent of the population of the United States can be banished by Controlled Breathing; stomach trouble will disappear; and it has been proven that the regular practice of Controlled Breathing will unquestionably prove a preventive of tubercular disease, its judicious employment a powerful remedial agent. One health authority said "Give the world two generations of children taught this trained, scientific method of breathing and you'll make the community free of consumption."

This system also has the endorsement and recommendation of the SOCIETE INTERNATIONALE DE TUBERCULOSE.

If your voice is weak, thin or harsh, Controlled Breathing will help you acquire a voice whose resonance and beauty of tone, whose clear forcefulness and rich depth will be a pleasure to hear and a delight to yourself.

## Not a Vague Theory —But a Scientific Method

This new science of Controlled Breathing has been studied by Benny Leonard and a dozen other champions and ex-champions of the roped arena. Mr. Lankow taught his system at Camp Gordon, Georgia, to thousands of officers, including the commanding generals and surgeons. In fact one high official recommended that the system be taught in the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. Dr. Rupert Blue, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service says, "I know of your wonderful work in the army. Use my name and endorsement in any way in which you see fit in connection with your work." It is also highly recommended by many famous singers.

## Send No Money

"Breath Control" has proven to be of such remarkable, health restoring and sustaining value in tens of thousands of cases—it has been so unqualifiedly endorsed by many prominent persons, that we feel sure that you, too, will like to own this method that performs wonders in increasing physical vitality. This new method requires only a few moments a day practice and you will be simply astonished to see how quickly it will help you to remarkable strength, glorious health and renewed energy.

Just write your name and address on the coupon below and the complete method will come to you promptly. When the postman hands it to you, simply pay him \$1.97, plus a few cents postage and the method is yours—no further payments of any kind. If you should decide that you do not want this wonderful new method after examination, you are free to send it back to us, and your \$1.97 will be promptly refunded to you. You send no money now; just the coupon. Mail the coupon today, while this special introductory offer is open to you.

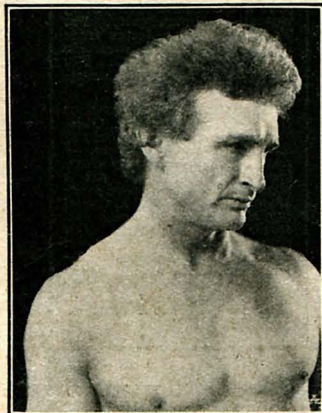
**The Thompson Barlow Company**  
Dept. 75, 43 W. 16th St., New York City

THE THOMPSON BARLOW COMPANY,  
Dept. 75, 43 West Sixteenth St., New York City.

Please send to me Edward Lankow's famous method of "Breath Control." When the postman hands it to me I will pay him \$1.97 plus a few cents postage (in full payment). If for any reason I am not satisfied I will return it and you agree to promptly refund my money without question.

Name.....

Address.....

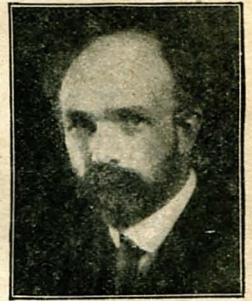


Bernarr Macfadden, World-Famous Authority on Physical Culture, says:

"Correct breathing develops glorious health and energy. To use 'Breath Control' means to be keenly, joyously alive—brimful of vitality. Mr. Lankow's method is based on natural law. Once learned, it becomes a habit and develops strength automatically. His system is as nearly perfect as human intelligence and science can make it."



# Mistakes in English That "Show You Up"



SHERWIN CODY

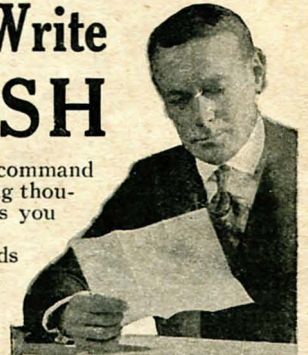
In a five-minute conversation, or in a one-page letter, the average person will unknowingly make from five to fifty mistakes in the vital points of English. It is surprising to see how many experienced stenographers fall down in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," "calendar," etc. It is astonishing how many business men say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me" and use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few people know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. And most people use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Yet English is the most vital weapon we have. Upon our use of it depends our success or failure. Poor English "shows us up" as lacking in education and ability. Good English creates an instant and lasting impression in our favor.

## Sherwin Cody's Wonderful New Invention Shows You How to Speak and Write MASTERLY ENGLISH



Here at last is a wonderful, easy way for any one to acquire a masterly command of English. After more than 20 years of study and research, and after making thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody has perfected a remarkable device which shows you instantly the mistakes you make and how to correct them.

This new method, on which a patent has been allowed, ends the drudgery of trying to remember rules. Nothing is more difficult than remembering rules for spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, and grammatical usage, for perhaps no language has so many exceptions to its rules as English. That is why the average person is only 61% efficient, by actual test, in the vital points of language.



### Only 15 Minutes a Day

A remarkable advantage of Mr. Cody's new method is the speed with which you master English. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes, and correct your work in five minutes more. All the drudgery of copying and writing is eliminated. Everything comes to you in such complete form that there is very little mechanical work for you to do. Another important advantage is, you waste no time in going over the things you already know. Your efforts are automatically concentrated on the *mistakes* you are in the habit of making, and through constantly being shown the *right* way you soon acquire the *correct* habit in place of the *incorrect* habit. There are no rules to memorize, no rules to define.

### Self-Correcting Method

For the past five years Mr. Cody has been working almost day and night on the study of the problem "How to cure bad habits in writing and speech and acquire good ones. And as a result of all his experience Mr. Cody evolved his remarkable 100% Self-Correcting device and was granted a patent on it. The method is amazingly simple, yet fascinating as a game.

You do the lesson given on any particular page, then you see just how Mr. Cody would correct that paper. You mark your errors and check them. Next week you try that page again, correct your errors, and check them in the second column. You see at a glance what you have failed to remember, and at the bottom you compare your average with that of grammar school graduates, high school graduates, and experienced stenographers, until you have reached the 100% point in spelling, punctuation, grammar and expression. You know from the very first day just where you stand, and you can watch yourself improve with every lesson.



### Write for Free Book

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you misspell a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself tremendously. Words are the driving, compelling force in business. An unusual command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. You can easily acquire a masterly command of English through Mr. Cody's new invention.

Write for our new free book, "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." It describes Mr. Cody's invention in detail and explains just what it will do for you. Merely mail the coupon or a letter or even a postal card. You can never reach your greatest possibilities until you use correct English. Write today.

**Sherwin Cody School of English**

265 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.



**SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH**

265 Searle Building,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me your new Free Book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English."

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....



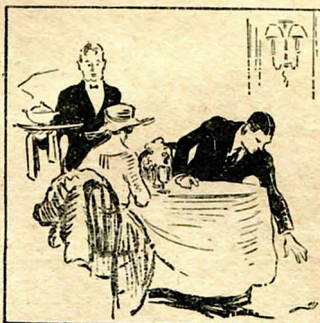
# How Many of These



The man making the introduction is saying, "Mr. Roberts, may I present Miss Clark." He should say, "Miss Clark, may I present Mr. Roberts."



The man in this picture is ill-bred. Instead of escorting the lady to a seat near her friends, he has left her standing awkwardly in the middle of the floor.



The man in this picture should not pick up the fork he has dropped. He should permit the waiter to pick it up.



The woman, not the man, is expected to extend her hand first upon meeting. If she doesn't the man should merely nod in greeting.

## The Book of Etiquette Sent FREE for Examination

**Y**OU have heard of the Book of Etiquette. It is the most reliable and authentic source of information for the man or woman who wishes to do, say, write, and wear always what is entirely correct and in good form.

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do under certain circumstances, how to answer certain invitations, what to wear to certain social functions. Perhaps you have wondered how the home should be decorated for a party or wedding, how the formal dinner table should be set, how the woman who marries for the second time should be attired.

The Book of Etiquette covers all phases of social requirements in an interesting and authentic manner. There are two handsome library volumes—each volume divided into two distinct parts. There is a chapter on correct dress for every occasion that tells you what to wear to the theatre and opera, to the afternoon dance and evening dance, to the afternoon tea and the garden party. There is a chapter on speech that tells you how to create conversation, how to make yourself agreeable and interesting to others, how to use tact in conversation, and how to find subjects to talk about. There are chapters on dinners, on dancing, on travel and hotel etiquette, on engagements, weddings and entertainments.

answer and perhaps it will help you find out.

How should a man be introduced to a woman; a woman to a man; a child to an older person? Should a woman rise when a man is presented to her? Should she offer her hand in acknowledgment?

Many embarrassing blunders can be made at the dinner table. Do you know, for instance, whether olives are taken with the fingers or with a fork? Do you know how to use a finger bowl correctly? In which hand should the fork be held; in which the knife? May lettuce ever be cut?

The question of clothes is often puzzling. What should be worn at an afternoon entertainment; an evening entertainment; a formal church wedding; an informal dance? What should be worn at a garden party; a formal church wedding, and informal dance?

To those who do not know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, under all circumstances, embarrassing situations are constantly presenting themselves. The Book of Etiquette in two exhaustive volumes obviates any possibility of embarrassment in your contact with men and women.

Only by knowing the social rules of good society can one hope to avoid embarrassment. Only by knowing exactly what to do and say on all occasions can one hope to be always calm,

### What Do You Know About Etiquette?

See how many of these questions you can



# Blunders Do You Make?



She has received an engraved announcement and is writing a note of congratulation. An announcement of this kind does not require acknowledgment.



Instead of placing both hands into the finger bowl, the man in the picture should place one in at a time, just allowing the finger-tips to touch the water.



One would not be a wallflower if one knew what to do. The young woman should join others who are not dancing, instead of sitting alone.



Did you know that it is ill-bred for a man to take a woman's arm. The bride should be holding her father's arm, instead of the father holding her arm.

well-poised, self-confident. Etiquette is the splendid armor that protects men and women of every social standing from the humiliating blunders that make people misjudge them.

## The Origin of Certain Social Customs

The Book of Etiquette is written in as interesting and fascinating a form as a story. Wherever possible the origin of social customs has been traced to its source and the story woven around the conventionalities of the present time. For instance, in wedding etiquette you find out just why the engaged girl should receive a tea-cup for a gift, why the woman who marries for the second time may not wear white or a veil, why rice and shoes are thrown after the bride, and why the bride and groom both must have escorts to the altar.

In the chapter devoted to the bride's outfit, you read the interesting story of the origin of the trousseau, why a veil is worn, the significance of the bridal escort and the maid-of-honor, and why initials are usually embroidered in the linens by the engaged girl herself.

Do you know why black is the color of mourning, why bright colors are worn to the dance, why the man raises his hat when he meets a woman, why the cloth of the billiard table is of green baize? Wouldn't you like to know the origin of all these customs, how they came to be, and their significance in present-day society? The Book of Etiquette reveals it all in so interesting a manner that you will find it as

absorbing as reading a story.

## FREE for 5 Days. Just Mail the Coupon

We want to send you the Book of Etiquette for 5 days' free examination. We want you to examine these two splendid books in your own home, at your leisure. They will prove to you more than anything we can say how necessary they are—how important it is that a set be in every home.

Please bear in mind that it does not obligate you in any way to take advantage of this free examination offer. You have the guaranteed privilege of returning the books if you are not delighted with them. But if you do decide to keep the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette—as we are quite sure you will—then simply send us \$3.50 in full payment. You have 5 days in which to make your decision, 5 days in which to examine the famous Book of Etiquette, examine the illustrations, read a chapter or two.

Just mail the coupon—but be sure to do it at once. The complete Book of Etiquette will be sent to you promptly. Keep the books 5 days. Examine them and read them to your heart's content. And within the 5 days decide whether you want to return them or keep them. Clip the coupon and mail it this minute before you forget. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 325, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

**NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.**

Dept. 325, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

Free for 5 day's examination, send me the Book of Etiquette in two volumes. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you only \$3.50 in full payment.

Name.....  
(Please write plainly.)

Address.....

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full leather binding** at five dollars, with 5 days' examination privileges.

## Do You Know —

- how to word a wedding invitation?
- what to serve at an afternoon tea?
- how a woman should sign her name in a hotel register?
- how to entertain guests after dinner?
- what to say on a call of condolence?
- how to announce an engagement?
- what the woman who marries for the second time should wear?
- why old shoes are thrown after the bride and groom?

*These are only a few of the interesting things the Book of Etiquette will tell you.*



# How Many Pounds Would YOU Like to Lose Next Week?

Three pounds, five pounds, seven pounds, ten pounds? How many? One woman lost thirteen the first week through this remarkable new discovery. Many lose from three to seven pounds weekly, without inconvenience.

**A**N amazing new discovery takes off flesh almost "while you wait" without medicine, starving or strenuous exercise, and without discomfort. Most people begin to lose weight right away. Many see results in 48 hours. Thousands who have used it have reached their ideal weight through this simple new secret.

Yet they have not starved themselves. They have not punished themselves with strenuous exercises, with hot baths, with bitter self-denials. They ate food they liked and did pretty much as they pleased, following only the one simple little natural law that has recently been discovered. And their superfluous weight disappeared, melted away—by a rapid, natural safe process.

"I am glad I tried your way of reducing weight," writes one delighted woman from Montana. "I lost 50 pounds and feel much better." Still another writes, "I have taken off 20 pounds of my surplus flesh. I find that I am able to reduce just as fast or as slow as I desire." And one man who reports that he has always been 25 pounds overweight writes an enthusiastic letter in which he says, "I have reduced my weight 25 pounds without discomfort."

This secret of Weight control is not a fad or a theory. It is not an expensive "treatment" or a series of self "sacrifice" and painful denials. It's just a simple natural law that anyone can follow with ease.

## You Too Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right away, the moment you make up your mind, to lose as much weight as you wish. You can so regulate this remarkable new law that you can reach your ideal weight in a definite time. You can take off as much or as little fat as you please—and whenever you please. When you reach your normal, perfect weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Some people report that they have reduced at the rate of ten pounds a week. Others take off a pound of fat a day. Some apply this new method so that they reach their ideal weight in a month's time—taking it more gradually. For instance, one man who lives in Hickory, N. C., writes: "I arranged to lose three pounds per week, and by the middle of May I weighed just what I wanted to—175 pounds." Only a short while before he had weighed 205 pounds.

## The Secret Explained

It was Eugene Christian, the famous food specialist, who made the discovery of the one safe, certain and easily-followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it! In explaining this discovery Christian has said:

"Fat in the human body is like mercury in a thermometer—it can be raised or lowered; that is, diminished or increased by combining your foods at meals

according to certain simple, natural laws. There is nothing complicated, nothing hard or difficult to understand. It is simply a matter of following directions and learning how to combine foods so that fat is consumed instead of deposited in the body."

## Eat Off Flesh By New Method

And now people are actually eating off weight. Men who were formerly so stout that they puffed when they walked quickly, men who had to deny themselves many outdoor pleasures because of their burdensome flesh, report that their return to normal weight and youthful energy was far more rapid than they thought possible. Stout women who always felt tired and listless, who had to deny themselves the colorful fluffy clothes they would like to wear, marvel that this one simple little rule should enable them to attain their ideal weight so quickly. And not only have they eaten their weight down to normal, but they enjoy their meals more than ever before; they feel refreshed, brightened, strengthened.

A delighted woman writes: "I now weigh 137 pounds—just what I should weigh. I feel so splendid and everyone says how 'just right I am.'"

Remember, you don't have to starve yourself or follow a rigid starving diet or put yourself to discomfort through this new method of flesh reduction. You eat off the fat you want to lose; eat it off as quickly or as slowly as you wish.

## Weight Control the Basis of Health

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable food revelations in 12 simple lessons which he calls "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." And to enable everyone everywhere to profit by his valuable discovery he offers to send his complete course on trial to anyone sending for it.

You have always wanted to reduce weight, to attain the ideal weight for your height. Here is your opportunity to prove to yourself that you can do it, and without discomfort, without bitter denials or hardships or painful sacrifices! Here is your opportunity to take off just as much flesh as you wish, and yet eat delicious foods, many of which you may now be denying yourself. And it need not cost you one cent to make the test.

## No Money in Advance

Just put your name and address on the coupon to the right. Don't send any money. The coupon alone will bring Eugene Christian's complete course to your door, where \$1.97 (plus postage) paid to the postman will make it your property with the understanding that if it doesn't do all we claim, or you are not fully satisfied in every way, you may return the course within five days and your money will be instantly refunded. If more convenient, you may remit with the coupon, but this is not necessary.

As soon as the course arrives weigh yourself. Then glance through the lesson carefully and read all the startling revelations regarding weight, food and health.

## Read What These Users Say!

### Loses 28 Pounds in 30 Days

"I found your instructions easy to follow and your method delightful. In 30 days I lost 28 pounds—8 pounds the very first week. My general health has been greatly benefited."

(Signed) Earl A. Kettel,  
225 W. 39th St., New York City.

### Loses 16 Pounds in Two Weeks

"I am writing to let you know how pleased I am with results so far. When I began I was 198 pounds—in two weeks I came down to 182 pounds. I am convinced I could reduce even more rapidly but don't care to reduce so fast. Will let you know in a short time how much more I have lost."

Mrs. Laura Tucker,  
244 W. 64th St., New York City.

### Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

"I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (a reduction of 22 pounds) in two weeks. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick. Stomach trouble bothered me all the time. I feel wonderful now."

Ben Naddle, 102 Fulton St.,  
New York City.

### Loses 44 Pounds—Regains Girlish Figure

"I weighed 187 pounds. After getting the course I secured results right away and now am down to normal weight, having lost 44 pounds. It is grand to have a girlish figure again."

Mrs. Eric Capon, Manhasset, L. I.

### Loses 74 Pounds

"I weighed 240 pounds and could not walk up a flight of stairs without feeling faint. I was very nervous, couldn't sleep and had indigestion so bad I had to see a doctor. I had no success with anifatt medicines—in fact I even gained 3 or 4 pounds on some of them. Then I saw your advertisement and sent for your booklets. The first week I lost 10 pounds—and lost steadily until I reached 166 pounds. (74 pounds reduction). I never felt better in my life. There is no indigestion and I can now RUN upstairs. I have a fine complexion whereas before I was always bothered with pimples. I have reduced my bust 7½ inches—waist 9 inches—hips 11 inches."

Mrs. Mary Denny,  
82 West 9 Street, Bayonne, N. J.



Now make up your mind as to how much weight you want to lose the first week, and each week following. Then put the course to the test. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself in a day or two and notice the marked result. Still you've taken no medicines, put yourself to no hardship, done almost nothing you would not ordinarily have done. You'll be as happily surprised as are the thousands of others who are quickly regaining normal beautiful figures in this new scientific way.

## Mail the Coupon Now

No money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your order at once. Some will have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but mail the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Eugene Christian's wonderful discovery. The course will be sent in a plain container. CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc., Dept. W-1635, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.,  
Dept. W-1635, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival, but I am to have the privilege of returning the course after a 5-day trial and have my money refunded, if I am not entirely satisfied.

Name.....  
(Please write plainly.)

Address.....

City..... State.....  
Price outside U. S. \$2.15 with order.



## Nothing Permanent But Change by Bernard Macfadden

**T**HERE is nothing permanent in life but change.  
We change every day, even every hour.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, our bodies, minds, and even souls change for better or worse.

We cannot stand still, we must move forward or backward.

We cannot stop the onward rush of time.

Tomorrow appears and becomes today.

Someone dear to you goes to a distant country. Ten years thereafter you see him. But he has changed. He may be a better and stronger man, or he may have taken a toboggan slide to mediocrity or "cipherdom."

We visit our old home or a city we have not seen in years. Familiar landmarks have disappeared.

We are disconcerted, confused. We cannot recognize our old haunts.

**EVERYWHERE** we find change.

Even love comes and goes. Families are founded and homes are built that finally crumble to the dust from which they came.

Nations rise and fall.

There is nothing permanent but change.

You cannot evade this majestic law of life.

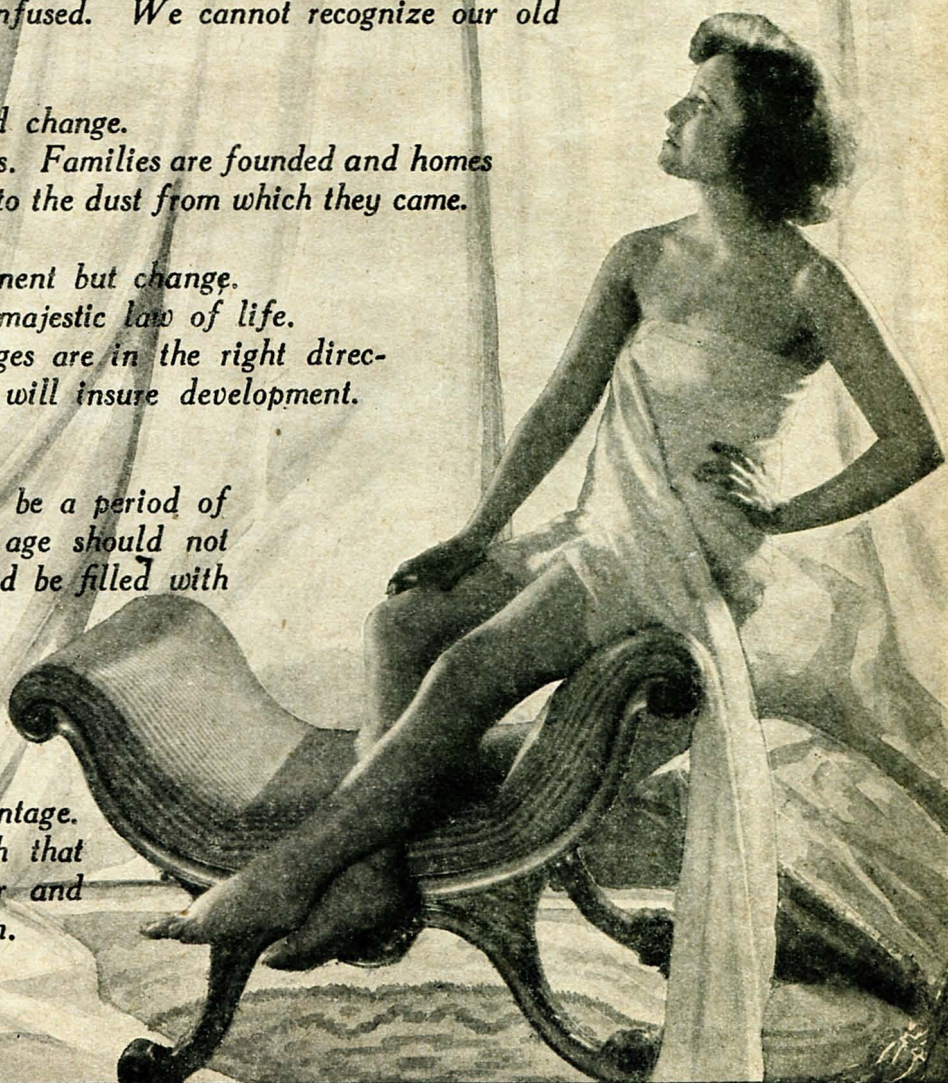
Be sure that your changes are in the right direction. Adopt a routine that will insure development. Make every day profitable.

**EVEN** middle age should be a period of glorious growth. Old age should not be empty or useless; it should be filled with activities that expand soul, mind and even body.

Therefore, recognize this eternal, omnipotent law.

Use it to your advantage. Make your life-changes such that you will become a stronger and more capable man or woman.

Photographic Decoration by  
Avali, Fab Studio, New York





# Cupid Versus John Barleycorn

**M**MARGARET RUSSELL told me her story one cold winter night, when I was a guest in her home. There is something about the soft, red glow of a fireplace that inspires confidences. Margaret and I had been toasting marshmallows and talking about husbands.

Margaret is my very best friend. She is just thirty years old, frank and sympathetic as to disposition; girlishly slender of figure; "easy to look at," as they say, with hazel eyes, regular features, and soft brown hair that curls close to her head.

She was born in a little obscure town in Georgia. Her father was an impoverished and broken "Southern gentle-

*Wherein Cupid, Plaintiff,  
Sues John Barleycorn, De-  
fendant, For a Man's Heart*

man," twenty years her mother's senior. He died when Margaret was a little baby, and the weary mother, facing a hopeless future, penniless and ill, soon followed him.

Margaret was sent to an orphan asylum. There she grew to girlhood. She was an imaginative child, very self-conscious and morbidly sensitive. The stern discipline of institutional life repressed her natural affection and frankness, and she reached the age of seventeen without having won the interest of anyone who would care to adopt her. So she became a "problem," and the heads of the asylum decided to dispose of her by sending her to a hospital in Atlanta to train for a nurse.

It was her great mother-heart, her desire to protect this man from himself, that first made her love him

**B**USY, happy days followed. Margaret, the shy, timid girl, became the well-poised, capable nurse. She was easily a favorite with the doctors. Her smile was infectious, and her willingness to work at any and all hours made her popular with those ministers to the sick. When she had received her diploma she was greatly in demand as a graduate nurse, and her life promised a happy, successful career.

One night she received a call to nurse a case of nervous breakdown. Margaret, reminiscing before the glowing fireplace, smiled a bit wistfully, I thought, as she told me about that call.

"I little knew that it was going to turn the current of my whole life," she said. "My patient had a beautiful bachelor apartment in one of the most exclusive residential sections of the city. The doctor said that it was a serious case, and that I would be called upon to employ all my skill as a nurse. He told me enough so that I knew the 'case' was delirium tremens.

"Naturally I was very angry, for I had announced at the beginning of my professional career that I would not take such cases. But the doctor insisted that he had tried in vain to get a nurse, and asked me to stay until morning, anyhow. So I consented.

"Haven't you guessed that my patient was Tom Russell? You know him now as a man of admirable poise and strength





Her husband was in a downtown hotel . . . The drink demon had him . . . "May I take him with me?" the Chief asked. "I'll see that nothing happens to him until he is all right again"



of character. But the first time I saw him he was the most complete nervous wreck I had ever seen. His first word to me was a request for 'dope' to make him sleep. The doctor had left final instructions not to give him anything like that except as a last resort.

"OH, that night! My patient raved and screamed and talked incoherently of awful tragedies, of wild animals, and of madmen following him. Over and over he begged for something to put him to sleep. I insisted that if he would try to calm himself he would soon go to sleep naturally, for I knew he had worn himself out. But the firmer I was in my resolve not to give him a sedative, the louder and more insistent he was in his demands for one.

"It was long after midnight before I finally yielded to his entreaties and sterilized my hypodermic needle, and gave him a 'shot' of pure water. He quieted down almost immediately and was soon fast asleep. He thought he had been given a dose of morphine, and the effect was the same. In a few days he was better. I stayed with him because I was interested in him, professionally interested I mean—at first, anyhow. He was so young to be such a wreck. I wondered what his history could be.

"I knew that he was a successful architect. He was

the junior member of one of the largest firms in Atlanta, and was personally responsible for some of the most beautiful homes in the city. His one and only weakness was drink. He was not a 'steady drinker.' There were months of total abstinence. But once he had touched the first glass, he became deprived of all reason. He drank until every nerve was scorched by alcohol. He stopped only when his physical strength gave out completely."

MARGARET did not need to tell me that it was her 'great mother-heart, her desire to protect this man from himself, that first made her love him. And Tom was an ardent suitor. On his feet once more, his nerves soothed, and his strength restored, he began a whirlwind courtship. He was well-read and brilliant. His appetite for drink had cut him off from his family, and he was lonely, for he had few friends who had any patience with his great weakness. Margaret promised to marry him in the spring.

She did not believe that he would ever drink again. He told her over and over what an inspiration she had been to him; how he had needed someone to care about him; how starved he had been for sympathetic companionship; how loneliness had always prompted the desire to drink himself into oblivion; how her love would always keep



him strong and safe from temptation—how he needed her.

So, in the month of roses and singing birds, they were married. The honeymoon was a haven of happiness for Margaret, who had never known love and companionship before. Tom built what he boyishly called a "dream home" for them, and life became an idyl of bliss.

On their first anniversary, Margaret told him the joyous news. They were going to have a baby! He held her in his arms and kissed her and told her again all the little love "nothings" that were so dear to her.

The next night he did not come home. She dressed for dinner as usual, watched and waited for the sound of his footsteps, and finally, when he was an hour late, telephoned the office. They told her he had not been there all day!

Frantic with worry she watched through the long night hours. At breakfast time he came stumbling in. His face was bloated and his eyes bleary.

His clothing was soiled, his collar gone, his coat torn and his general appearance that of a derelict.

**S**URLY and indifferent to Margaret's greeting, he went to his room and locked himself in. After long hours she knocked timidly at the door. He opened it and she

brought in a tray of food. He drank some coffee but refused anything else, and asked her to get him some whiskey. When she started to remonstrate, he dressed and flung himself out of the house, unmindful of her hysterical pleadings.

She did not see him again that day, and when night time came, she put aside her pride and called up the chief of police. He proved to be a big-hearted man who knew Tom, and who promised to find him for her. An hour later the Chief telephoned that her husband was with him in a downtown hotel. She went to them immediately.

Tom was like a madman. He refused to go home with

her. He would not be controlled. Pleadings and tears were in vain. He wanted only to get to the nearest saloon. The drink demon had him.

The Chief took her aside.

"May I take him with me?" he asked. "I'll see that nothing happens to him until he is all right again."

Helpless, Margaret consented, and Tom was put in jail.

The next day he sent for her. She went to him gladly. He was quite sober and very angry. He felt that he had been disgraced and humiliated, and he said so. He called her a heartless wife.

"Lock me up with a lot of drunks and bums, will you?" he cried. "And then try to tell me you have been worried about me, and that you care for me!"

Your love certainly can't be worth much."

However, he consented to go home with her. For the Chief was adamant, and Tom's release depended upon his promise to go to his home.

**B**ack in the "dream home," he again became the contrite husband. He begged Margaret to forgive him. He told her that overwork had made him very tired and nervous and he had taken just one drink for a "bracer." He was tempted by the stimulant, and once under its effect he could not resist the desire to drink more. He renewed his vows never to touch it again, and

"Margaret," he said, "I don't deserve your forgiveness . . . But I am going to earn it"

Margaret granted the forgiveness he sought.

Months of untroubled bliss followed. Then the baby came, a winsome duplicate of her mother, whose name she bore. When the little one was just six weeks old, Betty Thomas, Margaret's chum of hospital training days, came to visit them. Tom did not like her. He was almost rude to her, and Margaret's attempts to conceal from their guest her host's dislike were futile, so Betty terminated her visit almost a week sooner than she had intended.

The night she left Tom came home in a sullen, restless mood. He said he had to return (Continued on page 70)





No, I did not fall in love with her at first sight . . . The old major . . . chose an unpropitious moment to introduce us



IS the world growing more wicked?

I often ask myself this as I look back over my brief experience with life. Mind you, with me this is not a theoretical question of abstract morals, but a verbal crystallization of what the realities of life seem to have taught me.

To restate the question directly: Is the tendency of our times to do away with the age-old injustice of the double standard of morals, not by bringing man up to woman's standard, but by letting woman slip down to man's standard?

Perhaps I am blessed by an undercurrent of bitterness due to my individual experiences—which may not be typical. Then again I may not read my own experiences aright. Very well, I shall relate them, and give others a chance to read what conclusions they wish between

## A Bachelor-Husband

*A Story of the Chivalrous, Impulsive South and the Feverish Existence of Greenwich Village*

*"AS I look back through the changing mist of mood and memory, I see the honeymoon journey in varying rose-tinted lights, though I doubt that I ever see it now in its true glory. It was a blissful carnival of ecstatic joy. The love of woman so long an elusive, uncertain thing, became a vivid and consuming reality. From the tree of knowledge we plucked the first fruits like eager, yet half frightened children."*

make my tale too long, nor would the details shed light upon the questions I have raised. But to make my life story after that age more comprehensible, I shall describe briefly certain elements in my character and certain views of mine, that some people have called my "peculiarity."

PERHAPS it was natural inheritance from Puritan ancestors that caused me early in life to take my stand against the injustice of that old, old social decree that says that the sins men do two by two shall be paid for one by one—by woman. At any rate, I saw the injustice of it and hated it. I cannot clearly recall now just how I first came to

the lines of the facts that I have lived.

Of the first twenty - four years of my life I shall not say much, for that would



formulate my ideas on this subject. But I know that I was still in my teens when I avowed to a boyhood chum my resolutions to adhere to the "single standard of morals." I recall the incident very clearly, for I remember that I had to explain to him the meaning of that phrase which I had garnered from some book.

He listened patiently enough and in the end said he didn't know about it, but that he guessed he would be like other men until he fell in love, and then he would marry and settle down.

My effort and failure to convert him cooled our friendship somewhat, but it did not discourage me in the resolution I had made, nor cause me to conceal my ideas from other boyhood friends who sometimes voiced the opinion that "Mark Adams was a bit preachy."

The girls, too, must have gained some inkling of my attitude for they were rather shy of me, and one of them once confessed that the girls were afraid to go with me for fear I should talk "morals" to them.

I daresay I was inclined to feel a little superior on the matter, and doubtless I was also "bookish." Certainly I read a great deal.

**I**N our little farm-fed, mid-western town, much of that lurid warning of the printed page seemed unapplicable. Life was fairly simple with us there, and most of the people I knew walked, or seemed to walk, the straight and narrow way.

The few who did not were quite plainly branded as disreputable—"toughs," we boys called them.

We were fairer, too, in that small and newish community than the books pictured the older world to be. Our standard was less "double." Indeed, considering my environment, my stand against this wrong was not unlike my mother's stand against King Alcohol—for Mother, ardent prohibitionist though she was, admitted that she had never seen a drunken man.

Then came the day of my departure to begin life in a great city. My mind was divided between thoughts of my business or professional career and this much advertised prospect of the evils and temptations that all books and hearsay agreed were waiting to ensnare any country or small town youth that ventured into the jungles of denser populations.

St. Louis was at that time fourth city of America in size; and certainly no small place to eyes that had never before counted more than five windows one atop the other. So I girded on my armor of firm resolution and my helmet of high ideals, and set forth to battle with the dragon of temptation.

But I never found the dragon.

For nearly four years I labored, mastering the elements of my profession as an architect, burning midnight current over books and drafting board, and working by day in the office of a construction company.

I came to the conclusion that the temptations of a great city had been grossly exaggerated. There was evil to be found there, if one went to look for it; but I felt no imperative urge to dig into disreputable alleys to drag the dragon from his lair.

**B**USY by day always and by night often, I saw very little of women. Occasionally I went to a movie with one of the girls from the office. Ordinary working girls they were, living at home with their parents, and neither more nor less of a temptation than the girls back home had been. So the years went on, and I neither succeeded in falling seriously in love, nor developing any uncontrollable passion to play wild havoc with innocence and virtue.

There were young men, too, from office or night classes, who sometimes bragged of their ways with

women. But the few times I went out with them I found their wildness to consist of nothing more villainous than going to a burlesque show and making cheap remarks about the cheaper actresses.

And so, perhaps due to my staunch Puritan inheritance, or maybe to my early and firm resolutions to play the game fairly with the other sex, I came to the age of twenty-four with much the same past of reality—albeit some differences in knowledge and opinions—that I expected to find in her whom I might ask to share with me the greatest of all life's experiences.

And such I was and so I felt towards life, when the company for which I worked sent me on my first business trip out of the city. My destination on this journey

Her face was suffused with blushes. "I thought maybe you might be able to tell me what is the matter with this drawing—" she said



was down the Mississippi to a little county seat in southeastern Arkansas. It is typically the old South there, one might almost say the archaic South, for despite the local claim of modern progress, to me, a lad of the Middle West, the atmosphere of the place seemed to be that of a story book.

**O**UR firm was bidding on a new courthouse for the county and had been able to get a chance at the architectural as well as the construction work, which was quite unusual in the case of a public building.

"They want something 'purty,'" said the president of the company, when he told me of the job, "so spread on the furbelows and fleurs-de-lis."

I made a preliminary trip to examine the site, study



the local surroundings and meet the county officials. Then I came back to St. Louis, and drew the plans.

It was a very happy hour when the president, who had taken my drawings down, wired directly to me: "Your drawings and my bid accepted. Work to start next month."

One of the claims of our firm was speed of construction, but this courthouse was a pretty big job; materials had to be brought from long distances and the quality of local labor was none too good. So the job dragged along into the second summer, that is, two years from the time I left St. Louis.

Those two years were rather uneventful in matters that concerned my personal life. In that period I made but one trip home, and that was to attend  
m y

opinion thereof. But I had not before seen the lanky, white-mustached Major Davis who now stood fanning himself with his broad-brimmed hat and smoking his "Napoleon" as he admired the product of my labors.

"She's a mighty fine co'thous," observed the Major.

"I think so," I agreed, "but that's only natural, as I drew the plans for the building."

"Oh, so you are the ahk'tect—now I been wanting to meet you—" and he thrust out a cordial hand.

The result of this first conversation with Major Davis was the discovery that he had, unbeknown to me, been watching the progress of my work and that he had about decided that the "young Yankee chap" who drew the courthouse plans was a pretty clever fellow and ought to be able to figure out something imposing enough to replace his once magnificent but now going-to-seed residence that overlooked the Mississippi bottom in the far corner of the county.

The Major reckoned that he had been planning to build this new house for nigh onto twenty years. But as he expressed it, he hadn't built it yet because he hadn't just figured out what and how he wanted to build—and it seemed that he "reckoned" that I could help him figure.

**T**HE idea appealed to me but I was obliged to tell him that I was working for a corporation and they did not make a specialty of private residences. "But," I added, "if you would tell me about what amount you figured to spend, I'll put the proposition up to the company."

"Now naturally," said the Major, "I don't know how much I'll spend, till I see what I am to get for my money; but I figure I could put up a place that would cost thirty thousand, which is what the Judge's house cost him; or that I could spend forty thousand, which is what Colonel Calhoun's place stood him; or, if I was a mind to, I could spend fifty thousand and have the best house in the county."

I returned to St. Louis very much in love with the old Major and anxious enough to plan his house for him, but knowing full well that my firm would not consider it. However, as promised, I put the proposition up to the president.

"In that infernal country where a plumber spends his time soldering sorghum pans, and ten miles from a railroad—we wouldn't take it, Adams, if he wanted to spend a hundred thousand."

Though I expected this answer, I showed my disappointment.

"See here, Adams," spoke up the president, "why don't you ask me for a vacation—it's coming to you anyway—and go down there and land that job on your own hook. If you make the plans to suit the old man you can probably get the job of erection too—don't try to contract for it, you probably haven't the capital—but take it on a percentage basis and stay there and see him through."

"But it will take a year," I said.

"Well, what of it? We will lose you here anyhow, sooner or later. You want to be an architect, not a builder of car-barns."

So I wrote the Major I was coming down to figure on his house, and I had enough confidence that I would figure right, that I packed my things and rented quarters and went down there with the tools of my trade.

Of course I landed the job, for I had no competition. I landed, too, in the midst of a Southern family as a rather long-term guest.

mother's funeral. Shortly afterward my father had gone to Oregon to live with my older married brother and so I was left quite without kith or kin.

I met few girls and none who especially interested me. My adventures into society were rather timid and brought no experience worth recording. All of which was due in no small degree to my growing interest in the structure I had planned as it neared completion.

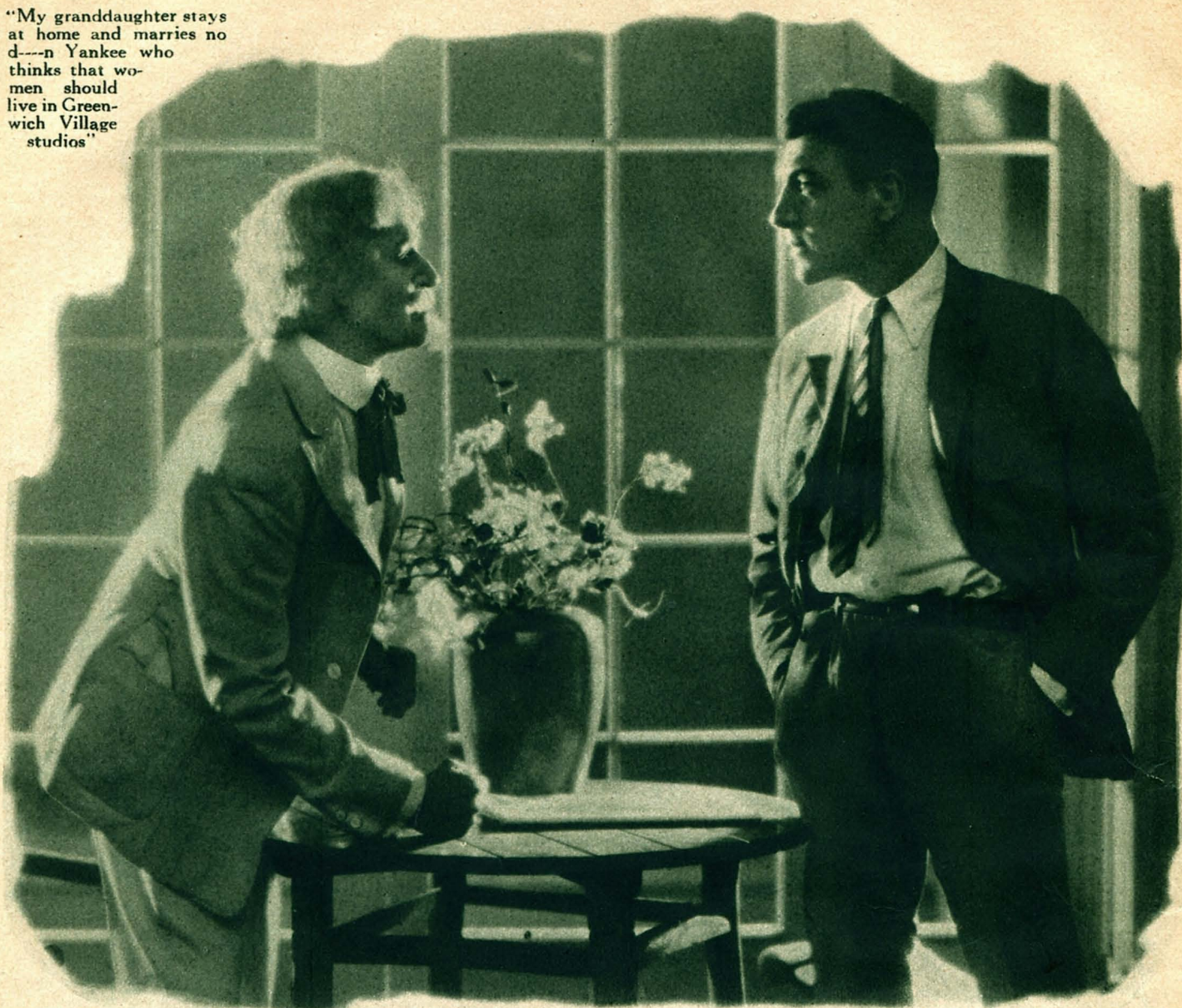
I made several trips down there during the course of the building construction to check up on the erection department and see that specifications were followed.

**I**T was my final trip of inspection on the job, and by that time I thought every prominent citizen in the county had surveyed my handiwork and given his





"My granddaughter stays at home and marries no d---n Yankee who thinks that women should live in Greenwich Village studios"



THE Major was a widower with nine children living and one who had fallen at the Battle of San Juan Hill. Two of the Major's elderly daughters lived with him, but the other daughters and sons were married and lived in the county, most of them on farms that he had given them. The original plantation was still intact, and was farmed by negroes. With the old man and his daughters, lived the eighteen-year-old grandson whose father had been killed at San Juan Hill. The boy's mother was also dead, and he had been raised by his grandfather and unmarried aunts, as had also his sister Caroline, a year and a half older, who was away at school in Nashville at the time I arrived.

The young grandson, Orville, did not impress me very favorably, though I felt a little sorry for him. He had started to college, it seems, but had got into mischief and had been suspended and his grandfather had cut off his allowance and insisted on his return home until he was of age. The boy was a good "farmer," that is, he could sit on horseback and order negroes about in quite cavalier fashion. But I could see that he was not satisfied.

For the most part he was very taciturn with me, and made few overtures.

But all this detail of the Major's household is after the manner of the little actors that get the stage warmed up for the effective entrance of the star, Miss Caroline.

She had been in school at Nashville, but she came home for Christmas, and she came with a whirlwind. I had long looked forward to her coming—to live in that household and not do so would have been impossible. I did not fall in love with her at first sight, though I had half anticipated that I would. I think I was a little disappointed and the reason was that my vanity was hurt.

The old Major chose a most unpropitious moment to introduce her to me. I was working over one of the plans and had my shirt open at the neck. I was embarrassed at my appearance and annoyed at the Major.

Miss Caroline's Christmas vacation was filled to the brim with a series of goings and comings. 'There were endless guests and parties; friends down from Memphis and a general hub-bub of social life. In all this I was merely a background figure, just a "Yankee boss carpenter" sort of a fellow, who was staying at the house and had to be invited in when there was a general party because Grandfather considered him a gentleman. But I couldn't dance! And that was such a matter of astonishment that at times I fancied that they thought there was an inherent defect in my legs.

So Caroline came and Caroline went, and I had to admit that she was a wonderful girl, but I was really hurt because she had paid so little attention to me. But try as I would not to think about her, I found after



she had gone back to school that I did think about her and dream about her. I would even have little imaginary talks with her.

**D**URING the mild Southern winter and the spring that followed, the great house took form and began to reveal something of the art and skill I had expended on its planning.

In the early summer Miss Caroline came home again, this time with her newly engraved diploma and three trunks full of clothes. As I saw husky negroes tugging at those trunks, I cursed myself for a fool. Although I had no grounds for it, I had been dreaming things and hoping things about Caroline Davis, and three trunks full of clothes somehow didn't fit in with those dreams. But at least she would be able to see the result of my architectural skill.

Caroline did see and marvel as she drove up to the place. As soon as she could get into more comfortable clothes and wash the cinders out of her hair, she came over with the Major on a tour of inspection. It was then that I began to discover how I had misjudged her, for Caroline Davis had ideas. In fact she had so many ideas that the Major and I were kept busy for two hours explaining and apologizing and arguing about how the house was to be finished and furnished and painted and decorated; yet on the whole she approved most enthusiastically and complimented me most inordinately.

Another and a more surprising revelation of Caroline came to me that evening. Supper had been served, and fearing I might be an intruder into the family visit, I had gone outside and was sitting on the porch reading a three days' old St. Louis paper. But I presently discovered that the family visit was not proceeding in the living-room on the further side of the house, for through a nearby window of the Major's library I heard Caroline and one of her aunts talking.

"Now, Cah'line," came the voice of the aunt, "why do you run off in here and putter over those magazines?"

"I AM studying the illustrations," replied Caroline.

"But I thought you were upstairs dressing—your guests will be coming in an hour or less, and you are wearing that old dress."

"Well, what of it? And why did you ask them, can't I ever make you understand, Aunt Amy, that I want to do something in this world be-

"Of course, I'm very proud of your clean past, but . . . you aren't like other men, Mark"

sides chatter and dance? I want to study tonight."

"But I had to ask them. What would they have thought if I hadn't."

"I don't care what they would have thought," returned the voice of the girl, "and I told you that if I agreed to come home this summer I was to have a chance to work."

"You may as well make your mind up to stay at home," replied the aunt. "Your grandfather considers your schooling finished, and he will not give you money to go to New York, and that's settled. While he is not in a hurry for you to marry, still it's my opinion that you ought to begin to think about it—"

"Marry! And whom should I marry?"

"A Southern gentleman, I should hope," the aunt replied severely.

"Fiddlesticks," said Caroline. "All the Southern gentlemen I know are either backwoods farmers or cheap young sports."

"Perhaps," retorted the aunt, "you would prefer the Yankee carpenter who is wasting our family fortune on that enormous house that none of us want."

But I was not to hear Caroline's opinion on this interesting suggestion, for she merely answered in a suppressed voice: "There is no use in our quarreling like this, Aunt Amy—I'll go and dress, but I want it understood that I am to have some time to myself this summer."

As soon as I heard the inner door close I made a hasty escape from the porch lest one of them should chance to come out and discover my embarrassing presence so near the open window.

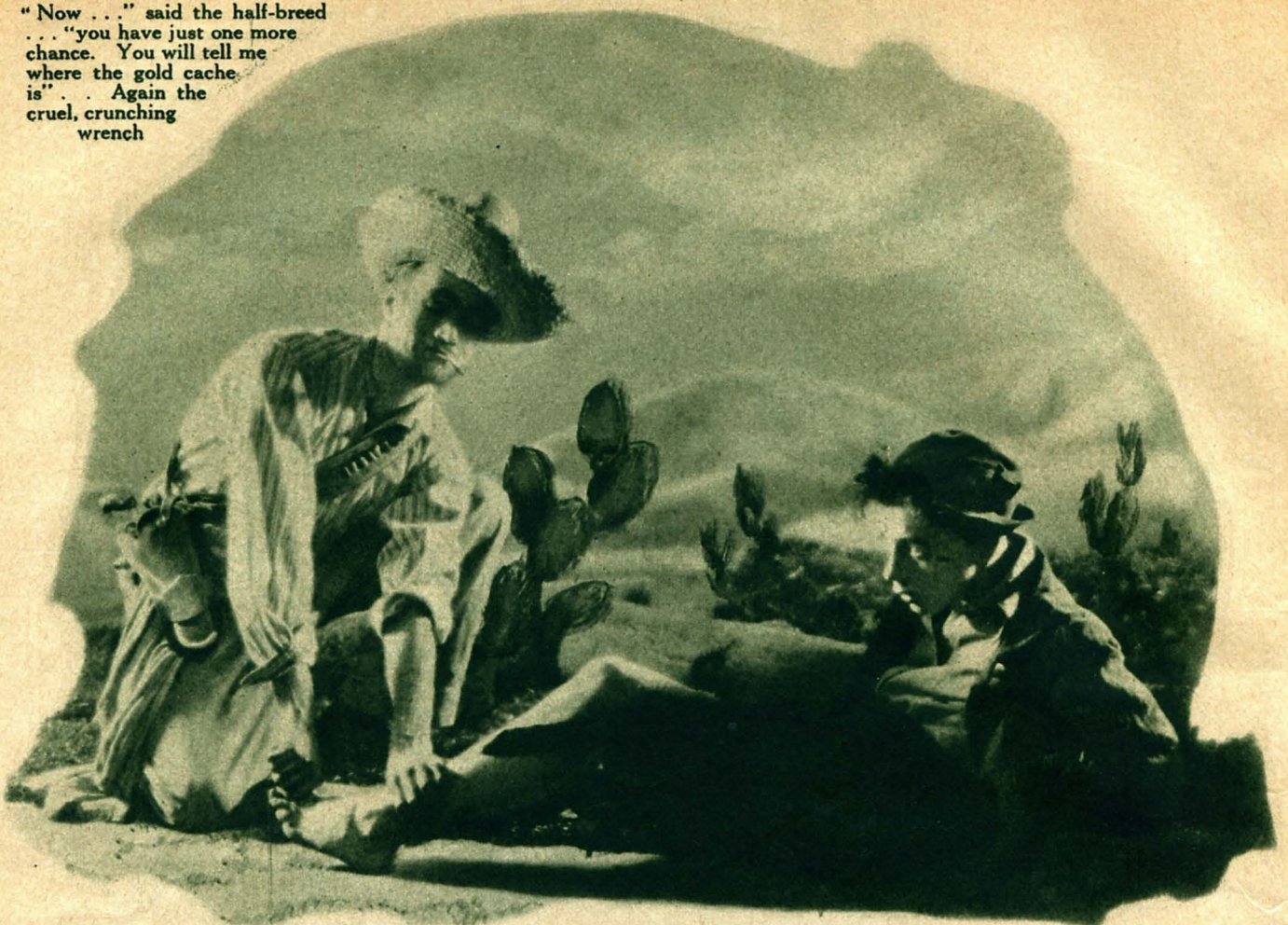
Needless to say, what I had inadvertently learned about Miss Caroline's attitude toward life was very interesting to me. It was strange, though, that with the constant talk about Caroline I had not learned the nature of this ambition that seemed so important to the girl.

Ten days passed and I had made no progress in unraveling the mystery. Had Caroline (Continued on page 90)





"Now . . ." said the half-breed . . . "you have just one more chance. You will tell me where the gold cache is" . . . Again the cruel, crunching wrench



"I DON'T want to hurt you, *muchacho*," said Ramon Correos, "but you must tell. If you don't—"

He left the sentence unfinished, purposely, no doubt. Certainly no definite threat could have sent a more chilling thrill of fear through my boyish soul than this sudden breaking off and the look from the half-breed's narrowed eyes.

For perhaps a minute he let the fear sink in, puffing at the eternal cigarette as he waited. Then he spoke again:

"Well, will you tell? Where is the cache?"

I did not answer in words. Perhaps at that moment I was not able to do so. I could only shake my head.

Again he waited, still with his black eyes fixed upon my own. Then he spoke once more, shortly, sharply:

"Give me your foot."

I did not comply, but shrank back on my log seat, and for the hundredth time glanced wildly about for the help that did not come. The bandit bent suddenly forward and seized one of my bare feet. The action dragged me from my seat and left me lying helplessly on the ground, my shoulders propped against the log.

## Held by Hate

### Corrosive Cruelty and the Lure of Blood and Gold

*"THE brute struck me savagely on the jaw, and I felt the taste of blood. Poor Mateo writhed in his bonds, and muttered Spanish oaths deep in his throat. Ramon waited a moment, then kicked us both impartially as we lay."*

*You may think that such a man as Ramon Correos belongs to the vanished Wild West and the dark days of rapine and murder of '49, but proof that such men as he do survive in the twentieth century in isolated parts of the Southwest, is this true story that made even a blasé editor sit up and take notice.*

or you won't tell me, and I will take your five toes in my fingers—see, like this—and break them, one by one, until you do tell." He kept his blood-shot eyes on my face, and first and last there was no change in the tone in which he spoke. But neither I nor any other Sonoma County boy needed to be told of what the outlaw Correos was capable.

The horror of it all helped me to stammering speech.

"I can't tell—I can't!" I gasped. "I don't know." With his right hand he crushed my toes cruelly; with his left he took the cigarette from his lips, and waved a puff of smoke and my denial aside.

"It isn't worth while to lie to me, *muchacho*. Everybody knows you have been that fool Indian's pet for years; you spend half your time in his kennel! Everybody

knows, too, that he brought his clean-up home with him this Fall—and he has never taken it to town. It's hidden somewhere about his cabin—all but the nugget he gave to you, *muchacho*. That nugget you may keep,

"NOW, *muchacho mio*," said the half-breed, speaking calmly, "you have just one more chance. You will tell me where the gold cache is—then run home safely to the good *senora*, your *madre*,



but the rest you will help me to find. Yes, *muchacho mio*, you will help me, or—"

**A**GAIN the cruel, crunching wrench, and I screamed out in my pain.

The cold eyes glittered and the white teeth shone through the thin fringe of beard.

"You don't like that, *muchacho*. Then will you tell? No? Well, there's worse to come. See, now, I'll take this first one—so—and bend it back slowly, so that you may have time to think. Now, will you—"

Again my scream rang along the wooded hillside, but following it sounded the outlaw's muffled oath. It was my left foot he held, and in my fright and pain I had suddenly drawn up my right knee and kicked blindly, savagely forward. My heel, unshod, but hardened by much barefoot running over woodland paths, struck my torturer in the mouth. Unthinkingly, even as he cursed, he pushed me from him, clapping his hands to his bruised lips. In that instant I was on my feet and flying down the hillside.

Surely never a boy fled with such frenzied speed before! I heard him crashing behind me, but he could have done little more than start when I had reached the shore of the lagoon. My skiff lay there—the skiff from which he had dragged me half an hour before, when I had steered so blindly into his clutches. He had left it

untied, moored only by the hold of the bow on the muddy bank. Even in the wild fear of my flight I could have blessed him for that. But now came the sound of his hateful voice—sharp, imperative:

"Stop! I will shoot!"

**I**DID not doubt that he would, but my answer was a flying leap into the center of the boat. I fell, sprawling, over the thwarts, and the impact of my landing sent the little craft shooting swiftly far out from the bank. While I lay prostrate and breathless a shot, followed instantly by a second, sounded from the hillside, and a splinter flew from the gunwale. I lay quaking, waiting for a third report—the thud of the bullet upon my shuddering body. Instead came a mutter of Spanish oaths, and I looked up to see the outlaw sliding and rolling down the steep slope. That was a lucky stumble—for me!

I was up in a second, and in another had flung the oars between the tholepins, and was rowing madly toward the eastern shore, while my enemy, cursing, scrambled to his feet and rushed hurriedly up the hill. For a rod or more he climbed, stooping, almost on hands and knees, glancing this way and that with quick, fierce twists of his head. He was seeking the firearm he had dropped. And my muscles seemed ready to crack with the strain of added efforts at the oars. Soon, something that seemed half a human yell, half the snarl of a beast, told

"Stop—you!" gasped Mateo . . . "Stop! I tell—I give all. No hurt *muchacho*!"





me that he had found what he sought. The next instant there was a puff of blue smoke on the slope, a "zip-zip" in the water beside the boat. I shivered with a sick feeling of dread, but my hands still clutched the oars and my arms mechanically kept on swinging in the motion that made the boat speed away from shore. Again the blue smoke, the "zip-zip" on the water—and I shouted in hysterical delight, for the splashes were behind me now. I was passing out of range!

**BUT** Ramon thought otherwise. Deliberately he sat down upon the slope, drew his knees well up toward his chin, placed his left arm across them, and again leveled the revolver, this time with his wrist for a rest. If the weapon could carry to the boat there was little hope that he would miss me now.

All this I saw and realized—and with it something else, something that sent the chilled blood tingling again through my veins. Down the steep descent Mateo, my Indian friend, he whose pitiful little treasure the bandit coveted, was leaping with long, noiseless strides, his wrinkled face half-hidden by the mass of tangled hair falling about it, his lean, dark hands extended before him as if already clutching for the throat of the man who would slay me. Ramon had as yet no hint of his coming—and even from my distance I saw the outlaw's arm stiffen as he took deliberate aim. Mateo would be too late!

Mateo knew, and he did not hesitate. He was unarmed, and, aged as he was, his one chance for life in a struggle with the outlaw was to leap upon him without warning. But to delay for this might mean my death—and he shouted fiercely, in broken, guttural threatening, and still ran on.

Ramon sprang up, wheeled and fired without the pause of an instant. Mateo seemed to check himself for a second; then once more he bounded forward. Ramon fired again.

That must have been the last shot in his pistol, but it

"Drop your gun. Give yourself up . . . You haven't a chance"



was enough. I saw Mateo stop suddenly, straighten, and stand for an instant, wavering. His hand—even in my horror I noted that he lifted but one hand—went hesitatingly to his head. Then he seemed to sink gently backward against the steep hillside, and rested there—still—his face to the sky.

"Oh, you dog! You dog! You dog! I'll kill you for this! I'll kill you!" I raved, sobbing in grief and despairing fury, while I stood on a thwart, balancing myself in the rocking craft without thought, and shaking my fists toward the murderer. He stood for a moment looking at me fixedly, whether listening for more of my execrations or not I cannot say. Then he calmly re-filled the chambers of his pistol with fresh cartridges, fixed his eyes upon me once again, and deliberately kicked the helpless body at his feet. Even at that distance I saw his teeth gleam through his sparse beard, and his taunting laugh came to me across the water.



The Mexican fired . . . I had writhed suddenly upward . . . and flung myself against his knees



He lifted his foot again—but I turned shudderingly away, and dropped on my knees on the wet footboards of the skiff—not to pray, but to bury my face in my hands and gasp again with dry, choking sobs:

"Oh, you dog! You dog!"

WHEN I looked up a moment later Ramon was striding diagonally up the steep slope, pushing his way resolutely through the underbrush, and holding a course which would take him over the crest of the ridge and ever farther from the lagoon. He had not attempted to fire upon me again; my thought was that he had realized finally that the distance was too great, and was concerned now only in making his escape from the scene of his latest crime.

The dry sobs died in my throat, and I sat in the boat almost breathless, my eyes fixed on the hillside. I seemed to have grown suddenly old. On the ridge the

miscreant paused to wave his hand toward me—perhaps in further threat, perhaps in jeering farewell. Moved by that craftiness which had come to me with my sudden added burden of years, I chose that he should think his gesture had for me the former meaning. I bent to my oars again, and rowed swiftly toward a mass of tules nearer the eastern shore and beyond which I would be hidden from his view. He did not wait for me to disappear, but passed on over the ridge and out of sight. Then I swung the boat about, and rowed—desperately, though as silently as I might—back to shore. I realized that the bandit might be waiting for just this, yet I went on. As it turned out he was—but I was beyond caring, for from my seat in the boat I had seen Mateo's body move!

WITHIN five minutes I was at his side. Yes, he was alive, but the bullets from Ramon's weapon had not gone astray. The right sleeve of Mateo's coarse shirt was soaked with blood from a wound near the shoulder. The bronze of his wrinkled, kindly face was coated with what had flowed from a deep furrow ploughed across his skull by the

ball which had struck him senseless. But he was conscious now, or almost so, and his black eyes blinked into mine with a look of wonder and puzzled inquiry.


My handkerchief served as a bandage for the wounded arm—knotted tightly about the limb under the sleeve. For the deep trench on the scalp I had nothing and could only try to stop the flow of blood with a piece of my cotton shirt. He still lay motionless, slowly gathering his scattered senses. Then, even as I finished, he stirred suddenly, muttered something in his throat, and seemed to make a feeble, futile effort to rise.

"Lie still," I said. "Lie still. I will—"

I got no further, for Ramon, who had crept silently upon me while I worked, struck me from behind—only with his clenched fist, I think, but with such brutal force that I slipped to the ground instantly, senseless.

When I awoke the outlaw was standing over us, pistol in hand, eyeing us coolly. For (Continued on page 88)





I was just about to begin the operation when . . . my wife stood before us . . . "Get out of here!" she cried. "I'll assist my husband"

## The Green-Eyed Monster

*Life As It Is Too Often Lived in Our Modern Day.*

**T**HERE'S a saying as true as it's old, that a woman can make or mar a man's business. Mine has been that bitter experience, and even yet I can't accept the fate of my early manhood.

It was only a matter of a few short weeks after what I had considered a marriage of love, that I learned with a dreadful surety that the woman I had won possessed a violent temper. Even more startling was the fact that she rather spoke of it as an accomplishment—an added quality by which she ruled people.

Her people, she declared boastfully, had always given in to her whims, and after a few demonstrations I was quite willing to believe that this was all too true.

It mortified me beyond expression to have her fly into a rage over the most trivial matter; her ungovernable temper became the bane of my existence, and I found myself catering to her most foolish whims in order to keep peace.

The people in the boarding-house where I had lived in perfect harmony for seven years before my marriage, began to cast sympathetic glances at me when my wife would, without the slightest provocation, raise a fuss.

The publicity of the place made no difference to her; when she was angry she was entirely void of pride. I suffered the most mortifying shock of my life when she flew into a rage over a simple joke a personal friend played on me one day at meal-time, and in her anger broke half the dishes that were on the table.

*"FOR six months we worked together in perfect harmony; to me, she was a most valuable asset. Our days were filled from morning until night; my success in the big city was practically assured, and to my assistant I give half the credit, for she was a tireless, conscientious worker. Things were moving along so well that I was beginning to take a new lease on life, when my wife, returning unexpectedly from a long visit to her relatives, called me up to say she was home."*

*Some unravel the kinks of life and others cut them in twain. Here we have a man's problem worked out in a gripping, masculine way.*

I didn't wait to be ordered out of the house, but immediately moved into a nearby hotel, where I hoped to find no acquaintances. But my wife was no respecter of persons, and it wasn't long until I came in and found her in a heated argument with one of the maids.

Such public demonstration of her nasty temper was too much for me, so my next step was to move into a little home. Why I didn't leave her then and there I don't know, but I

had been brought up in a home where divorce was looked upon as one of the most disgraceful things in the world, and I had brothers and sisters who had been enjoying married life for more than five years with their chosen mates.

In the new home with everything going her way, I thought I saw a chance for the woman I had married.





One day I came upon her taking possession of Mrs. Gibson's desk. My assistant remonstrated . . . and a violent scene followed

I even dreamed pleasant dreams of helping her get a hold on herself to overcome the monster that was wrecking our lives. But my dreams died when my sweet, gentle, refined mother slipped in on us as a surprise for our first anniversary. Her visit lasted only three days—until Lottie flew into one of her tantrums. That night mother left, heart-broken, and never came again.

I kept covering things up, shielding her as best I could from the criticisms of my friends and the outside world. In spite of her outbursts of temper, I was still in love with her. No matter how cowardly it was, when she was angry she had a power over me that was stronger than my own will. I simply could not cope with her; she always came out winner, and felt she had accomplished another victory over me.

After a terrible outbreak one morning on our front porch, which all our neighbors witnessed, I made up my mind to leave the city. In a new place she might do better.

**T**O this plan my wife made no objections. Why she didn't, I can understand now. She had not one single tie of interest in the town where she had lived eighteen months as a bride. But to me it was the most trying ordeal I had ever known.

I was a surgeon of considerable reputation for a man of my years, and my operations had given me a standing of good repute among the doctors as well as the people of the town where I began my life's work—the work into which I threw my very soul, for I loved it. But the joy of successful operations and the relief I could bring suffering humanity could no longer bridge over the

state of affairs in my home, so we packed up and moved to a thriving city in the Middle West.

The big city for awhile proved to be a haven of peace. It was different from a small town; we knew and were known by few people. I opened an office in one of the most prominent buildings, and from the first day I had enough work to keep me busy. In the new atmosphere my wife seemed to be more like the woman I thought she was before we married, and during this softened period of her life she confided to me that she was to become a mother. Naturally, I petted and humored her, regardless of my own feelings or personal pride. I gave in to every whim she made, and when at last our baby came, I felt fully repaid for all I'd gone through, for from the day of his birth my son has been the one ray of joy in my life.

**W**ITH this new interest, I threw my whole heart and soul into my business, and soon found I had more on my hands than I could manage alone.

I fitted up a modern operating-room, and through the influence of a successful doctor, obtained a splendid nurse to take charge of it—a quiet, refined, and capable woman. She was fully qualified for the work, and her cheerful disposition won for her in the hearts of my patients a place of strong affection.

For six months we worked together in perfect harmony; to me she was a most valuable asset. Our days were filled from morning until night; my success in the big city was practically assured, and to my assistant I gave half the credit, for she was a tireless, conscientious worker. Things were moving along so well that I was beginning to take a new lease on life, when my wife, returning unexpectedly from a lengthy visit to her relatives, called me up to say she was home.



I could scarcely wait till noon to go home, so anxious was I to see my wife and boy. She seemed overjoyed to see me, but I learned before I left the house that a fuss with her people was responsible for her return; nevertheless, I was glad to have them back. The boy was big enough to lisp my name, and something's wrong with the man who fails to appreciate his son's voice.

THAT night I had a heart-to-heart talk with her. I had bought a new car for her during her absence; I asked her to plan anything she liked for our evenings, but for the sake of our future to leave me undisturbed during the day. I told her about the great success I was making, and in justice to the woman who had helped me build it, I mentioned the nurse—what a splendid, generous-hearted woman she was.

I noticed a flush of red steal over my wife's cheeks, but for once she said nothing. Nevertheless, the memory of that expression lingered strong in my mind long after I retired.

The next morning before eleven o'clock she made a visit to the office, and when I reached home that evening, I had scarcely entered the door when she demanded that I get rid of "that woman."

I was simply dumfounded. There was no cause, whatever, for me to give up my assistant. I tried to explain to my wife how necessary she was to my work, what an advantage it was to have a woman of Mrs. Gibson's fine qualities as an assistant. She was several years my senior, and in every way suited to the work. Mrs. Gibson was married, in love with her own husband as well as her profession, and the only woman I'd ever had that I considered capable of handling the delicate instruments necessary for successful operations.

But to all my words my wife turned a deaf ear; she stormed and raged in such a manner it frightened our son. Even he, young as he was, covered his little ears

to shut out the sound of her angry voice. During her tirade I felt for the first time in my life an utter disgust for the woman I had married. Her accusations were so unjust that I suddenly became master of myself—the self she had ruled by her vicious temper for four years.

"I'll not dispense with such a valuable assistant," I declared firmly. "We have an operation ahead every day for the next three weeks, and I can't get along without her."

My wife sprang from her chair in the most violent rage I had ever witnessed; she tore up and down the room, using language that was shameful.

Finally she flung herself into a big chair and looked at me as though she could have torn me limb from limb.

"You won't have to get rid of her," she said presently, "I'll attend to that for you."

"But I don't want to get rid of her," I interrupted, "I couldn't run a successful operating-room without her—I tell you, I won't ask her to leave."

"You won't have to," she snapped, "but nevertheless, she'll leave, and you'll get another nurse to help with the operations."

Without another word she hastily entered her room and banged the door after her.

THE next morning she was at breakfast with no visible sign noticeable of the rage she had passed through, though her coolness caused me no feeling of surety that her threat to drive out my assistant was forgotten. And, in spite of my efforts to re-

Suddenly she was sobbing like a child. "I never realized . . . how terrible I was . . . Won't you give me a chance to redeem myself?"

main calm, I was nervous as a cat when I reached the office—a thing so unusual that Mrs. Gibson immediately inquired if anything had happened. I told her it was nothing. But she insisted that I go into the rest-room and lie down in order to be ready for a delicate operation we had on for eleven o'clock. (Continued on page 86)





# The Judgment of Paris—and Others



**W**HEN Paris adjudged *Verus* fairest of women and thus staged a prolog of the Trojan War, he furnished advance evidence that a "thing of beauty is a joy forever." For modern Paris, fickle as it is to womanly adornment, holds fast to the type of womanly beauty he chose. The last word from the beauty-loving French people proves this, for the twenty-year old girl recently acclaimed as the most beautiful woman in all France might well have posed for the *Venus of Melos* or of the *Medici*. With eye deep-set and dark, pure Grecian nose and firmly-chiseled chin; with mouth full yet delicately modeled beautifying the classic oval of a face surmounted by an open forehead and flowing tresses, not overlooking a form of womanly roundness, Agnes Souret is worthy of the award of the Paris of yesterday or today.

Paris — Agnes Souret





PHOTO BY ATELIER RIESS, BERLIN

# Berlin Mia May

*FROM Faust's demure Marguerite to the chic and undentably-beautiful Mia May, is a far cry indeed. If the contrast typifies yesterday's and today's daughter of the Fatherland, Germania herself may admit that war hath its losses as well as victories! Yet most Teutonic folk still hold to their classic ideals of womanly beauty, summed up in well-proportioned breadth of brow and cheek, face well rounded, hair bright or of flaxen lightness, nose and mouth bespeaking strength, yet womanly tenderness, surmounting a form essentially feminine and well-rounded. With just such quality of comeliness, Mia May not only has won the title-rôle of "Mistress of the World," but is also the most popular photoplay beauty in all Germany, tho candor compels the acknowledgment that her native land was Bohemia.*





WORLD WIDE PHOTO

**C**OMPETITION has played a big part in English history, and so 'tis small wonder that it has oft proved itself a Land of Contests—including beauty tournaments beyond number. Out of the turmoil of them all rises as victrix, Lady Diana Manners, in rank lineal descendant of Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall and daughter of the Duke of Rutland, in private life, wife of Captain Alfred Duff Cooper, and in filmdom leading lady of "The Glorious Adventure" and other photoplays. With her golden hair, blue eyes and fresh coloring, her rounded cheeks, and features of youthful contour, and with form cast in such mold as the goddess from whom she takes her name, it is not hard to realize why Lady Diana has won distinction as the embodiment of the ideals of beauty of her native land.

London ~  
Lady Diana Manners





PHOTO BY F. E. GEISLER

## New York Justine Johnstone

**L**AST and as-far-from-least as thought-can-reach comes the judgment of Paris in the little matter of Who's Who among a dozen-or-so millions of American girls. When Paul Helleu, noted French artist, recently visited America he braved the consequences that followed Helen of Troy's nomination and allotted Justine Johnstone the golden apple. Our Old Masters of the camera—young ones too—and the silver screen have given most of us a chance to confirm M. Helleu's opinion—or au contraire. Tall enough for grace, and with a figure as symmetrical if not so well rounded as the Old World's ideals, with the lengthened oval of her face set off by eye and mouth eloquent and tender, nose and chin firm yet feminine, and carriage of head bespeaking the independence of her countrywomen, Justine Johnstone is in truth a composite of American ideals of beauty. In testimony whereof may be cited the beginnings of her career not so long ago as professional photographic subject, with her face-plus-intelligence as her fortune, and her rapid climb to Fame and Fortune, not to mention her position of wifehood as Mrs. Walter Wanger.



# A Honeymoon "In High"

*What Joy-Rides and Jazz Brought One Couple Before the Writing of May's One Hundred Dollar Prize Story*

**S**UPPOSING you had always had plenty of money, but had never earned a cent; supposing you had grown up, thinking that the only real life was the frantic search for gaiety; supposing you had been brought up by your mother to believe that to find a socially acceptable young man with plenty of money, and then

*It required rare mental courage and superb strength of will to do what this woman did. The world would have called her foolish had it known, but—she took care that the world never would know.*



*I finally got my message across and had the satisfaction of seeing him go out—and get the car ready for our secret flight*

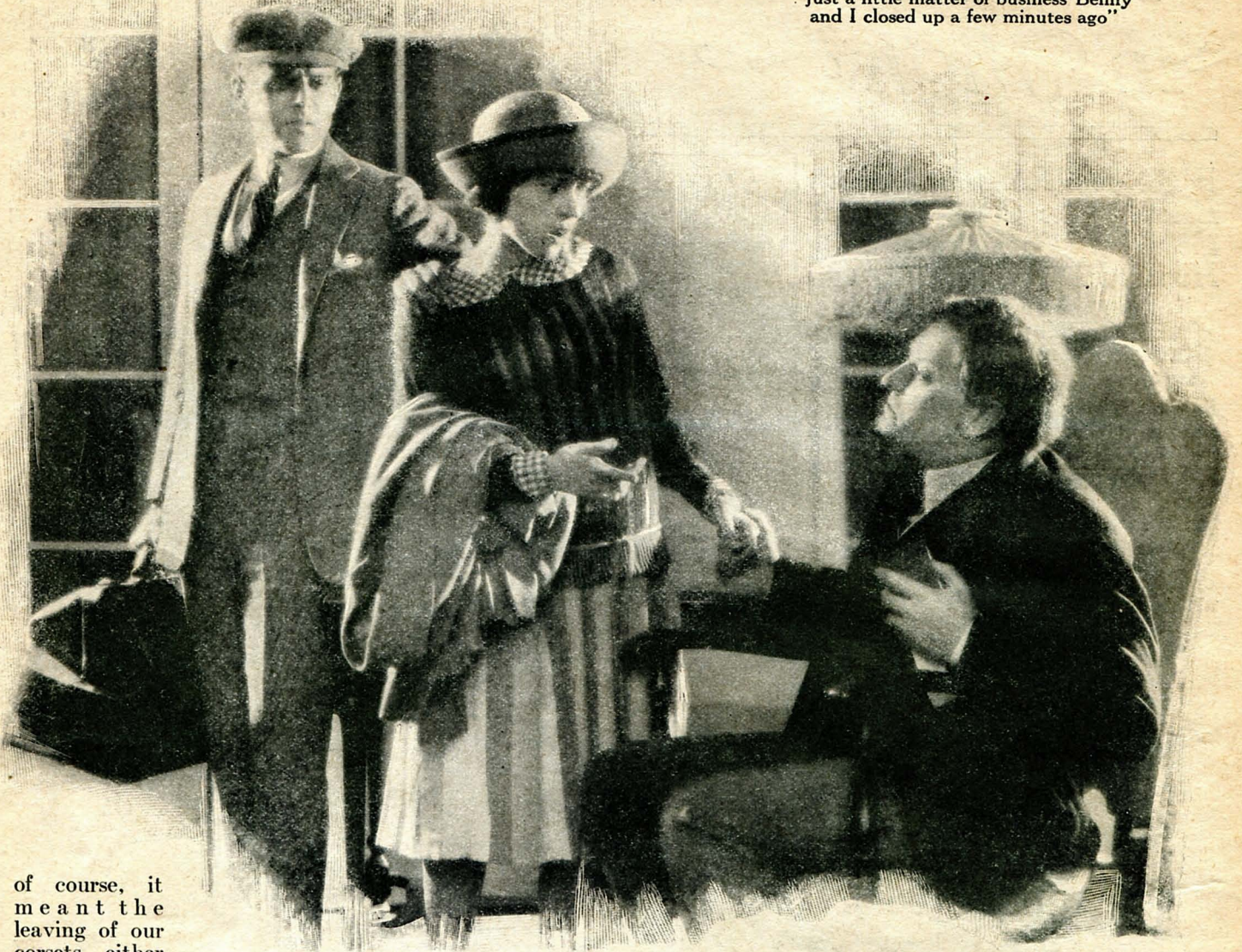
to capture him for a husband, was the one persistent aim of a girl; and supposing you found the petty naggings of your ambitious mother so intolerable that any escape was desirable; wouldn't you be inclined to do what most of us in such positions do—find the man, capture him at all costs, and clear out?

I think you would. Certainly most of my companions appeared to be working on that principle. I am not surprised that I went the way of the rest of our set. I went to and helped to create bizarre parties. I danced by night and slept by day.

I found the man that could help me best in fighting off boredom; and I used every fascination known to modern woman to get him. And of course I got him. A girl had to travel a pretty sporty road to capture a man in our set, a road that our mothers would never have followed. It meant dances where each of us vied with the other to wear the most strikingly daring of gowns, with the shortest of skirts, the lowest of necks, the filmiest of materials; and,



"Dad!" I exclaimed. "What does this mean?" . . . "Oh, nothing," he said . . . "just a little matter of business Benny and I closed up a few minutes ago"



of course, it meant the leaving of our corsets either at home or the

"parking" of them in dressing-rooms, because our men partners had been educated by the most daring of us to think that a girl who didn't go the limit in these directions didn't have "pep" enough for his "speed."

**I**N addition to these dances, the capture of such a man as my Benny involved unchaperoned after-theatre suppers, with drinks that kept our "pep" at the right pitch, and made us stand for types of merriment that our mothers in their day would have said could be enjoyed only by the most depraved demi-mondaine. It meant cigarettes, long speed-law-defying drives in the dead of night to Volstead-Act-defying roadhouses; and petting parties that ended sometimes not till the coming of gray dawn.

My father protested a little at my late hours; but my mother—who didn't really guess at all what went on—assured him that he was old-fashioned and that girls of today knew how to take care of themselves just as well as girls did thirty years ago. Which was right in a sense, only "taking care of ourselves" had come to have a narrower meaning, just as "enjoying ourselves" had come to have a broader meaning than either term had thirty years ago. Father wasn't convinced but he was silent and I went on at top speed, of course.

So I caught Benny.

**I** SHALL not forget the expressions on the faces of my father, mother, and sister Vera when I told them that Benny had asked me to marry him. Mother sprang up and hugged me enthusiastically, declaring that he was the "catch of the season." Vera's blue eyes flew to mine and glistened with a moisture that comes only with a thrill of pure, romantic joy—Vera was just fifteen, and at that time was being brought up at boarding-school, one of the few where girls get something approaching the real thing even now. And I could see her hands clasp in a fervor far exceeding that displayed by either Benny or me at the moment when he asked me the question of questions. Vera's eyes at that moment made a picture that I have thanked God for many times since. Father alone was unenthusiastic. He had none of Mother's ambitions, or of Vera's unspoiled romance, and he evidently found my attitude rather uninspiring. He contented himself with looking at me thoughtfully. Things of this sort he had learned to leave to Mother, who understood them.

This may seem a long introduction to the real story; but, as this is a real account of what really happened to me, I feel that I have a right to give a picture of the situation from which the thing started.

The wedding was at the house, not in church, and the supper after the wedding had about it something of the



tang of the old wedding feast. Though there were a few older persons, whose connection with the family made it impossible to exclude them, the atmosphere was distinctly that of the younger and more speedy set. Champagne was served in quantity, and partaken of as if it were a light wine. I am positive that many of the older and more sedate in the party failed to be properly shocked at the hilarity of the younger ones, because they were concentrating their attention on maintaining the proper grave and decorous attitude themselves.

The time came at last for the bride and groom to slip away and start on their honeymoon. I signaled Benny with my eyebrows, but he seemed rather slow of apprehension. However, I finally got my message across and had the satisfaction of seeing him go out—to get the car ready for the secret flight we had carefully planned.

After the proper interval I, too, managed to slip away unobtrusively, and went to my room to make a quick change of costume. Vera had begged to be allowed the last minute joy of sending me off.

I found her in tears, lying half across my bed, her shoulders heaving.

"Why, pet," I exclaimed. "Don't take it so hard. I'm not going away forever. You'll come and

"Don't be silly. Of course I can stand on my own feet. When we get back—" . . . "We'll never go back—together—until you are on your feet already!" I interrupted fiercely

spend your whole vacation with us this summer, Sis."

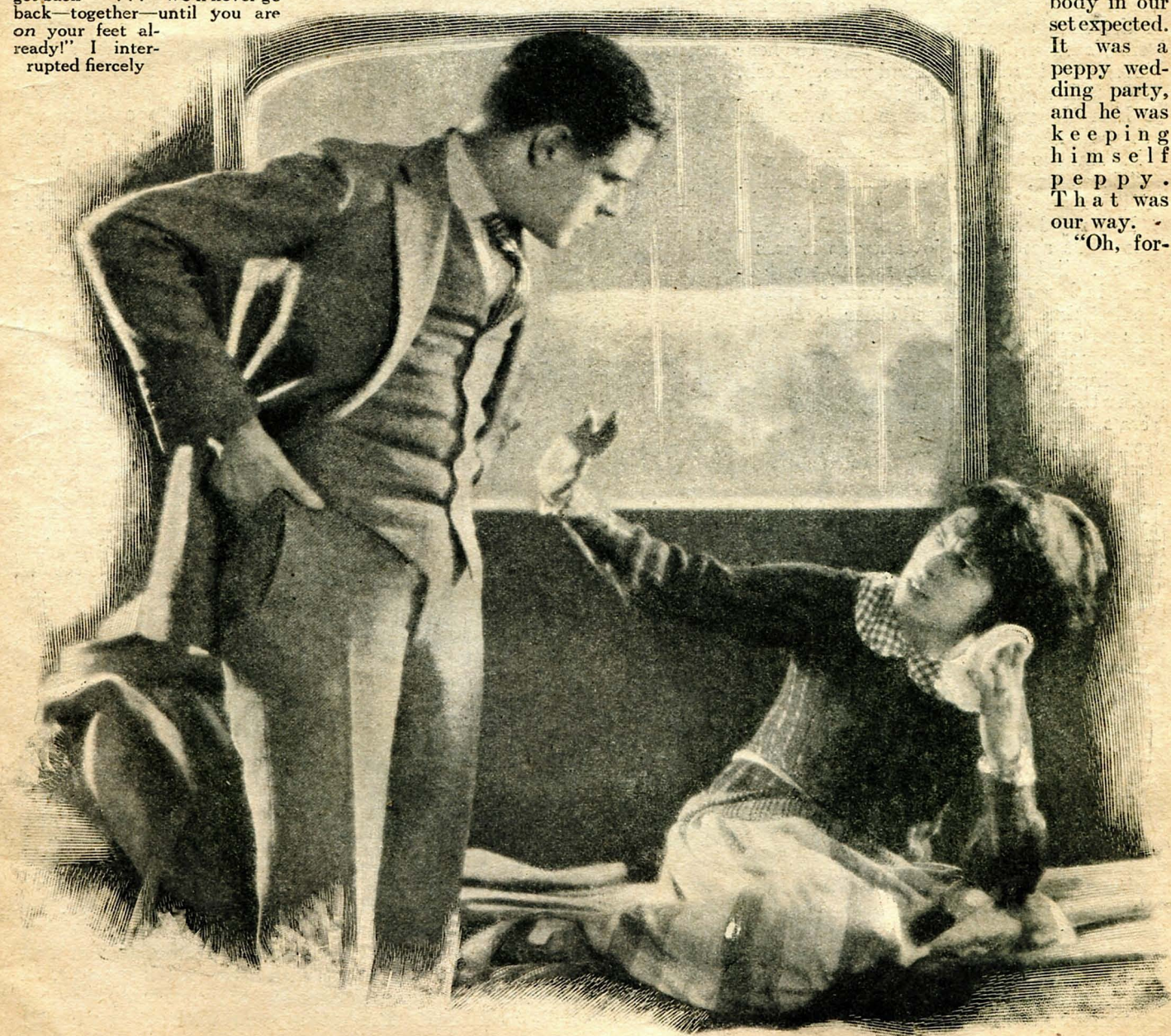
She lay still a moment and then turned over and sat up suddenly, the tears still trickling down her face.

"Oh, I think it's just awful!" she cried. "It's just awful! How can you do such things?"

Then she flung herself back on the bed again and went on sobbing. I was quite at a loss. What was she talking about? I went over to her and put one arm about her, trying to cuddle her up to me comfortingly, for I still could think of nothing but her regret at my departure. But she threw me off vehemently. Then she dashed the tears from her eyes and sprang up, facing me fiercely.

"You've been drinking, too," she cried. "You're just like all the rest of them. The only sober people in the house are the servants; and they're laughing at you and despising you. I went down the back way to have a peep at your wonderful party. Oh, I'm ashamed, ashamed! If you could have heard James and Thomas cracking jokes about the condition of your husband! They were having a competition to see who could put the most champagne in his glass. I heard it all, and I saw Benny drinking it! Oh! Oh! I'd rather marry one of the servants than a man like Benny!"

This made me angry. For Benny was doing only what everybody in our set expected. It was a peppy wedding party, and he was keeping himself peppy. That was our way. "Oh, for-





get it!" I exclaimed. "I was foolish to let you in on this, anyway. You're too young. Wait till you're out. Then you'll understand. We don't marry saintly molly-coddles nowadays. Come on. Help me out of this dress."

"I won't touch your old dress," exclaimed Vera passionately. "I won't have anything to do with your awful wedding. I always thought getting married was a wonderful, sacred thing. I've pictured your husband as a kind of Galahad, coming and riding off with you to make a wonderful home, where I could come and visit you, and you would tell me wonderful things about your life, and some day I'd help you take care of your babies, and all that. And now you've smashed my lovely dream with this awful drunkenness. If this is getting married, I don't ever want to be married. Good-by!"

AND she flung herself out of the room, bursting into new sobs as she went.

I stared at her. But I was thinking queer thoughts as I rang for my maid, and I was silent under the rapid-fire of Celeste's vivacious raptures over "zee wondrous wedding." Vera had given me a shock, and I was slow in recovering.

In the hall I got another shock. I turned the landing just in time to see another of the maids break away, giggling, from Benny's maudlin embrace, and to hear him mutter in a high-pitched voice, "Yesh, yesh, 'sall righ', Marie. Ev'rybody hash to kish th' groom. Groom hash to kish ev'rybody."

He saw me then and waved invitingly.

"Come on, Kitty," he called jovially. "All'sh ready."

But my heart was unaccountably cold. I couldn't accept his joviality as it was offered. I knew he had meant no harm in kissing Marie. It wasn't the first time he had kissed other girls at our "peppy" parties. But, somehow, I wasn't seeing things the same. I was seeing them through Vera's clear, clean-seeing eyes. And I was cold, clear through.

PROBABLY—this was why, instead of slipping at once out the side door as we had planned, I ran up the hall and into the library to say good-by to Father, who had withdrawn from the festivities early on the plea of "important business."

There he sat all by himself and it seemed to me that the lines of care were very deep on his forehead. But he looked up with a forced smile at my approach, and circled me with his arm as I perched on the most convenient knee to give him a parting hug.

"Good-by, Katherine," he said, a trifle huskily. "I wish you all happiness." His voice caught a little. "I—I wish you all happiness—I'm afraid I don't understand young people nowadays; but—"

He broke off because he saw me staring at his open check book. He flapped it quickly shut and started to put it away, but I stopped him. I had seen the last stub. It was made out to Benny, with the notation below, "A loan," and two exclamation marks. It was made out for a thousand dollars.

"DAD!" I exclaimed, "What does that mean?"

"Oh, nothing," he said with forced bluffness, "just a little matter of business Benny and I closed up a few minutes ago."

Benny touched my shoulder impatiently. He seemed anxious to be gone. And as I continued to look at Dad, he went on ahead of me.

I had seen those words, "A loan!"

and I knew that the exclamation marks meant Dad's personal comment on the propriety of a loan from him to Benny at such a time. Also I knew that Dad would never have transacted any "business" with a man in Benny's perfectly obvious condition. I grasped Dad's hand and made him look me straight in the eye.

"Benny's been borrowing money. Why?"

"I don't know. I always thought he had plenty. But he seemed to think he must have it, and that I was the natural person to come to. I—I didn't exactly like to argue with him just then. He—he didn't

Inside of a week I had mastered the routine of Mrs. Hawkins' kitchen. . . . But what was happening to Benny? How was he getting on?

seem exactly—well—Oh, damn it! Katherine, I'm mad all over. I'm disgusted with this wedding party. I don't make you young ones out at all. Benny's drunk, and, good Lord! I'm letting you (Continued on page 72)





LIFE began for me when I learned to whistle. That was when I was four years of age. It was a feeble, quivering little whistle, but a whistle nevertheless. I have whistled ever since. Dating from the day that I succeeded in puckering my mouth and whistling from the side of my mouth, I really began to live. I might add that I still whistle from the side of my mouth.

From the beginning, life was eventful. As a tiny child I had instilled into my mind the thought that I must not worry Mother. Father had left her with five children, of which I was the youngest. The next youngest was a sister, some three years older, then three brothers—fine, noble lads. Mother worked hard and worried—worried lest she fail to provide for and educate her five children. Soon my brothers left school and worked in order to educate sister and me; they left

The manager and acrobats told me I had done well, especially for one who had no instructions save my own

# The Whistling Girl

## How Whistling Kept One Girl's Courage Up

*THE old Scotch proverb, "A whistling girl and a crowing hen, always come to some bad end," is rapidly going the way of other old-fashioned ideas in these days of feminine emancipation. We are rapidly veering around to the point of view of the North English proverb, "A whistling girl and a flock of sheep is the best property a man can keep."*

when I should have been studying or at play. When I was nine years of age, I realized that I was an alien in the family. They all loved me, but there was a difference somehow. Young as I was, I realized that although they loved me, they both loved and respected Sister. And I—I was told that I would be the black sheep of the family. Grandmother told me, almost every day, that I would never amount to anything; that I would grow up to be a disgrace to my family. This, usually when I came in with my dress torn or my hair disheveled, or when I failed to appear for dinner and would be found

school and went to work in order to help out at home.

SOMEHOW I didn't fit in at home. I could usually be found in some lonely corner thinking and dreaming, in some lonely place dreaming and planning. I wonder if they realized that all this scheming and dream-





ing on my part was really the outcome of the many lectures I received, and due to the fact that I felt it my duty to call myself to task and teach myself not to be "no account," as Grandmother said I would surely be. I was not allowed to go places like other children, unless Sister interceded for me, which she usually did. If I wanted to play with some other little girl, I always got Sister to ask Mother to let me; otherwise, I would not be allowed to go.

**T**HEN one afternoon Mother gave me a quarter—in nickels—to buy myself a pair of stockings. I could not find the kind I was told to buy, so returned home. I was late, having spent more time in the store than I should. When I reached home I put the nickels in the kitchen safe, and went out to sit under the trees to escape a scolding. Soon Mother called me in and accused me of stealing a nickel. Sure enough, there was a nickel in my pocket, but I was not allowed to explain that when I took the four nickels from my dress pocket to put them away, I inadvertently left one in; that I did not mean to steal the money and that it was just a mistake. Mother beat me and told me that I would never amount to anything.

The result of numerous such happenings was that I really believed I was no good. After that cruel whipping for something I didn't mean to do, I really believed, in my childish mind, that I was something loathsome. I

I managed to break my arm midway between the elbow and the wrist... Thus Brother was saved the humiliation of seeing me graduate in my shabby dress

was told so often that I was ugly and that when I grew up I would be a "perfect fright," that I believed it.

After that I shunned other little girls. I thought I was not fit to associate with them. And at school I studied just as hard as I could, because my one thought was that perhaps if I studied hard nobody would notice how ugly and "no account" I was. When school was out, I would run home, pull my school clothes off and go out into the woods to stay until dark, when it would be time to study my lessons for the next day. Mother, Grandmother and Sister thought I stayed out in the woods to play, but I stayed there because I was ashamed.

**W**HEN I had to remain indoors, I whistled at the top of my lungs. Mother thought it was just to worry and annoy her, but it was really to keep up my spirits. I had learned long since that I must not worry Mother, and I thought if I whistled just as hard and as loud as I could Mother would think I was happy and would not be worried. I was cowed, my spirit crushed, but in spite of everything my good old whistle kept me going. I would whistle in order to pretend that I was happy, and this, my one accomplishment, kept me from going under when the tide seemed too strong for me. I was only nine years old and needed encouragement.

And then, I became blind. I think the nervous strain, the worry, the loneliness was too much for me and my whole nervous system was affected, with the result that I lost my sight. At first, the family would not believe me when I insisted that I was going blind. They laughed at me.

Then one evening Grandmother said I should go with her to a neighbor's house. I cried and begged to stay home because it was getting dark and I couldn't see. They made me go. Grandmother could not see very well after dark, so made me walk ahead to guide her. We had to go along the bank of the river for a short distance and I

walked into the stream and was nearly drowned. They then realized that I was really blind and not just pretending. I was blind for one year, then I gradually recovered my sight. They were so good to me when I was blind—so good and kind. This time stands out as the happiest





of my life. Somehow, it seemed as though their sympathy and kindness helped me to get a new lease on life, and to believe that some day I might be of "some account" after all. I grew strong, husky and happy. I didn't whistle as loud as I was wont to whistle. Indeed, it was a low, even, happy whistle now, expressive of contentment.

Gradually I regained my sight. I read that if a person would exercise carefully, no matter how ugly one might be, they might become beautiful. I made a trapeze out in the woods, made it of two long ropes and a broom handle. I practiced for hours on this and learned to do many things. This trapeze was fastened on the limb of a huge tree, and was about six feet from the ground, so that it was necessary for me to stand on a barrel in order to reach the bar. About six feet from the tree on which the trapeze was fastened, grew another tree with a limb parallel with the one on which the ropes were tied. I decided that it was too much trouble to stand on the barrel, so climbed up the other tree and jumped the six feet in the air, taking chances on reaching the trapeze. I made it. I was afraid to take the chance, but forced myself to do it, and thereby learned to overcome my fear. I whistled louder than ever that night, proud that I could perform, as I had learned to perform on the trapeze. I had no one to play with so had to keep all this to myself, but as time passed I became more efficient and was soon able to do many difficult feats.

A CIRCUS came to town, and I was given permission to attend the performance that night with a friend of my mother's. In the afternoon I slipped away from home and located the manager of the circus. I walked up to him and said:

"Mister, I want a job."

He smiled, and as he seemed quite good-natured I was soon telling him all about my trapeze and what I could do. Soon he became interested and said he would see me go through my paces. The main tent was deserted at that hour. The manager and the acrobats of the company took me into the tent and to a trapeze.

Then one day I saw my husband . . . It is for this woman that he cares . . . And all I can do is to keep whistling



I didn't have any tights, so I stuffed my dress into the waistband of my bloomers, kicked my shoes off and went to work. At first I was afraid, not afraid because I was so high up, for I knew there was a net below me and there was really no danger, but afraid that I could not perform well and that the acrobats would laugh at me. I worked there for about thirty minutes, doing one stunt after another, and doing things on that trapeze that I had never dared do on my old broomstick trapeze at home.

When I got through the manager and the acrobats hugged me and told me that I had done well, especially for one who had had no instructions save my own. He offered to let me perform that night. I didn't say anything to Mother when I went home. But I whistled very loudly indeed when I had finished dinner and was waiting for my friends to call for me (Continued on page 105)



# From Out the Dark

**T**HERE are various forms of strength: physical prowess, mental courage and the will to endure. They all interest us intensely. Even a bare recital thrills us like a call to arms. Into Wesley Hamilton's life came a remarkable experience—such an experience as comes but rarely to the lot of man. How he met the adventure and saved himself, raises our admiration for his strength, skill and cunning to the utmost degree.

**W**ESLEY HAMILTON is now a well-known actor. But fifteen years ago he was playing a small part with a road-company. Once, while with a "fly-by-night" troupe that toured "tank towns" throughout the Middle West, he met with the most trying experience that he had ever had in his life. By the time the company had been assigned to their rooms in the one hotel, there was no room for him, so he was forced to seek lodgings elsewhere.

As he passed through the door of the hotel, one of the boys told him that "if he warn't scairt" he could put up at the "deepo;" there was a bedroom there that was "haunted." As it was late and there was only the

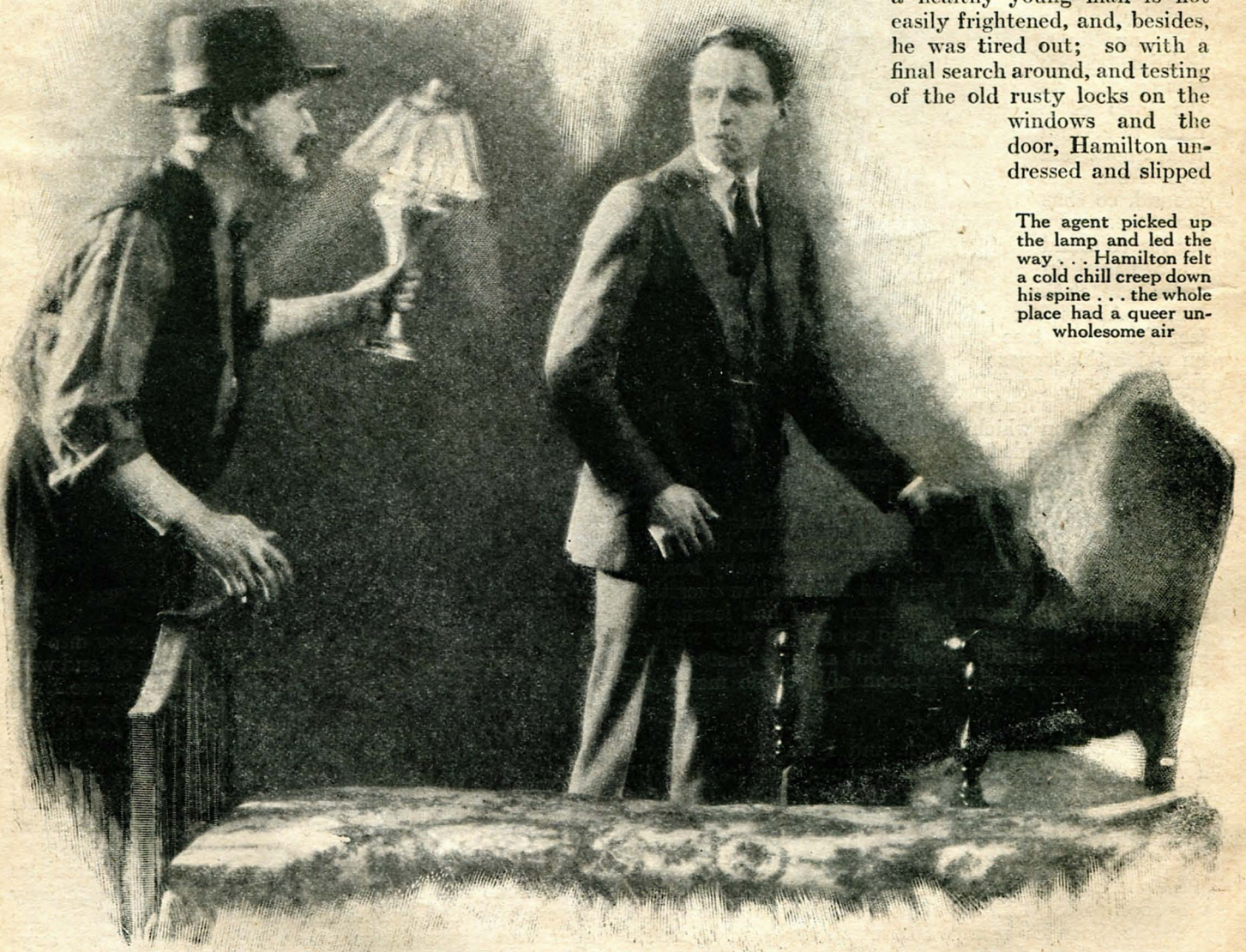
## *In Which an Actor Plays a Rôle He Will Never Forget*

one hotel in town, he swallowed his distaste for such a room and approached the ticket agent about spending the night there.

When the agent picked up the lamp and led the way to the floor above, Hamilton felt a cold chill creep down his spine; for of all the musty, dead smells, the stairs exhaled the worst he had ever come across. When they entered the room, the fitful light from the single oil lamp made the barnlike room still bigger in Hamilton's eyes. He was satisfied, however, for it was only for the night, and after the agent left, Hamilton explored the place. It was a large, square room with a narrow bed of fine old wood and with handsome cover; small, narrow

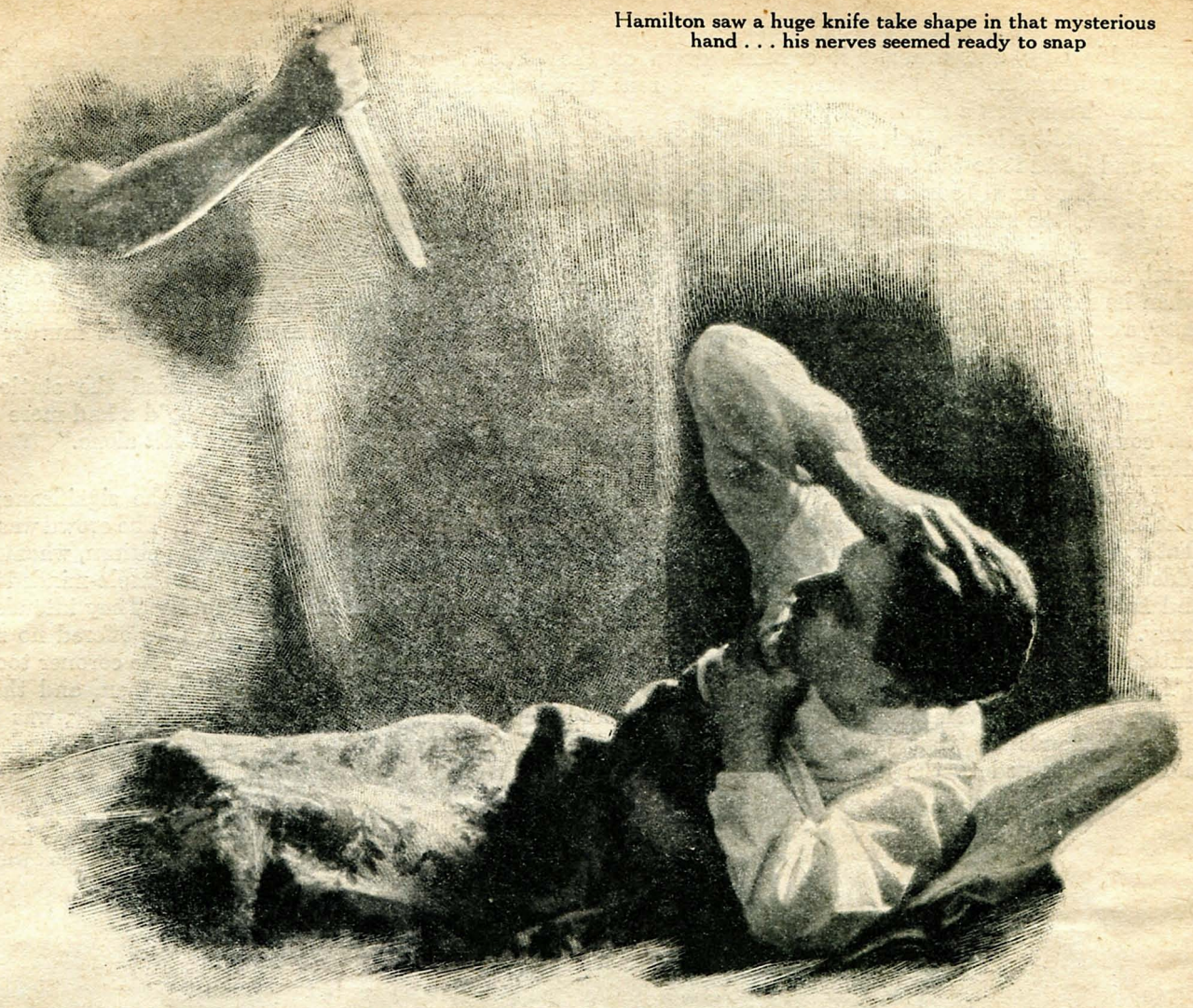
windows, two doors, and several big, old-fashioned red plush chairs. The whole place had a queer, unwholesome air. Still, a healthy young man is not easily frightened, and, besides, he was tired out; so with a final search around, and testing of the old rusty locks on the windows and the door, Hamilton undressed and slipped

The agent picked up the lamp and led the way . . . Hamilton felt a cold chill creep down his spine . . . the whole place had a queer unwholesome air





Hamilton saw a huge knife take shape in that mysterious hand . . . his nerves seemed ready to snap



beneath the covers of the bed, as the clock in the Town Hall boomed out the hour of eleven.

**H**AMILTON was awakened an hour later by a low moan succeeded by a faint scratching sound. He could feel the hair on his scalp slowly rising and the cold sweat of fear gripped his body. Suddenly he heard the moaning again, this time nearer, and paralyzed with fright he could not move. Then, as though by magic, a soft glow appeared. Slowly, slowly, it spread and in a few minutes an arm took shape, then wrist and fingers clenched as though holding something. With a shudder, Hamilton saw a huge knife take shape in that mysterious hand and then he saw that the arm was detached. It seemed to hang disconnected in the air. It moved closer slowly but surely. Nearer, ever nearer it came and Hamilton's nerves seemed ready to snap. On it came, that ghastly hand, closer and closer, until barely a few inches away from him. When Hamilton saw that it was soon to plunge into his heart, he jumped up, seized the knife and yelled. The knife cut into the flesh, with a sickening, searing agony.

**S**TILL holding the knife, despite the pain, Hamilton struck a match and lit a lamp. He noticed that there were red stains on the blade—blood that had dried on. Carefully wrapping the weapon in a heavy towel he placed it inside his trunk and locked the latter carefully. Then, pulling the nearest chair over to one of the windows, he sat up to wait for the morning. His hand

troubled him and several times he had to get up and wash it to allay the terrible burning that seemed to eat into the very bone. Dawn came at last, and when the rest of the company were at breakfast, Hamilton came into the dining-room and told them his story.

At first there was laughter and bantering, but there was the young man's injured hand and there, too, was the terrible knife. None could dispute such tangible evidence, and no one could explain the matter. It was both mysterious and terrifying.

Hamilton's hand needed the attention of a doctor. And so, as he was forced to remain behind, he made up his mind to solve the mystery of the haunted room.

**T**HAT night when all was still, he crept from his bed at the hotel and went over to the haunted room. He had armed himself with a club and, standing by the door, waited patiently till morning came. But nothing stirred, and greatly disappointed, he returned to the hotel. The next night he again secretly visited the station room and again nothing happened.

On the third night he openly announced that he was going to stay in the haunted room, and openly went there as night fell. He stood by the door, scarcely breathing, and waited. As the town clock tolled off the hour of midnight, a faint sound came to Hamilton's ears. The mysterious hand was coming back with another knife!

Softly the door opened and Hamilton watched the hand appear. Dimly his eyes could make out a form now. Gripping his club tighter, Hamilton crept forward,



lifting his club, and brought it crashing down on the uncanny intruder. A blood-curdling shriek rent the silence. There was a crash and all was still.

Hamilton lit a lamp, then returned to the body on the floor and lifted it to the bed. It was swathed in a dark cloth, and not until he had uncovered the face, did he see that it was the station agent.

With a puzzled frown the young man hastened to the hotel, aroused the clerk and got him to call a doctor. And when he returned to the haunted room, a few minutes later, a curious crowd of townspeople, which had gathered with surprising rapidity, came with him.

THE doctor soon brought the stunned man back to consciousness. At first he would not speak, but after much questioning he finally told his story.

"I wanted to kill that man because he slept in the bed that belonged to my wife," he said. "I would kill anyone that would dare to intrude on that sacred spot. Yes," he added grimly, "I killed four that spent the night there and hid their bodies in the walls. Ha—ye think I'm crazy. Well, look and you'll find that I'm telling the truth, for there they are."

The townsfolk rushed out in horror to gather picks, axes, hatchets and even hammers—whatever they could lay their hands on that would suit their purpose—and then returned to the ill-omened room. A death-

like silence fell upon the people as plaster and boarding were ripped away.

AN audible gasp escaped from tense lips as a skeleton was brought to light, followed a moment later by another and still another, until all four were revealed.

Tattered clothing still covered the bones. Rings, jewels and watches were untouched. Considerable sums of money, even, were found in the pockets of two of the men—proving that the maniac's words were true: that revenge had been the motive for the murder and not robbery.

"What did I tell ye?" snarled the station agent. "Didn't I do a good job? They'd a had more comp'ny, too, in a short time if I'd been left alone."

HAMILTON shuddered as the significance of the man's words came to him. The crowd was appalled at the fiendishness of their fellow-citizen, whom they had always looked upon as a rather simple-minded old man.

He was bound hand and foot. They intended taking no chances with him, although he offered no resistance and made no effort to escape. The coroner took charge of the remains of the murdered men, and the station agent, still proclaiming his deeds loudly, was taken to the county jail.

Within a year he was dead in the state insane asylum.

Not until he had uncovered the face,  
did he see that it was the station agent





# The Secret Bar

## It Barred the Door Forever in One Lone Woman's Face

I WAS only nine years old. Frank was about the same age, and Joe, his chum, was only a little older.

It was late in the afternoon, and we were on our way home from school, where we had been kept to rehearse for "commencement" exercises. Joe left the crowd of boys, ran ahead and planted himself in front of me.

"Frank says you are his sweetheart, Ellen," he said.

Receiving no encouragement from me, and seeming to be as much concerned about the message he should carry back to his chum as he was in what he had just told me, he continued solemnly after a minute:

"Is Frank your sweetheart?"

"No," I answered back impulsively, giving the word emphasis by an accompanying stamp of the foot.

"Say 'yes,'" quickly whispered my eleven-year-old sister in my ear.

To this day—and I am nearing forty—I have usu-

ally done what that sister told me to, so I blushed, and nodded my head timidly at Joe, who ran back triumphantly with the information which was to gladden Frank's heart and mine for many years.

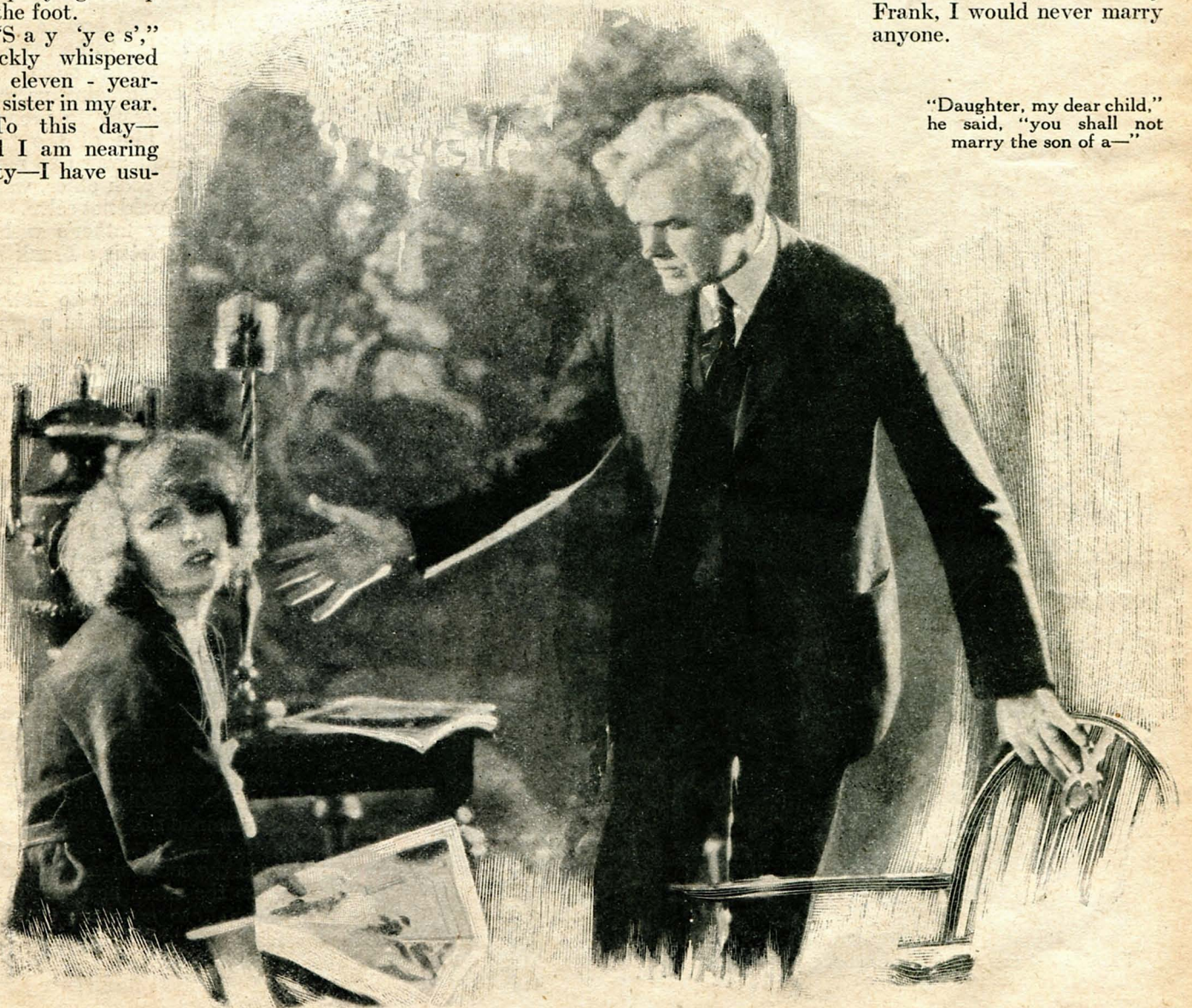
*SHOULD we insist in guiding our own lives in our own way? Or is happiness to be found in submitting to old-age ideas?*

*Some have settled this question one way and some another. What Ellen did hosts of other women have done and will continue to do. Whether she was wise or not we will leave the reader to decide.*

THUS began, at a very tender age a romance. Through the early years, much help was added to our cause by Joe's friendship and loyalty to Frank. He was our message bearer, our counselor, and the one who made our love run smooth. He it was who acted as peacemaker when ripples came.

Time passed and I grew to be a very popular girl. I considered every boy I met my friend, and had many love affairs, but there was always that turning again to my first love, and I verily believed—child though I was—that if I didn't marry Frank, I would never marry anyone.

"Daughter, my dear child," he said, "you shall not marry the son of a—"





Often I have heard older and wiser heads reason that children do not love. Perhaps they do not, but when I remember my childhood sweetheart, and the feeling I had for him, I am moved to be very careful about whom my own two girls are associated with during the tender years of childhood, because, even though it is not love, there is a feeling so akin to it that it may develop into love, and make or mar their future happiness.

I am brought to the recollection of another joyous commencement season. It was only a few evenings before I should receive my High School diploma, and I was heroine in our class play. Frank's rival was hero in the play, and Frank himself, was villain and rival for my hand.

After the play was over, Frank walked home with me and we were discussing the success of the performance. He told me how hard it had been for him to play his part successfully, and see his rival win me.

He said he had not minded so much at rehearsals, as everyone who heard us then, knew who my choice was, but that before that crowded house, where everyone cheered at the climax of the play, it had seemed too real, and he had felt as if he were actually giving me up before the world.

"But," he said, "I have you now,

if he did get you in the play, and held my hand tightly."

I FELT so much older that night. I had finished High School! And I felt so mature when Frank asked me to marry him.

I promised, without a moment's hesitation, and for a few days I lived in the happy air-castle most girls know of, but few can describe.

One day, shortly after this, Frank's mother was taken ill. She was a widow, and leaned on Frank for companionship. He in turn, was more devoted to her than boys usually are to their mothers, and I knew it would almost kill him if his mother were taken from him.

For days, her life hung by a slender thread. My father was her attending physician, and I shall never forget the way he guarded her illness.

Even I had little power to comfort Frank. Though he wanted to be with me as much as possible, he would sit for hours in silent grief.

But his mother got well, and I have often wondered if it would have made any difference in our affairs if she had not.

MY father began to object to my seeing so much of Frank, and finally refused to let me see him at all. I was now seventeen, and I saw no reason in my father's course. Why he should have allowed us, as children, to be together almost constantly, often teasing and encouraging us, and then so suddenly to prohibit my seeing him at the time when we had grown to mean so much to each other, was a problem I could not solve. So I defied my father's wishes, and began letting Frank see me away from home. This was not unknown to Father. Nothing is secret in a small town.

I was ambitious for a college education, and as Frank had another year in High School, we were contented to wait indefinitely before doing anything rash. We loved each other too much to marry before Frank was thoroughly capable of taking care of a wife, otherwise my father's objections might have driven us to desperation. My father was delighted with the college idea, and began to push it all he could.

However, I was determined in the few weeks left before I should go to college, that I would see as much of Frank as possible. Father saw I was determined not to abide by his commands, and fearing that even the separation would not have the effect he desired, he resorted to a means that he felt sure would keep me from marrying Frank.

I always had a certain amount of fear of my father,



Frank's jealousy soon brought about the desired effect



and would that I could forget the day I am about to describe.

He was so crushed . . . I laid my hand on his bent head and began to stroke his hair

ONE evening, I was alone in the living-room reading, when Father walked in. I looked up, and the expression I saw in his eyes made me shrink back in fear. I had been with Frank the evening before, and I feared that my father intended resorting to corporal punishment, in order to make me obey him. I turned upon him defiantly, and clutched the arm of the chair for support. He began hastily closing the doors and windows. I would have run from him, had I not been so paralyzed with fear. When he had finished making all the doors and windows secure, as though he would have liked to shut out even the spirits, both good and evil, he came so close to me that I could feel his hot breath on my face as he spoke to me in a hoarse whisper.

"Daughter, my dear child," he said, "you shall not marry the son of a concubine!"

My hold on the chair grew lax; I became limp; my head began to swim, and I thought for a moment, that I was going to faint.

Father grew more calm, and I realized in after life that it was not anger that had caused the terrible look on his face, but grief at having to resort to such a method in order to separate me from my sweetheart. He took a seat near me and began to talk calmly, while I stood looking at him in a dazed way.

"My child," he said, "I consider things learned in the privacy of a sick room as the most sacred secrets God permits us to learn. And no power on earth, but the anxiety for your future, could induce me to tell such secrets."

HE told me then that at the time of Frank's mother's serious illness, she had given birth to an illegitimate child, brought on prematurely by her own deliberate act. "But Frank can't be held responsible for his mother's sin," I defied heatedly.

"No, child," he answered, "But could you permit yourself to be a member of such a family?"

He went into detail then, and told me all. The injustice of it had prompted the woman to tell my father her story, after she got better and had to face the expense of her illness and the burial of the child.

She told him that her sister's husband had aided her financially and that when her dead husband's investments failed to supply the necessary means to repay him, he had demanded settlement in another way. The result had been her condition, and abortion was her only means of hiding the disgrace from the world, and of shielding her children from the knowledge of the tragedy. My father pitied her from the bottom of his heart, still, he said, he could not consent to his daughter's marrying into a family with such a shadow hanging over it.

THE torture I endured after that day God alone knows! Oh, if I could only have made Frank understand! If



I could have told him, in defense of myself, so that he would have known that I was not merely untrue to him. Or if I could have made him choose between his mother and me, and take me away where I would never be reminded of his mother's secret! But I could not bring myself to tell him and ruin his faith in her. Had we been older, and better fitted to face life, I might have insisted on an immediate marriage. I don't know whether I would have had the courage to turn him away or not.

In the remaining few weeks before I left for college, I flirted shamefully with the other boys in town and Frank's jealousy soon brought about the desired effect.

One night he told me he wouldn't have me going around with every man in town. I flared up, not so much because I resented his being so masterful as because I was unhappy and nervous.

"You're too narrow-minded for words!" I cried. And we were instantly in a bitter quarrel. He went home that night without "making up." And a few days later I left for college without seeing him again.

We wrote to each other for a while, but I filled my letters with news of college boys and college affairs, leading him to believe that I was still unwilling to give up everyone else for him, and so the (Continued on page 107)



# A Scrap of Paper

*The story of a woman's faith and devotion—and the reward it met*

*IT was only a scrap of paper, but what was written on it meant everything in life to Sarah Jane. It is claimed that women possess greater moral courage than men; if that is true it may be that they are given greater moral strength to sustain such courage. Was Sarah Jane wise in the course she pursued? Opinions will differ. What do you say?*

"SO, Boss, so! Dad gum yer ornery hide!" Jake's masculine voice fairly quivered with rage, and the milking stool thwacked resoundingly against Buttercup's sleek side.

"What do ya mean, slamming around like that and up settin' mighty near a gallon o' milk? I'll larn ya!"

But a bubbling laugh close at hand interrupted the threatened lesson, and two soft hands slipped over Jake's flashing eyes.

"Guess who?" challenged a voice that matched the laugh. Jake's strong hands loosened the girl's, and with one swift motion swung her into his arms.

"Guess who?" he mocked, holding her close and kissing her, all the anger in his face changed to eager delight. "Think I need to guess who? Ain't I been dreaming about you and wanting to be close to you ever since I seen you last? Say, Sarie Jane——"

But the girl struggled away from him, and stood laughing at his eagerness while she put her tumbling hair in order. As he watched the girlish figure before him, a sullenness settled over his good-looking face.

"How'd ya get away from yer Ma and Pa?" he asked. "They didn't know you was coming out to see me, I bet."

The girl struggled away from him, and stood laughing at his eagerness . . . "How'd you get away from your Pa and Ma?" he asked

"No," laughed Sarah Jane, "I saw you drive the cows into the barn, so I came out to gather the eggs. But Jake," she came closer to him and put her hand on his arm, and the expression in her sweet, upturned face brought his arms about her. "I wish you wouldn't feel that way about Ma and Pa. They'll get over feeling this way toward you. It's because you're a stranger around here, and 'cause I'm just seventeen. They're afraid we'll maybe want to get married right away, but I said we wouldn't do that for years and years."

HE put his face down on her shining hair, so she failed to see the hard look that came into his eyes at her words.

When Sarah Jane managed to draw away and look up





at him, she found only tenderness, and she was satisfied.

When Sarah Jane returned to the house, she found her mother waiting for her at the door, and her heart sank at the thought of the tirade that would be sure to follow if her little deception about the eggs had been discovered. She knew that to her mother and father, Jake was only a stranger who had drifted into the neighborhood, and not the fascinating lover she had found him to be. She was greatly relieved to hear her mother say:

"Sarie Jane, Aunt Salviny has jest had another spell and I must hurry over there. You take care of supper, and mind, Sarie Jane, you keep that hired man at his distance."

"Oh, Ma! I wish you wouldn't call him a hired man."

"Well, ain't that what he is?"

"Ye—es, but he's not like the regular hired man."

"And worse luck to him. I don't trust him, Sarie Jane."

Having unburdened herself, Sarah Jane's mother climbed into the buggy, and with a slap of the lines, plodded out of the gate and down the road.

**T**H E atmosphere during supper was rather constrained that evening. Sarah Jane was quieter than usual, depressed by her mother's exhortation; her father was tired from his strenuous work in the field, and Jake was sullen.

She noticed a little resentfully that her father sat down in the kitchen when the meal was over, instead of going straight off to bed as he usually did.

"Aren't you tired tonight, Pa?" she asked, and then could have bitten out her tongue for the question.

"I'm going to smoke awhile," her father answered. He tried valiantly to stay awake and do what he was firmly convinced was his duty with "Ma" off the job, but nature was too much for him. Grumbling and half asleep he finally made his way upstairs.

When Sarah Jane's last shining dishes were stacked away, Jake came in from the back porch.

"Come over here, Sarie Jane," he said. "There's something I've been wanting to talk to you about fer a long

time, and this is my chance—your Ma being away."

She failed to notice that he had appropriated the only rocking chair in the kitchen, because he drew her down on his knee.

**L**ISTEN here, little girl! I've had a fine chance that I've been working for, for a long time. I've bought the horse and wagon that belongs to the man who's been peddling tinware around here, and all his stock, too."

"Oh, goody, goody, I'm so glad." Sarah Jane clapped her hands.

"Now you won't have to be a hired man any more."

"Do you know why I've been so crazy to get that outfit?" Jake looked so seriously into her eyes that she bent her head a little.

"No, why?"

"So that you and I could get married."

At her gasp of protest he hurried on.

"I love you, Sarie Jane, and you love me, and there ain't no sense in our doing without each other any longer. There's a nice little cottage on the other side of Ridgeville, about twelve miles from here, that I can rent. And you can have all the shiny tin pots and pans you want."

**B**UT Jake, what about Ma and Pa?" Sarah Jane's voice was full of doubt, but

It was a note tucked under a plate . . . She stood dazed . . . Gone! Her Jake!

her eyes were big and shining, and her heart in a tumult.

"Don't you worry about them a mite. We'll jest slip away and get married; then invite them to a big wedding dinner the next day, and after the first shock they'll be real proud of you, cooking around with yer own things and doing what you please without any boss."

"Oh, do you really think so? If I was sure—"

"You kin be sure. That's the way they all do. And, sweetheart, I'll get you the prettiest dress in the hull store, and we'll show them whether I'm jest a hired man





or not." He looked at her with intense, urging eyes. Then while she hesitated, torn between desire and doubt, he pressed home the final argument.

"I need you, honey. I guess I have been pretty much of a rolling stone, but I never loved any girl before, and if you'll marry me I'll settle down and work hard and make the kind of a man I ought to be."

"Oh, Jake dear," Sarah Jane's soft arms were around his neck, "I will, I will."

"Tonight?" he whispered, his lips against her hair

"Oh—oh, yes," she answered.

**T**HE wedding dinner failed to materialize. Sarah Jane's mother, in spite of her grief and heartache, wanted to go to her little daughter, but her father was immovable.

"She's no child of mine," he stormed. "She knew we didn't like that fellow, and she run away with him jest to show us. All right, we'll show her. She shan't never put her foot inside this house again."

And the bitterness of baffled authority settled in grim lines in his face.

Sarah Jane was rather surprised when she saw the little shack to which Jake brought her. It was made of pine boards standing upright, and consisted of one large room and a smaller one. But the optimism of youth saw great possibilities and they both meant to work hard and be very happy.

Jake went off on his tin selling trips with regularity at first. He bought her the pretty dress that he had promised, and she was very happy, scrubbing her two little rooms to shining spotless-

ness, rejoicing in her new tinware, perfectly contented to spend her time concocting good things for Jake to eat.

She went right on adoring him. He gave her the petting for which her heart had craved, and which her hard-working mother thought she had no time to give. No matter how tedious the day had been, or how little there was in the pantry, when Jake came home and put his arms around her, she was happy.

**S**HE was so young and so much in love that she really preferred the days when Jake stayed home from his trips, and these gradually increased until they outnumbered his busy days. He said something to her about changing his route one day.

"That other guy jest about cleaned up this territory around here. I reckon I'll have to try the Kingston Highway."

Sarah Jane trembled and shrank back . . . There stood her Jake, in another woman's home, eating another woman's bread

"Will we have to move?" Sarah Jane asked.

"Yes, and that's what bothers me. There ain't a decent place that we can afford to rent anywhere around. Oh, well," he added, "we'll see when the time comes. Now smile, Sarie Jane."

I don't like to see them puckers on yer forehead." And he promptly kissed the smiles back again.

One evening when he came home, he was unusually tender. He helped her with the supper dishes, and they sat long into the night on the back step.

"Do you love me like you did the night you married me five months ago?" he asked her.

"Oh, indeed I do, Jake. But it's different. It's wider, I

guess. There's so much more to love about you than I knew then."

And she wondered why he winced. (Continued on page 84)





# What's the World Coming to — *Liberty?*

**B**ELIEVING her motherhood sun, moon and stars to her children, Marie Hamlin is shocked almost to madness to discover that her idolized son, Max, is having "affairs" with her own friend—and others. He wounds her afresh when he bursts into furious remonstrance at the bonds with which she vainly strives to keep him safe in the Home-Nest. Centering her affections in her newly married daughter, the mother feathers a new Nest for her with all the possessions the bride selfishly craves. Then, after her husband is taken from her by death, the egotistic urge for youthful "liberty" impels both son and daughter to cruel neglect. The son spends his days in self-indulgence, ignoring his mother's loneliness. And when Marie goes to her daughter's home on the anniversary of her wedding day, starving for love and daughterly sympathy, she is courteously but unmistakably shown to the back-door, as Suzanne's gay young dinner guests are arriving by the front!

IRA D. SCHWARTZ  
PHOTO

Lucille  
Watson  
in  
"The Nest"

Photo by  
WHITE STUDIO



# License?

**W**HILE the absent Marion Dorsey nurses her parents through illness, her husband succumbs to the seductions of an adventuress who incidentally has tricked him out of his whole year's income at her gaming tables. Naturally indignant, the young wife determines to beat the other woman at her own game. Taking an assumed name, she secures the position of private secretary to Vivian, and assists her as hostess at all her mad revels and gaming parties. Under the other woman's eyes, Marion gains genuine love and offer of marriage from the one man for whom Vivian really cares. She induces him to open the safe where are kept the vampire's winnings from her husband and escapes with them. Confronted by Vivian, she declares her own act was "Lawful Larceny." The repentant husband acknowledges his own folly and manfully wishes Marion happiness. She relents; admits she has loved him all the time; and gives him a new chance to win her respect.



ALFRED CRENEY JOHNSTON

Margaret  
Lawrence  
in  
"Lawful  
Larceny"



WHITE STUDIO  
PHOTO



# Liquor?

Laurette  
Taylor  
in *"The National  
Anthem"*



MAURICE GOLDBERG  
Photo

**T**HOUGH Arthur Carlton's own father has denounced his son to Marion Hale, she marries him—to reform him! For a few months Marion's beauty and charm drown the wine-cup's call. Then, at a "wild party," before leaving for France, Arthur's weaknesses crop out anew, and he forces his girl-wife to drink with him. In Paris, they are engulfed in the orgies of the fast set, whose menu is "liquor—and more liquor" and whose lives are attuned to the jazz which Arthur's father satirically declares "The National Anthem of Today." Inevitable wreckage results. Marion, soul and body anguished by drink and despair, takes poison in her bewilderment. Arthur staggers out for a doctor, lurches into his car, and driving recklessly through the crowded streets, smashes against a taxicab, and is instantly killed. Nursed back to life and sanity, a new vista of life, with love beckoning, is opened to Marion.



White  
Studio  
Photo



# Lust?

Marquerite  
Forrest  
in  
"The S.S. Tenacity"



IRA D. SCHWARZ



**F**RETTED by long restraint in military service, Bastien and Segard decide to seek freedom and fortune in the wilds of Canada. Bidding adieu to Paris, they arrive at the small French seaport town where they are to take passage on the S. S. Tenacity. There they learn that their ship cannot sail for two or three weeks and no other passage is obtainable. They find temporary work, and anchorage in a cozy seaport inn where the landlady is kind, and wines warm the hearts that the pretty waitress, Therese, soon wins. While Segard confesses his qualms over leaving France and Therese, he holds his obligation to Bastien above his affections. Bastien has no such scruples. Impelled only by his hot young blood, he wastes no time in idealism. Propinquity, secret midnight meetings with stolen champagne—and stolen kisses—lead to other stolen sweets, and career, duty, honor, all are cast to the winds! The very night before the "Tenacity" is to sail, Bastien and Therese elope, leaving only a careless farewell note for Segard, who is left crushed and disillusioned, to embark and face the New World alone.

IRA D. SCHWARZ



WITH a low, shocked gasp of astonishment, Frank Deland released me from his embrace. My heart stood still. Numbed and dazed, I could only remain where I was, quite close to him, while I waited to see what his outraged wife would do.

She did not leave me long in doubt. Advancing one step, she raised her clenched hands and cried:

"You snake in the grass! You thief! You vampire!"

Her fury frightened me. Never before had I seen anyone so enraged. Her face was ghastly white; her eyes glittered and she slowly opened her hands until the fingers were distorted like claws.

"Lillian!" pleaded Frank. "Don't blame her! She didn't do anything wrong!"

As if he had not spoken, as if, indeed, he did not exist, his wife moved slowly toward me. All her body was trembling, and she repeatedly moistened her lips. Not once had she glanced

# Life-Secrets of a Spirit-Medium

*THE hand of circumstance forced the girl who tells this story to fortune-telling as a livelihood. Deserted almost on her wedding eve by her husband, Desiré turns to a girlhood pastime for bread and butter, and finds that her success in it only serves to bring about a tragic situation—the old eternal triangle. Love at first sight comes to her and to Frank Deland, husband of another, and when Frank visits Desiré his wife confronts him*

at Frank. All her passion was concentrated on me; she seemed ready to fly at me.

"I could, rake my hands down your cheeks and rip your face open!" she said huskily, still continuing her advance. "You evil thing, you!

You promised to help me! You liar! You thief!"

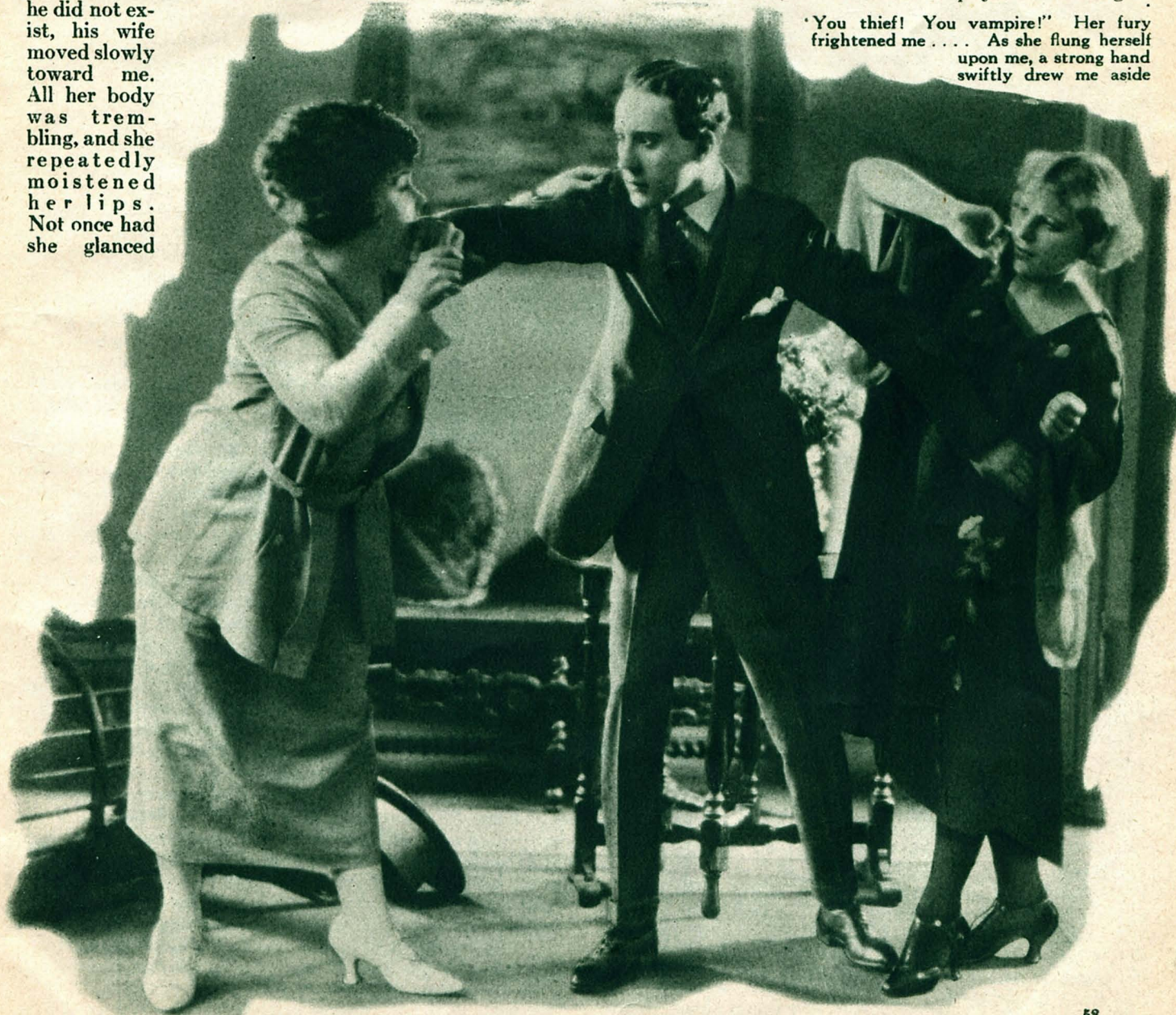
"Lillian," called Frank sharply. "Leave her alone! I told you she had nothing whatever to do with it. Why don't you let me explain?"

She flung him a swift darting glance of disdain. Then she threw out her arms in a wide gesture, and screamed:

"I wish you would drop dead! I wish you would drop dead!"

As she flung herself upon me, a strong hand swiftly drew me aside. Frank had interposed, just in time to rescue me from a physical onslaught.

"You thief! You vampire!" Her fury frightened me . . . As she flung herself upon me, a strong hand swiftly drew me aside





He raised a white and slender hand... "Madame Desiré," he said... "I am charmed at your condescension. Good morning!"



Lillian Deland, hysterical with jealousy, had sprung forward, clawing and scratching and hissing, but her reaching fingers tore harmlessly against the sleeve of her husband's coat.

Goaded by his interference to a fury beyond control, she seized his hand and thrust the fleshy part between her teeth, snarling as she bit him.

My breath was coming in panting little sobs, and I was quivering with fear. I wanted to scream and yet I dared not. I could only stand helplessly and watch, while Frank let his bleeding hand fall to his side, and stood looking down at her defiantly.

In that critical moment, when I was expecting her to turn upon me with fresh vehemence, a totally unlooked-for change came over her. She gave a little cry as one awakening from an ugly dream. I saw her take a step toward me, and then pause to look at me with such a pitiful, hopeless stare that my heart ached for her. Bereft of the wild vitality which her anger had supplied, she sagged and tottered and clutched wildly in the air for support; before I could reach her side she collapsed in a heap to the floor.

In my arms I pillowed her head; I loosened her waist

at the throat; I chafed her wrists and urged Frank to bring her water.

He knelt beside me, instead. Though his face was grave and serious, yet his composure was complete.

In a low voice, from which all emotion seemed to have been drained, he said: "Let me take her back to her room."

I watched him, noticing even then the easy strength with which he lifted Lillian's not inconsiderable weight. As if she were a sleepy child he raised her, gently tilting her body so that she lay more comfortably against his broad shoulder.

"I will be back," he promised significantly, and with his burden passed out of my room.

When, nearly an hour later, he did return, I had come to a decision.

LEFT alone, I found myself prey to a most uncanny impression. Somehow I had the feeling I was living through familiar events; that all that had just occurred was but a repetition of something I had experienced in the distant, unknown past. I even felt that I could prefigure the future. Many times since, in moments of crisis, I have felt the sensation repeated. It is a psychological enigma which no one has ever explained to my satisfaction.

As I thought matters over, my proper course of action became perfectly clear. I must send Frank away from me at once, and forever. More than a sense of duty was involved in that decision; my own heart was painfully concerned. In the turmoil of those reflections, I was agonizingly aware of the fact that I was deeply, unreasonably in love with Frank. Knowing how deeply I felt, I refused to try to argue myself out of my love. Perhaps the reader has already guessed that I am a fatalist. To certain occult traditions I cling very closely, even though I have made them a mockery with my tricks. In the power of human beings to love at first sight I have implicit faith. Love at first sight is to me a religion. It was not necessary for me to have known Frank; to become acquainted with his tastes, habits, or pursuits. I knew nothing about

him at all, except that he was my mate and I was his. At once, in our first encounter on the beach, my love awakened like a sweet chord awakened from the strings of a harp. Perhaps it is because such perfect love is so rare that people doubt its very existence.

I CAN relate only my personal experiences, bitter-sweet as they have been. In instant capitulation, my soul yielded up its love at Frank's approach. He knew that as well as I. By some intangible, psychic apperception he had understood. That was why he had confessed his feelings so readily.

But I would not admit to him that I loved him, nor, for all the joy of paradise, would I separate him from the woman who claimed him. He was a man, and I did not expect of him a willingness to sacrifice our passion. He would want me at any cost and this I determined must not be. I would keep my promise, made unwittingly to his wife. I would not be able to forget the look in her eyes, just before she had fallen unconscious. Regardless of the cost to my own happiness, I resolved to try to reunite them.

Women to whom I have told this have criticized my



course. They have argued that a love such as ours would have sanctified anything. But I would not break my promise.

With these thoughts in my mind, I awaited Frank's return. During the hour that had passed, I had regained a reasonable measure of self-control. Though my heart beat faster at his footsteps, I met him calmly.

I did not ask him to be seated; we stood facing each other.

"I AM terribly sorry," he began. "Innocent as you are, I know how you have suffered. I would do anything to make it up to you, but I know that nothing can undo what has been done. But I must beg of you not to take it too much to heart. Lillian has gone on like that before. This was the first time, on my word of honor, that she has ever had anything like a real cause. I have been absolutely faithful to her. I want you to believe that. But she is like that. She goes into blind, unreasoning furies—our life has never been free from such scenes. But I didn't want her to think ill of you!"

"She does, though," I said.

"She does," he admitted. "She came back to herself before I had carried her to our room. She told me that I had been a victim of your wiles. That is the way with women, I guess. They think that a man will not be attracted to a woman any more, if he thinks he is her dupe. She did not blame me in the slightest; she pleaded with me never to see you again. It would be useless for you to see her—she would not listen to you!"

"And yet I want to help her!" I said sadly. "All that I wish is to see you and her happy together."

"That is impossible!" he exclaimed. "Lillian and I must separate. It is a sin for me to remain with her, disliking her as I do. I have come here that you and I may talk about the future."

I took a step back from him.

"THERE is no future for us together," I told him. "You must go back to your wife."

"I don't love her!" he protested. "And down in her heart she does not love me. I know that, and so does she, but she is too stubborn to admit it. It's the disgrace of a separation that she fears. And she's so religious she doesn't believe in divorce. I am not trying to deceive you. I am telling you the sober truth. Lillian wants to keep me with her for pride, and because she thinks being married is the respectable thing. She doesn't love me, and as she has plenty of money she doesn't need me. But she is just so damned respectable she won't let me go away and be happy."

I shook my head, fight-

ing off with difficulty a rising feeling that I wanted to listen to persuasion; that I did not want him to stop talking; that I felt happy just because he was so near.

"No!" I told him. "I must not listen to you. Your wife does need you. Please don't make it more difficult for me. Go now!"

MY determination quailed at the hurt look he gave me. I saw how desperately he wanted me then, and my heart was fluttering. Only the memory of my promise kept my resolve firm; like a forbidding symbol it rose to warn me and I would not yield.

"That is final?" he asked.

"That is final!"

"That is not final," he retorted. "I'll never give you up. We belong to each other, and you know it and I know it. God made us for each other. I love you, love you, love you, and I'll follow you wherever you go, until you come with me!"

"Go!" I cried, through my tears.

He held out his hand but I refused to take it. I dared not. Unable to speak, I pointed blindly to the door.

He struck his palm dejectedly with his fist; then turned and walked slowly to the door. With his hand on the knob, he said:

"Remember what I told you. You and I are going to be happy together. Nothing can prevent it!"

I did not reply. As he looked at me, he did not guess how the tears were blinding my (Continued on page 107)



"Now behave! I've got you covered through this coat-pocket with a gun... Get out of here!"... In a flash, I understood. Ducquerel had done it all!



# The Dead

# Speaketh

"Everything's wrong,"  
the girl sobbed . . .  
"I got fined for be-  
ing late . . . and  
I'm lonesome —  
and I wish I  
was dead"

A Stirring Story  
of a Love That  
Even Death Could  
Not Conquer

*SOME stories hold in-  
terest because they  
tell of strange scenes or  
customs in far-off lands,  
others fascinate us by  
their weird, morbid  
power. Here is a story  
that will hold you from  
the first to the last word  
by its intense human  
interest. "Maw" had  
her own system of phi-  
losophy and nobly lived  
up to it. And she  
planned so that, even  
after life had passed,  
the dead should speak.*

**M**AW, as everyone called her in tribute to her years, her gray hair, and the fact that she had been with the Golden Gate laundry for the past fifteen years, was hurrying through the superheated ironing-room to attend a driver in her little office, when she caught sight of a lovely girl in shabby attire furtively wiping rebellious tears from her large, blue eyes as she worked. Maw's heart was touched.

"What's the matter, dearie?"

The girl looked at the woman suspiciously, but the glance returned was kindness itself.

"Everything's wrong," the girl sobbed, tears starting afresh. "I got fined for being late—and you know a new hand doesn't get very much; the forelady gave me a ragging because I'm not quick like the other girls, and my head aches, and I'm lonesome and—and I wish I was dead."

"Pretty tough," Maw agreed. She knew what it was to be lonesome, none knew better. A sudden feeling of motherliness swept over her.

"Where do you live, dearie?" There was a world of

yearning in her tone. Maw's brow puckered involuntarily at the address given, but all she said was, "Come around and see me after you have finished; my office is the little room in the front. And cheer up, dear, we'll all be dead some day." And she departed, having diverted the girl's mind and brought a smile to her lips.

As Maw sat at her work that afternoon her mind was busy with the time when she was a girl, just about the age of the one she had just left, with the same clear complexion and a wild, passionate desire to experience life. Calumny had linked her name with that of a sailor and her husband had cast her out; she had returned with a policeman, determined to assert her rights, but the man who had solemnly sworn to love, cherish and protect her, had vanished, taking with him the little girl, baby Violet, and the small hoard of money that she had so carefully and painstakingly saved.

For years she had been tossed hither and thither, like a leaf on the waves, until the tide of time had cast her into the haven of this laundry, and now for the first time in her barren life her starving soul was fed by the color and shimmer and sheen with which she was surrounded—dresses of women who moved in a circle of which Mary Blake could only dream. It was happiness to merely look,



touch or hear their soft folds fall into place in the tissue-paper-lined boxes in which they were sent home. All the happiness she knew in life was gleaned from the luxuries of others, but they were living things to her, children of her care. It was her boast that she never sent out anything unless it was laundered to perfection.

But though she found a wonderful joy in her surroundings, she never got over the loneliness or the horror of the days when she had sought everywhere for her baby and found her not. Now her heart went out in a strange yearning to the girl who, like herself, was suffering from loneliness. She knew from bitter experience that one is never so much alone as when in a crowded city. In her sudden impatience it seemed to her that evening would never come. It did, finally, bringing the girl with it.

"Come in, dearie," Maw cried, with a smile of welcome. "Sit down till I finish counting my slips."

THE girl sat down, looking longingly at the long rows of dresses, white, gray, baby blue, pink, cerise and glorious golden shades. They must, she thought, belong to girls like herself! Sadly she glanced at the frayed serge dress she wore. She was lost in a reverie until Maw drew up a chair beside her.

"My name's Mary Blake," said Maw tenderly, taking the tired hands of the girl in her own brown, wrinkled ones. "We might as well get acquainted. What's yours?"

"Jane Marsh."

"Have you been long in Los Angeles, dear?"

"About a week. I ran away from my aunt and came to this city. She was mean to me, meaner than dirt. I worked in a ten cent store and she took all my money. She would only buy me the cheapest and ugliest clothes she could find. Look at them," Jane broke off, as she made a sweeping gesture calling attention to her ugly attire. "A real nice boy who worked in the same store wanted me to go out with him, but she wouldn't let me, and anyway I suppose he would have been ashamed to take me in the clothes I wore. I just had to get away," the girl con-

tinued in a choking voice. "One day when she went marketing I smashed open the little black box where she kept the money and took enough to get here, and keep me for a while after I arrived."

Maw was shocked.

"But, my dear, that was stealing."

"It was not," Jane contradicted flatly. "It was my money. I wasn't stealing as much as she was when she took it all away from me."

Maw's logic was weak before such an argument. She kept silence and Jane went on fiercely: "I've always wanted pretty clothes like other girls, and I'm going to get them, too, now that I can have all my pay to myself."

Maw grasped the outstretched hands of the boy and gazed earnestly into his face . . . "Glad to meet you, Jim. Jane has been telling me about you."





"Where's your father and mother?" Maw asked gently.

"Dead. My mother died when I was a baby, Aunt told me. And one day when she was mad she told me my mother was a bad lot. I don't believe it, though. I remember my father a little. He died when I was a very small girl. He didn't live with us, but came to see me sometimes. I don't think he loved me," she said musingly, "because he never kissed me. Aunt said my mother broke his heart."

"Poor heart-starved lamb," sighed Maw, gently patting the girl's shoulder. "You're right to believe in your mother! There's two sides to every story and you've only heard one." She could understand this avid young creature perfectly, for she, herself, like the moth that ventures too near the flame, had singed her wings in the fires of youth. She felt a yearning tenderness toward the girl and made a sudden resolve.

"HOW would you like to come and room where I do?" she asked. "The house is clean and the meals are good. It is not the right thing for a girl like you to be alone in the sort of a place that you live in."

"That will be fine!" agreed Jane enthusiastically. She had taken a great fancy to her new-found friend. Her starved heart longed for companionship and love. Impulsively she confided the fact that she already had a "steady fellow." One of the girls had introduced her to a young sailor whose term of enlistment would soon expire and then he intended to go into the garage business with his father. She was to go out with him the following night. She could wear a long ulster one of the girls would lend her and that would hide her ugly dress.

Maw's heart stood still for a moment, then gave a

great leap. An innocent girl, a sailor boy—a story that was the exact counterpart of her own. Wisely she made no comment, but, as they left the office together, she resolved to shield the wistful, pretty girl to whom he felt so strangely drawn, and aid her in her search for happiness.

"I've brought you a new lodger, Mrs. Patch," announced Maw to her landlady, drawing Jane forward. "She works at the laundry."

"That's fine," said the landlady. "Come right up, my dear, dinner will be ready in a few moments." She led the way to the tiny room across the hallway from the one Maw occupied. It was meagrely furnished, but clean and comfortable. Jane gave a sigh of relief when she saw it.

He gave a gasp of admiration. "Gee, sweetheart, you are wonderful! Where did you get the clothes?"



"I'm glad you brought me here," she said simply but gratefully. "I hated that other place, but I didn't know where else to go."

"You're all right now," said Maw, putting the willow suitcase that they had brought from her former room beside the wash-stand and smoothing with loving touch the lovely hair of the girl, hair so like what her own had been. "Wash up and rest a bit and then we'll go down to dinner. If you're not going out we can have a good talk before you go to bed. You know where my room is. Come to me whenever you want to."

FOR the next few days Maw was so busy that she had no chance to talk to the girl she had befriended. Even at night she could not see her, for overtime kept her until a late hour and when she got home Jane had retired. Wednesday night, however, she got in at the right hour and, knocking at the door of her protégée's room and receiving the invitation to enter, found Jane garbed in her

Wednesday night, however, she got in at the right hour and, knocking at the door of her protégée's room and receiving the invitation to enter, found Jane garbed in her



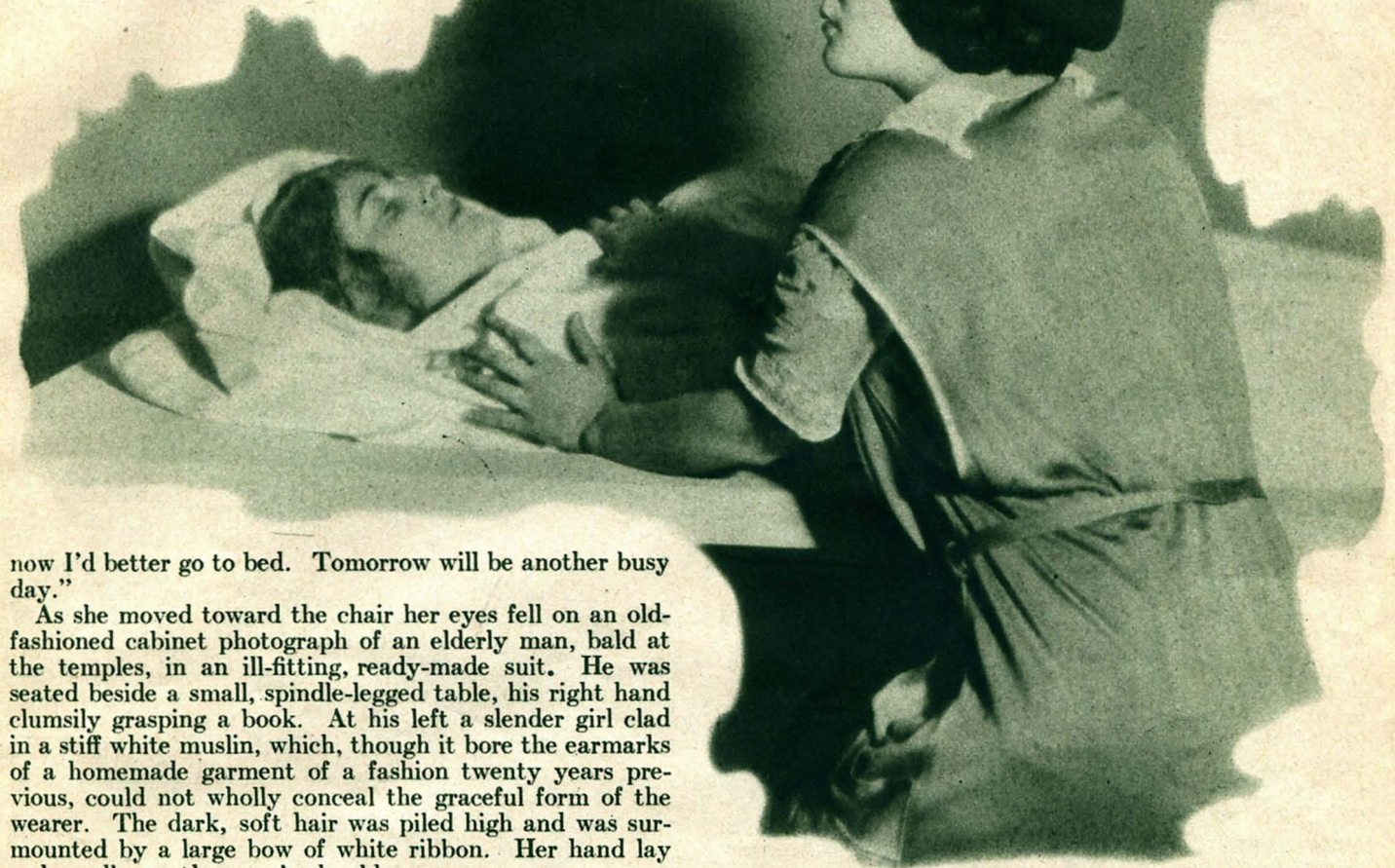
shabby working dress with other clothes littered around her.

"Why, my dear, what are you doing?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Ugh," Jane exclaimed with a gesture of disgust, throwing the clothes from her, "I was trying to find something fit to wear, and there's nothing but a heap of junk. Pay day, the first thing I do will be to get something worth wearing."

"That's sensible," Maw agreed. "If you like I'll go with you. And

Dropping on her knees beside the still form, Jane prayed...  
"Dear God, make me worthy of the great love she had for me."



now I'd better go to bed. Tomorrow will be another busy day."

As she moved toward the chair her eyes fell on an old-fashioned cabinet photograph of an elderly man, bald at the temples, in an ill-fitting, ready-made suit. He was seated beside a small, spindle-legged table, his right hand clumsily grasping a book. At his left a slender girl clad in a stiff white muslin, which, though it bore the earmarks of a homemade garment of a fashion twenty years previous, could not wholly conceal the graceful form of the wearer. The dark, soft hair was piled high and was surmounted by a large bow of white ribbon. Her hand lay awkwardly on the man's shoulder.

**M**AW picked up the picture, staring at the youthful image of herself, her throat contracting. In that little space of time she lived over the past, the coarse, brutal past. She was again the timid, shrinking girl in her cheap white muslin dress, standing beside her husband, a man old enough to have been her father. There was a slight quaver in her voice despite her desperate efforts at self-control as she inquired:

"Who are they?"

"My father and mother."

It seemed to Maw that she had known it all the time—that she must have known it all the time. After what seemed an eternity she found her voice:

"You are the very image of your mother, dear. I don't believe a woman could be bad with such a sweet face."

"Of course she wasn't," the girl asserted sturdily, and the child's loyalty was infinitely grateful to the stricken heart of the mother. "Aunt hated her, that was why she said that. You know," she continued confidentially, "Jane Marsh is not my real name. Mother christened me Violet. Aunt would not tell me what the last name was. Marsh was my Aunt's name. She said no one could go through the world and keep straight with such a name as Violet, so she changed it."

"Poor lonesome child, poor abused baby," cooed Maw, all the love of her starved heart rushing out to this forlorn

child of hers. She sent up a silent prayer that the time might not be long when she could tell the truth and pour out for her daughter all the love and care she had been deprived of these long years.

**A**S her hand rested on the girl's shoulder the latter seized it and pressed her soft cheek to the work-roughened palm, saying: "You've been so good to me. I'm so glad I met you." Maw stooped and kissed her, holding Jane's head to her heart, and it seemed as if the years rolled away, and she could see once more the downy, dark head of her baby on her breast.

"Dear little Violet," the woman murmured unconsciously, then she added hastily. "I'll call you Violet sometimes, it's so much nicer than the other; besides, it's the name your mother gave you."

"I'm glad you will," the girl replied. "I always hated Jane. Wait a minute," she cried suddenly, springing from the bed. "I want to show you something." Opening the bureau drawer she brought out a picture of a boy in a sailor's uniform, his fine, frank eyes full of hope and happiness as they rested on Jane standing beside him.

"That's Jim," she confided shyly. "He wants me to marry him. He has only one more trip to make and he wants me to marry him before he goes. He is afraid I'll marry someone else while he is away. Of course, I love him too dearly to ever do that. But (Continued on page 68)



# To Err Is Human

ENJOYING the perfect peace and complete happiness which I

never dreamed would be mine, I will stop a moment to offer the TRUE STORY MAGAZINE the true facts which form my life's story. Although the past seems like a nightmare, I must acknowledge it was all too true.

I was orphaned in my early childhood and thrust upon an only aunt who had three daughters of her own to clothe and feed. Consequently, I was the last to be considered in such matters as clothing and education. But nature had been kind and blessed me with a pretty face, a profusion of wavy hair and a graceful form which caused no small amount of envy and jealousy on the part of my cousins. I realized I was under obligations in that home, so pretended not to notice the numerous slights and cutting remarks. But oh, how I hungered for love and human kindness.

When, at the age of eighteen, I suddenly announced my intention to start in training to be a nurse, I met with no objections on the part of my relatives.

I SHALL not dwell upon the early part of my training. The hours were long, the tasks many and unpleasant. I shall never forget the happy day when I discarded the garb of blue and donned the spotless white. At last I was a regular nurse ready to assume full charge of suffering humanity, instead of merely hurrying for glasses of water and arranging and carrying trays.

My first was a maternity case, and it was my first experience, too, in seeing real, true love manifested. I shall always remember the agonized expression on the face of that young husband as his little wife suffered the tortures of childbirth. He did not for a moment leave her side; and after their son was born, we were compelled to use force to make him leave her so that she might have her much needed rest. Oh, the tender, loving words he spoke to her—unashamed to bare his heart while doctor and nurses were present. And so this was love! I could think of little else for days after save that great love I had seen. How heavenly it would be to have such a love come into my own life. Oh, how I longed and hungered for such sincere devotion.

My next patient was a business man, a Mr. Curtis. He had been seriously injured in a collision of autos, but being a healthy man he was soon on the road to recovery and permitted to have callers without limit.

One evening, when I had left him to chat with a gentleman who had called to see him, I was surprised to see his signal light flashing for me. I hurried in, however, to learn what the summons indicated. Imagine my surprise upon being introduced to Mr. J. Ensel, wealthy automobile dealer, at his own request.

The following days I received all the flowers and confectious my little room would hold. Then came invitations to ride in wonderful motor cars whenever I had leisure hours.

## *She Finds Forgiveness that is Divine and a Haven Where She Feared to Find Hate*

I could hardly realize it was I, and frequently pinched myself to see if I were awake.

Mr. Curtis, my patient, informed me that Mr. Ensel was a very powerful man and usually came into possession of whatever he had a strong desire for. He had everything necessary to a man's happiness, he told me, with the exception of a wife. He had often made the remark he would never enter the state of matrimony until he found a woman he considered beautiful enough to grace his home—one whom he would be proud to present to his moneyed friends, and who would cause envy and admiring words and glances. Hardly did I think he would find in me, little, insignificant me, those qualifications.

But he proposed in a very short time, and, eventually, we were married. I was strangely, wildly happy to think that I—a poor little nurse—could be the Mrs. John Ensel.

Oh, the beautiful clothes and jewels John showered upon me. He granted my every wish that money could grant. The new sights, social events and the constant meeting of new and wonderful people held me spellbound, and for a long time there was nothing lacking. But gradually I awakened. I realized that everything was mine except that which I had always longed for—love. And how my warm nature craved it!

JOHN was kind, courteous and considerate at all times, but of affection he lavished none.

Many were the nights I longed to curl up on his lap, muss up his hair and have him make a fuss over me. But I reached the bitter realization that he had married me

for my appearance and grace alone, and not because he loved me for myself. I bore it and had to smile and pretend to be the contented wife, although my heart ached incessantly.

Matters went on so for a time, and then John became aware of the fact that I was discontented. He called me ungrateful and remarked that he could not see what more I desired—and I was afraid to confess.

When the war came, I was glad of the opportunity it offered.

I WAS thoroughly tired of being the wife of convenience. I was so desperate I cared not what I did. So one night I packed a few belongings, travelled a short distance, and next morning offered my services to my country as a nurse.

After a few months of service in various camps, I was sent "Over There." No one knows how much better I felt knowing I could be used to a better advantage than merely to show my pretty face.


Just after the fierce battle of the Argonne, a young sergeant, seriously wounded, was brought into the tent I had charge of. He required my undivided attention, and as life slowly came back into his almost dead body, he would reach for my hand and (Continued on page 89)

*"COULD any woman fail to love a man as I now love my husband—a man so big and noble?" asks Mrs. Ensel. It has been well said that "the greatest battlefield is a woman's heart." Here we are privileged to be eye-witnesses to such a warfare that runs the scale of human emotions. The crisis that came into the life of the writer was met in a noble way. Would you have had the strength of will that this woman possessed?*



# "Honor Thy Father"

**M**Y parentage was of the best in the small city in the Middle West where I was born, and, being an only child, I was permitted to do nearly as I wished. Oftentimes, this being granted, I was sorry for my wilfulness. My parents gave me lessons in singing and dancing, and, being quite proficient in these arts, I wanted to go on the stage. But my parents would not give me my own way in this. My dear mother was taken from me when I was seventeen, so with no other companion but my father, whom I saw evenings only, my longings for the stage increased. To help things along, a traveling stock company came to town and played in one of the theatres. I went to all the performances. And



**W**HAT is better, tame submission to life as it is lived, or surging rebellion and a fixed determination to make one's own life conform to one's own desires?

Into this woman's life came the hour when she felt she had to make her choice. The consequences were certainly thrilling.



When night came . . . I hastened away, my mind filled with thoughts of the future, when I should return as a prima donna





Red was saying:  
"That lets you out,  
Jim. It's between  
Bill and me now. Want  
to bet I don't get her?" ...  
These men were playing a game  
with me for the stake!

on the last day of the company's engagement, I determined to call on the manager and ask for a position. I was ushered into his office where I stated my wishes, while his eyes roved over my face and figure. He inquired if I had ever appeared before the public, and upon my negative reply, asked why I had come to him.

**I** KNEW I was rather pretty and, of course, his admiring glances pleased my vanity. I told him I could sing and dance very well, and hoped he could find a place for me in the company. After a pause, he asked my reason for wishing to leave my home, and fearing if he knew the truth that he would refuse to take me, I said that I was an orphan and must earn my own living. When I left, it was with the understanding that I should meet the rest of the troupe at the railroad station at midnight with my baggage. My stage costumes were to be provided by my employer.

Elated with my success, I hurried home to prepare for my departure. As I entered the house, my father met me in the vestibule and, noticing my sparkling eyes, inquired the cause. I told him of my intentions, and that I already had an engagement; also, I said that I was leaving that night.

He flew into a rage and grasped my wrist, saying that no child of his should disgrace his name by becoming an actress. Despite my struggles, he led me to my room, where he released me.

"God forgive me for what I am about to do," he said, "but you shall remain locked in your room until you get that silly notion out of your head."

"Despite all my entreaties, he put me from him

and left me, locking the door behind him.

I threw myself on the bed and gave way to tears. The outburst subsided as a way of escape presented itself to my mind. Outside my window a vine twined about a trellis, and with little effort I could descend to the ground below. When night came I did this and with one last backward look, I hastened away, my mind filled with thoughts of the future, when I should return as a prima donna and receive my father's forgiveness.

**C**OULD I have but looked into that future, I would have thought twice before disobeying my father. Although nearly twenty years have passed since that night, I have never seen my home again, and my heart-broken father has passed into the Great Beyond. I never saw him on this earth again.

Therefore, this story is being written in the hope that other misguided, headstrong girls may profit by my experiences.

The long evening dragged as I paced the depot platform awaiting the other members of the troupe. Twelve o'clock came at last and with it my future associates. As soon as the manager discovered my presence, he beckoned for me to approach the group and I was introduced to newcomers.

Our train having been announced, we were soon seated in a day coach which was to be our quarters on our long jump into the Dakotas. None of the pictured luxuries of a Pullman car for us. In spite of my endeavor to secure a seat by myself, I was unable to do so, and was compelled to sit with the manager. For a while he drew alluring pictures of the future and all that it held for me; but after awhile the unaccustomed lateness of the hour,



added to the motion of the swaying train, had its effect, and my head began to nod. Placing his arm around my shoulders, he drew me toward him. Although this made me indignant, I was too sleepy to resist and fell asleep with my head on his shoulder.

**D**USK was falling when we arrived at our destination, and after a supper in a dingy restaurant, we wended our way to the hotel. The male members of the company disappeared through the door leading to the bar, while most of the girls retired to their rooms for a night's rest. We were paired off and I found my roommate to be a talkative, tired-looking girl of about twenty-five, who plied me with questions. However, all things have an end, and soon she had elicited all the information I could give her. As we made preparations for bed and I had removed my outer skirt, her eyes sparkled with admiration.

"Gee, girlie, you sure have got some shape. You'll show up great in tights."

Was it possible that I had to wear tights? I couldn't appear in public without my skirts and I told her so.

"Say," she said, "you must think you're going to play prima-donna parts!" She then told me that as a member of the chorus, I would not be able to shirk my share of the Amazon March, which at that time was a big feature with traveling opera troupes. Possibly with the intention of putting me at my ease, she added, "What's the matter, sister, there ain't nothing to be afraid of, we all wear 'em. But you just wait till the old man lamps you in 'em. I wouldn't wonder if I lost my new roommate."

**I** REALIZED that I had gone too far to back down now, so swallowing my pride, I crawled into bed without answering her. I kept turning over and over in my mind what she had said concerning the manager and about losing my company; but I could not see her meaning. You must understand I was new to the world. All night long I tossed and twisted as I pictured myself in tights exposed to the view of men, and it seemed as though I should be unable to keep my contract.

However, the next evening found me dressed in a pair of sticky, slimy-feeling, flesh-colored tights, which appeared in my eyes to be my naked flesh every time I glanced downward. I was terribly shocked, but somehow I managed to get through the performance.

The curtain had fallen upon the last strains of the Amazon March and the girls were hurrying to their dressing-rooms to change costumes for the opening of the last act. As I left the stage, I ran into the manager who had evidently been awaiting my departure. As I attempted to pass him, he placed his arm familiarly around my waist, while a light appeared in his eyes which frightened me. Despite my struggles, I was drawn close to him and he pressed fiery kisses upon my face and bosom. With a superhuman effort, I at last managed to escape from his embrace, but not before he had hoarsely whispered, "You're some baby, all right, and it's your shoes in my trunk from now on."

Then I awoke. My companion's meaning became clear as the gist of his words penetrated my senses. I resolved that I would never be his prey, and I never was. The two of us held a long discussion in the hotel parlor after the performance that night—and in the end I won.

**F**OR more than six months we traveled, our route taking us into the then newly opened territory of Saskatchewan. One Saturday night, at the close of the performance, we learned to our dismay that our manager had taken the box-office receipts and, in company with a recently acquired member of the chorus, had disappeared, leaving us stranded.

Picture, if you can, our plight. No work, no money,

hundreds of miles from home, among strangers, mostly men, in a veritable wilderness. In those days, the good-sized cities of today were merely small camps. The greater part of the females in the camp were of the dance-hall species, and although a few of the settlers had their

"You poor little girl . . . I sure did hand you a rotten deal . . . Before I go, I want the priest to give you the right to my name"





wives with them, for the most part they were shameless wantons who made their headquarters in gaming and drinking dens.

Imagine my sensations when the bad news reached my ears, to find myself in surroundings like these, alone. I do not know what became of the male members of the troupe, but a number of the girls secured positions in the largest and most pretentious den of iniquity—while others, myself among them, wandered in other directions in search of assistance. By this time, I was completely disillusioned; all I desired was to return to my home town and receive Dad's forgiveness.

But, man proposes and the devil disposes!

The proprietor of a large café was kind and upon hearing my story permitted me to wash dishes in return for a generous meal. He had no other work to offer me, so with a heavy heart I continued on my way.

What should I do? As I paused to ponder the gleam of the railroad track caught my eye. I decided to follow

the steel ribbons until they led me to some point where I might either obtain work or a lift on my homeward way. Without taking into consideration the advisability of such a move, I at once put the thought into action, and soon the town was left behind. I had started at mid-day and I must have traveled at least twelve or fifteen miles, when the shades of twilight began to appear as the sun sank behind a distant mountain.

Must I spend the night outdoors alone? In my haste to be on my way I had not given a thought to such matters. Supposing some wild animal, with which the country abounded, should spring upon me as I slept? Then the realization of my position burst upon me, and throwing myself on the ground, I cried bitterly. Not for long, however, as a large rocky formation nearby attracted my attention

and I hurried to the top to look for a place of refuge. A few hundred feet back from the railroad, I could see the roof of some sort of building and I ran there as fast as I could.

The cabin, for such it proved to be, was deserted although its interior was furnished and the larder well stocked. I found a lamp which I lighted; and then went outside to discover if the rays of the light had attracted the cabin's owner. The only sounds which fell upon my ears were the calls of night-birds. I was so hungry that I immediately proceeded to prepare supper. After a hearty meal I washed the dishes, and, taking the lamp, I went into one of the bedrooms, of which there were two.

**W**HETHER because of the shelter or the warm supper which I had eaten, my spirits seemed to revive and I actually hummed the tune of a popular song as I removed my clothing in preparation for bed. I had found a man's clean flannel shirt, and in this improvised

nightgown, I was soon attired, to discover that it did not reach my knees by several inches. After a prayer, I extinguished the light and climbed into bed. I must have fallen asleep at once, for when I awoke, the sun was shining in my eyes. For a few minutes I could not remember where I was—then, as my eyes fell upon the sleeves of the flannel shirt, everything became clear.

My feet were so badly swollen from the unaccustomed walking that I was unable to put on my boots, so I went barefooted. After breakfast, I wandered toward a small body of water which I had seen the previous night. My aching feet were soon in the cool water and after paddling around for a little while, my feet were much refreshed. Returning to the cabin, I was now able to put my boots on again. The forenoon passed without the appearance of anyone and I wondered

what the reason for the apparent desertion of such a nice place could be. I had no means of telling time, but as I became hungry (Continued on page 99)

"My darling, you'll be my wife," he said... After a feeble attempt to convince him that I was not a fit woman... I gave him the answer he desired





# The Life-Story of a Bank Burglar

WHEN I went to the door, I expected to find the porter calling for my baggage; I was surprised beyond expression when I was confronted by two guns and ordered to throw up my hands.

"Hands up!" repeated the two burly fellows.

"What's the idea?" I inquired. "Why this Wild West stuff of hands up?"

"Come on, come on," they grunted, "get 'em up, get 'em up!"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I asked.

"Who are we?" They both laughed. "Don't you know who we are?"

"No, I don't, never saw you before."

"Well," they continued, "we're from the detective bureau; the chief—wants to see you."

"What does he want to see me for?"

They laughed again.

"What's he want to see you for? Why, somebody told him you stole a lead pencil with two rubbers on it."

"What are you trying to do, kid me?" I shot back at them.

"Kid you?" they queried. "No, no, we never try to kid high class bank burglars, it would be a waste of time."

That statement almost knocked me off my feet. I knew that further stalling on my part would be a joke; they were wise to me and I had to resort to other methods, but I thought I would shoot just one more question at them to see how well they knew me. Detectives sometimes try to make it appear that they know crooks whom they never saw before.

"Bank burglars, what do you mean?" I asked them. "I don't get you."

"Ha, ha!" they both roared. "Ha, ha! Don't get us, eh? But you knew how to get all that dough out of the Harmond Bank, didn't you, Jack Grey?"

THAT was the knock-out blow for me and I had to smile.

"Come on, Jack," they continued, "cut the bulling."

"Will you have a drink, now that we are acquainted?" I asked them.

"Sure," they replied.

"How about a bottle of Mumm's, will that suit you?"

"Mumm's?" they exclaimed.

"Yes," I answered. "Mumm's." Beer was their speed; a bottle of Mumm's—champagne—was a rare treat for a "dick." I phoned to send a bottle to my suite.

After they had had a couple of drinks I got down to business with them.

"Well, fellows," I said, "if I get you right, you want me for the Harmond bank robbery."

## Digging Into the Heart and Soul of a Professional Crook. Details of His Hair-Raising Adventures Fascinatingly Presented

more if you had it? Can't we get together and fix this matter up between the three of us?"

"Well, Jack," one of them answered, "that all depends on what your idea of fixing is."

"How about five thousand each? Does that appeal to you?"

"Fine and dandy; let's see the color of your dough."

I went to the trunk to get the money. Suddenly there came three or four impatient raps on my door; the

knocker, whoever he was, knocked on the door as though he were anxious to get in in a hurry. Right away I thought it was Ford returning to take me to Bloomington as he had promised to do earlier in the day. "If it is he," I thought, "there is going to be some shooting, sure." Ford would never stand a "pinch." The Illinois State Prison had an awful reputation in the underworld as a torture chamber, a five-year "bit" (term) there was equal to ten in any other "stir" (prison).

The two "dicks" also scented trouble. One of them looked at me and said:

"No gun plays, Jack. I'm going to plug you first, if there is."

They tip-toed noiselessly to the door with their guns in their hands ready for action.

*"THE watering tank is to the dusty knight of the road just what the railroad station is to the passenger. The hoboes congregate around it, smoking pipes and cigarettes and relating their adventures. 'Dusty Willie' will tell 'Hungry Joe' and 'Handout Shorty' that this house is good for rolls and coffee, the other for ham and eggs, while such and such a residence will want them to cut a cord of wood for bread and jam. The watering tank is the hoboes' board of trade, where means and methods of livelihood are discussed and confidences exchanged."*

A MILLION thoughts were running through my mind

and I had a "hunch" that we were going to have some fireworks within a few seconds.

If it were Ford I knew that he would be heavily armed. He was never without his forty-four—he had it with him day and night. He was not what one would call a desperado, but he didn't believe in calmly submitting to an arrest every time a "dick" said "put up your hands." He would take any kind of a chance where he thought he had an even break for life and liberty. He was a game fellow clean through to the core, absolutely fearless, and he hated a "dick" worse than the so-called proverbial devil hates holy water.

When the "dicks" reached the door, they put their ears to it and listened attentively for a moment or two. Bang, bang, bang, came the knocks again. They opened the door quickly and stepped back with their guns drawn. I got the shock of my life. It was Porter and the Chief of Detectives. I was relieved.

"Hello, Chief," exclaimed the two "dicks."

"Howdy, boys," answered the Chief. "Howdy, how's everything?"

Porter must have been talking to the Chief about me for he came over to where I was standing, grabbed my hand and said:

"Hello, Grey, old boy, glad to meet you. Seen your



mug in the gallery many times, but never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"No, Chief," I answered, "we've never met before. This is my first visit to Chicago and it's liable to be the last."

PORTER then addressed me, saying:

"Jack, the chief has got us dead to rights on the Harmond Bank job, but is willing to turn deaf, dumb and blind for forty-five 'grand.' Are you willing to be shaken down for your bit of forty-five thousand dollars?"

"Am I willing to give up a third of the forty-five 'grand' for my liberty, is that what you mean, Eddie?"

"That's the proposition exactly."

"Tickled to death to do it," I said. "'Phone for Jimmy."

"Give me forty-five thousand," said the chief, "and I'll square the entire affair. You'll never be bothered as long as I am chief of detectives."

When Jimmy arrived, we each put up fifteen thousand dollars and handed it to the chief. He in turn gave his two subordinates five "grand" apiece; the deal was closed and the robbery of the Harmond National Bank was relegated to the file of unsolved crimes. From my suite in the hotel the chief 'phoned the various Chicago newspapers that the tip he had received relative to Jack Grey being one of the Harmond Bank burglars was all wrong.

I ordered more champagne, for the "dicks," and we then drank and celebrated well into the "wee sma'" hours. Shortly before daybreak, the chief drove us out to one of the suburban stations on the Michigan Central, where we caught a train for Detroit.

WHILE we were glad to give up forty-five thousand dollars to the crooked chief of detectives, nevertheless, it upset all our plans. Spring was here; robbing banks in the summer months, when the nights are short and people sleep with their windows open and are easily disturbed, is a dangerous undertaking. It had been our intention to take the proceeds of the Harmond job for a trip to Europe where we proposed spending the summer. The forty-five thousand dollar "shake-down" destroyed all our European dreams. We had to go out and burglarize another bank to get funds sufficient to defray the expenses of that trip.

We grabbed a "rattler" and beat it for Wilmington, Delaware. I knew where there was a bank on the Delaware peninsula that could be "knocked off." We didn't expect to get a very big bundle of dough, because the bank was not an extremely prosperous one and we only picked it out for the reason that it was dead easy to rob and was in the heart of the berry country, which at that particular time swarmed with tramps and hoboos picking berries. We could go and operate amidst the tramps and make our getaway without arousing suspicion. It was the only bank we knew that could be robbed at that time of the year.

Bridgeton was the name of the town, fifty miles from Wilmington on the Delaware Division Railroad. No night watchman, no burglar alarms, no protective methods of any kind. The safe and the vault were of the year of Noah and the Ark; two "shots" would be required, one on the vault and one—no more than two—on the safe—a pipe job if there ever was one.

I hadn't been in Bridgeton in two years, therefore I naturally expected to find the same old bank, in the same old building, with the same old safe and vault. It never occurred to me that the Delawarians had done many new things since my last visit. As I stepped off the train the first thing I saw was a brand-new bank building right behind the railroad station.

I BROKE the news to Porter and Ford as gently as possible. We were disappointed. Well, before we decided what should be done, we would first ascertain what kind of a safe and vault it had on the inside. If they were up-to-date we would have to pass the job up. We certainly couldn't blast open a time-locker in the dead of summer; twenty or thirty explosions on a summer's night would be out of the question. We couldn't possibly do it and get away with it. Detection would be inevitable.

We were in a predicament if the bank had a time-locker in it.

We decided to wait until midnight before we did any reconnoitering. About three o'clock that afternoon, Porter and I were in the town barber shop getting a shave and a hair cut when a rather distinguished-looking elderly gentleman came in.

"Howdy, Cap'n George," exclaimed the barber.

"Hello, Howard."

"Cap'n," continued the barber, "that's a mighty fine bank building yo'all's got now. Certainly looks good."

"Yes," replied Cap'n George, who was the cashier of the bank, "it's a nice home, and we sure needed it. The other was a disgrace to the town."

"When yo'all gwine move in de new buildin'?"

"Tomorrow. We are moving the money today, but the new time-lock safe won't get here until tomorrow."

I nearly fell out of the barber's chair, my heart throbbing with joy. My, oh my! but this was certainly good news. I looked at Porter in the next chair and smiled.

WE left the shop and looked up Ford. "We've got good news for you, Jimmy," we said. Then we told him what we had heard. He grinned.

"No safe, all the dough in the vault, one shot, just ten minutes' work and the cash of the Bridgeton National Bank will be ours!" he cried. "Ye gods, such luck!"

"Well," Porter said. "If we get fifteen thousand it will be enough, with what we have, to finance our trip to Europe."

I remarked that I thought we would get at least that much. I was hoping that we would, for I wanted to hand "Mom" at least five thousand before I went abroad to put down on the home upon which I had already paid ten thousand.

About one-thirty in the morning we started for the bank. When we got within fifteen or twenty yards of it we saw the outline of something on the steps. We stopped and tried to distinguish who and what it was.

"Surely it isn't a 'dick'," Porter exclaimed.

"No night 'dick' in a burg like this," answered Ford.

"Let's go on," I said; "we'll soon find out who it is; get out your gats."

Up to the bank steps we went, and there lay a drunken negro snoring. We woke him, tied his hands and feet, stuck a gag in his mouth, carried (Continued on page 102)

*"I CANNOT tell you how I felt. I was stunned, dazed, horror-stricken! What blood-thirsty, murderous fiends those negroes were! Human life meant absolutely nothing to them, they slaughtered right and left! Some of the sights I saw that night, blood-red tragedies, are indelibly engraved upon my mind and I shudder now as I write them. I wish I could forget, but I can't, try as I may. They flash across the horizon of my memory like grim spectres of the night."*



# The Girl Who Doesn't Know She is a Brunette

By Marion Holloway

"LET me picture her for you," said a friend of mine the other day—a woman known for her excellent taste in dress. "Her name? Margaret Simpson. Age, 26 or 27. Hair, black as midnight. Smooth, dark skin. Clear, brown eyes. Lips, very deep red. Figure, rather slender, but well-formed. Nose—"

"But you call her the girl who doesn't know she is a brunette," I interrupted. "Surely she must know when she looks into the mirror—with such black hair and dark skin!"

"When she looks into the mirror—yes. But when it comes to selecting her clothes—*emphatically no!* For all the discrimination she shows, she must think she's a titian blonde. She has absolutely no eye for color."

"The result is that no matter how much she spends on her clothes, she never seems to be becomingly dressed. And no one has the courage to tell her why."

"It's surprising how few women really know what colors are best suited for their particular type of beauty."

"Of course, every woman knows, in a general way, that a fair, blonde girl or woman can wear most shades of blue, including delph, turquoise and peacock, and that garnet red and burgundy usually look well on brunettes."

"But do you know there are four kinds of brunettes—and that the color that may look well on one will not look even passing well on another?"

"There's the pale brunette, the blonde brunette (or in-between type), the olive brunette, and the florid brunette."

"Then there's the fair blonde and the titian blonde and the fair-skinned mature woman. All might come under the general heading of blonde, yet not all can wear the same colors. And color is the first thing you see in any garment. You see it before you notice the lines or even the material."

"But where did you learn all this?" I asked interestedly.

"From the most wonderful book for women that I have ever read. It is called 'The Secrets of Distinctive Dress,' and it was written by Mary Brooks Picken, one of the greatest authorities on dress in America."

"This book shows how the clothing a woman wears, and the way she wears it, make a greater difference than mere facial beauty possibly can. I don't mean that one must wear expensive dresses, suits and hats. Quite the contrary!"

"But the fascinating woman's greatest charm is generally to be found in her skillful use of the principles of artistic design and color harmony. She knows and takes advantage of every little touch, every change of line, every



secret of personal attractiveness to better express her individuality and make her appear at her very best—*always!*

"If you want to make the most of yourself—in your home, in business and in society, get this book! Read it, study it, keep it in your room right on your dressing table for constant reference! It is a gold mine of invaluable ideas for every woman and girl!"

## Wouldn't You Like to Know—

How to acquire a winning personality?  
How to express your individuality in dress?  
How to always appear at your best?  
What colors bring out your best features?  
Whether you should dress your hair high or low?  
How to make yourself appear taller or shorter?  
How to attract friends?  
How to make yourself appear more slender?  
How to acquire a graceful carriage?  
What kind of clothes make you seem younger?  
How to dress appropriately for all occasions?  
What colors harmonize perfectly in a costume?  
How to develop poise?  
What you should do to counteract defects in your personal appearance?  
What kind of corset will give you graceful lines and yet be entirely comfortable?  
How to observe the fundamental laws of beauty and good health?  
How to bring out the beauty of your eyes, hair, etc.?



SO that very day I sent for "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress," because I saw what it would mean to me. When it came, a few days later, I found it so fascinating that I could scarcely put it down. And it is so practical and helpful that I want every woman and girl who is reading this magazine today to know about it.

With the knowledge this book imparts so clearly, so concisely and completely, any woman or girl, no matter where she lives, can learn the fundamental principles of compelling admiration, attracting friends and developing a charming personality.

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" holds a message for you. If you have been specially favored with natural grace and beauty of feature, this book will show you how to enhance your attractiveness. Or if you feel that you are "plain looking," if you have some little defects of figure, feature or complexion, if you realize that you do not make friends as rapidly as you should, if you are inclined to be backward, ill-at-ease in company and less popular than you would like to be, you can learn from "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" just how to overcome these handicaps.

This book can mean so much in helping every woman and girl to appear attractive, that the publishers want to make it as easy as possible for you to see and examine it in your own home—without obligation to keep it unless you want to.

So this special offer is being made to the readers of this magazine:—

Just fill out the coupon printed below and mail it with \$3 to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 290-E, Scranton, Pa. "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" will come speeding to you by return mail. If you do not find it worth many times the price, you may return it within five days and your money will be promptly refunded.

When the secrets of attractive, distinctive dress and charming personality are so easily within your reach, can you afford to go another day without them?

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE  
Dept. 290-E, Scranton, Penna.

I am enclosing \$3, for which please send me, all charges prepaid, a copy of "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress." It is understood that if I desire to return the book within five days you will refund my money.

Name.....  
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Street  
Address.....

City.....State.....



## The Dead Speaketh

(Continued from page 59)

I—I do want to marry him. I could stay here and keep on working until he comes back. He will have enough money then to go to housekeeping, and I'd love to have a home of my own." The blue eyes became almost black at the thought of the happiness in store.

They talked far into the night. And when Maw was in bed, at last, her pillow was wet with tears of thanksgiving that her own had come back to her.

**T**HE next evening as Maw climbed the steps of the boarding-house, she found her daughter standing there with her sailor sweetheart.

"This is Jim Burton, Mrs. Blake. The boy I told you about."

Maw grasped the outstretched hands of the boy and gazed earnestly into his face. If looks were any index of character, he was clean, honest and true. Her heart leaped for joy.

"Glad to meet you, Jim. Jane has been telling me about you. I'm sure if you care for each other you will be perfectly happy."

"Of course we'll be happy," he replied with the confidence of youth. "I can take care of her right! I was never a rounder like so many in the navy. I saved my money, and when I come back Father is going to take me into the garage business with him. No more laundry drudgery for Jane after that. We'll be married before I leave for this last trip."

"That's a splendid plan!" Maw agreed enthusiastically. "I wish you both all the happiness in the world." Then, tactfully realizing their desire to be alone, she smiled brightly and went on into the house.

As Jane stepped out of the laundry the next day at noon, Jim was waiting for her.

"Girlie," he cried anxiously, "orders have come and we are to leave tonight. But I have the license and we can be married this evening, as soon as you get off work. I have to be on board by ten. I'll have a minister and we can have a nice little dinner before I go. Now be sure and meet me."

"But, Jim," she blurted, almost carried off her feet, "I have nothing fit to wear." "Never mind," he said boyishly, "we'll fix all that afterwards." And giving her arm an affectionate squeeze he darted down the street.

She was so excited she could hardly eat and hurried back to tell Maw the unexpected news. But Mary Blake was out. The girl lingered in the office a few minutes, and involuntarily her gaze fell on the lovely dresses waiting to be wrapped and sent out. But Maw did not come, and as the gong rang then, the girl hurried back to work.

**T**HE afternoon dragged by with leaden wings. And when the gong knelled the end of labor for the day, Jane sped to Maw's office and rushed in, only to find Maw absent again. She had evidently been at work as one dress was all that was left of the long row that had been there at noon. The box stood by waiting for this one.

It was a lovely blue silk, caught here and there with rosettes of deeper blue ribbons. She picked it up longingly and held it out, then measured it against herself. It was about the right fit. A thought came to her! Could she? Dare she? She put it away feverishly. But it came again and again, each time with more compelling power, until, at last, she tossed the dress in the box awaiting it, clasped it under her arm, sped down a narrow passage and rushed into the street by a side door. If she could only get dressed and get out of the house before Maw came in, she would manage somehow to get the dress back. Reaching her room she pulled off the hated ugly garments that had been a part of herself all her life.

The dress fitted wonderfully well, as did the hose and the dainty slippers. She held out her arms and surveyed herself in the cracked glass with a swift intake of admiration. Then flinging a shabby cloak over the costly finery, she hurried to the meeting place.

**S**HE was early, but Jim was already there; he hailed a taxi and in a short time they were at the house of the minister.

"It's all right, dear, don't be nervous," he said, reassuringly, and sensing her perturbation, put his arm about her to comfort her. He drew off the cape and then gave a gasp of admiration.

"Gee, sweetheart, you are wonderful! Where did you get the clothes?"

"Do you like them?" she asked in a pleased tone, ignoring the question.

"They make you look like a queen, dear," Jim replied fervently, arranging a tendril of hair that had fallen over her cheek, and stooping to place a kiss where the stray curl had been.

Just then the maid appeared and asked them to step into the study. There they found the minister and his wife awaiting them. The woman's faded eyes lighted up as they fell on Jane, who made a charming picture as she stood beside her brown-eyed sailor in his new uniform.

In a few minutes the ceremony was over. To Jane it seemed as though it had all been a dream, and she gazed tenderly down at the shining little band on her finger that assured her of its reality. The taxi which had waited for them whirled them back to the house.

"I must leave you now, dear," said Jim, as they walked up the steps. "I just have time to reach the ship."

"Oh, Jim," she cried, and there was real agony in her tones, "it is dreadful to have you go so soon."

"I know, sweetheart," the boy replied, "but think how wonderful it will be just a month from now, when I get back—every day together and a home of our very own. Leave the laundry as soon as they will let you and stay with Mrs. Blake till I get back. I wish she could have been with us this evening," he concluded with rare thoughtfulness.

"I wish so too," Jane replied fervently, "but I couldn't find her anywhere today."

**W**HILE the wedding was in progress, a far different scene was transpiring at the laundry. Maw had been called out to the northern end of the town where a delivery car had caught fire from an explosion of gasoline in the tank, destroying half the stock and injuring most of the rest. No sooner had she returned than a chauffeur had called for the gown that Jane had temporarily appropriated.

Maw searched high and low for it, then notified the proprietor of the missing garments.

"Have you any idea who took it," he demanded heatedly. "Does any one hang around here?"

The color ebbed from Maw's flushed face as she instantly thought of her daughter, her baby. She must be careful that no suspicion be directed against her. Her reply was evasive:

"If it's gone I don't know who took it. No one comes in here unless they have business."

"That dress will cost a mint if we have to pay for it," Samuelson growled. "We'll have to get someone else to look into this." And, picking up a telephone, he called a well-known detective agency. "They're sending a couple of men in," he said in a satisfied tone, as he hung up the receiver.

**T**URNING the corner near home an hour later, Maw beheld her little girl—as she always thought of her—clad in the blue silk dress and accessories that she had thought stolen. And Jim was holding her at arm's length, gazing rapturously at her.

"Good-by, little wife," the latter cried, "take good care of yourself. I'll write every day."

He was answered by a half-choked sob from Jane.

In a flash Maw realized the truth—they had just been married, the dress—why, of course, that was it. She saw the boy jump into the waiting taxi and Jane dragging wearily up the steps into the boarding-house.

That night Maw tip-toed softly into Jane's room. The light from a nearby street lamp fell on the girl as she lay asleep, her dusky hair falling loosely over the pillow and covering the slender shoulders. Her left hand lay outside the covers, and gleaming on the third finger was a narrow golden band.

"May God bless you and keep you free from harm," murmured the mother. Her heart ached fiercely to gather the girl to her breast and tell her who it was that held her, but first she must save her from the consequences of her folly. Seeing the clothes she hastily thrust them into the box, scribbled a note telling Jane that she knew all and by all means to be silent, no matter what the developments were, and then hurried back to her own room with the box.

**W**HEN morning came she telephoned to Samuelson that she was too sick to go to work. When all had gone to work she secured an ironing-board and an electric iron from the kitchen and

(Continued on page 70)



No  
C.O.D.  
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(Continued from page 68)

went to work on the dress. By eleven o'clock the dainty gown, as beautiful as ever, was once more in the box, tissue-paper neatly folded again over the contents and the cover securely tied down. Maw decided that she would make her appearance at the laundry during Samuelson's lunch hour. Satisfied, she ran down to the kitchen, brewed a cup of tea and made some toast, for she had eaten no breakfast and was feeling famished now that the work was done.

When she returned, the two detectives were standing in her room, with the box open and the dress lying exposed to view. The elder of the two displayed his shield and said:

"Mrs. Blake, I think the chief wants to see you."

Meanwhile Jane was enduring untold mental agony. She had found the note that morning and noticed the absence of the precious box. She decided to obey the command, as there was not much of anything else she could do.

A rush of work kept her from looking into Maw's office during the morning. That afternoon a rumor spread like wildfire through the laundry: Maw had been arrested for stealing a dress. When Jane heard this a feeling of deadly illness overcame her, and she would have fallen had not one of the girls supported her. She notified the forelady that she would have to lay off and, almost before the latter could give her assent, Jane was gone.

She arrived in the court-room just as the judge was attempting to find the reason for the theft. Maw's sphynx-like expression revealed nothing; her only reply was, "I've nothing to say." Suddenly the judge lost patience and snapped out:

"Twelve months. Next case."

As Maw, with ghastly white face but firm, unflinching lips was led away, Jane inquired of an attendant:

"When can I visit the prisoner?"

"Sunday afternoon," was the gruff reply.

Jane decided when she saw Maw Sunday she would insist that she be allowed to tell Samuelson the identity of the real thief. She felt sure Jim would stand by her; he was loyalty itself.

**PUNCTUALLY** at two o'clock Sunday afternoon, Jane entered the jail. She was ushered into the matron's room. A hard-featured woman was seated at a desk. Her features softened as she glanced at the card of admission Jane tendered her.

"You're her daughter, aren't you?" she queried. "She kept talking about her girl all last night—she, well, she was taken sudden—heart, you know. She told me to tell you when you came, always to believe that your mother was good; that she prayed for Violet and asked God to make her happy."

Jane caught at the table for support.

"She—she isn't dead?" she gasped.

The matron nodded.

"Come with me," she said.

The horror-stricken girl followed the matron into a small mortuary chapel where, through the mist of tears that blinded her, she could see the shadowy outline of the mother she had never known, the woman who had sacrificed so much for her. The tired lines were gone from her face; the white lips wore a smile of ineffable peace.

"Heart failure," said the matron.

"The doctor said the excitement of the trial brought it on, but it would have come sooner or later, anyway. Before the end came she got me to write a check for you—it's her savings, and was to go to you with her bank book. She said she would like to have you bury a picture of yourself with her."

**JANE** gazed at the calm, tender face, now cold in death. Then as she stooped and kissed the lips that had been so hungry for just such a caress, a sense of comfort stole over her. Her heart was filled with love for the woman whose sacrifice had purchased her happiness. Her mother! What a thrill there was in the word. The dear, loving mother whom she had always longed for, and never known.

Jane would gladly have confessed her sin, but in her inmost heart she knew that her mother, who had bidden her be silent, would prefer that she heed the injunction. To do otherwise would have made the sacred sacrifice a useless thing. Jimmy must never know what had happened. In that moment the past with all its sordidness was blotted out forever and the future stretched before her like a rosy dawn.

Dropping on her knees beside the still form, Jane prayed as the tears coursed down her face:

"Dear God, make me worthy of the great love she had for me." And it seemed to her overwrought nerves as if a gentle hand were laid on her head in blessing. She arose, comforted, and turning to the matron said, "I will make arrangements for the funeral at once, and I thank you for what you have done for her."

## Cupid Versus John Barleycorn

(Continued from page 16)

to the office, and left as soon as dinner had been served. He did not return for two days. Margaret, tormented with a thousand fears, sought him once more through the police department, and found him in one of the lowest "dives" in the city, almost unconscious from drink. He refused to leave the place until an officer dragged him outside; and when he saw Margaret waiting for him, he broke into a tirade of abuse. She was embarrassed and humiliated, dismayed at his condition. She fled to the shelter of her home and there sobbed out her heart at the side of the little bed that cradled her tiny baby daughter.

**ANOTHER** day brought the once more penitent husband home. He begged forgiveness, and Margaret, hopeful still, granted it. He said that Betty's visit had caused it all; that Margaret's affection for her chum had unnerved him; that the thought of losing his happiness and her love had made him desperate, and he had sought to forget his troubles by drinking.

Margaret forgave him, but his partners refused to. They asked for his resignation, and his business affairs had become so involved that even the "dream home"

had to be sacrificed before things were adjusted.

They moved to another city, a small, aristocratic Southern town, which they chose because it had been "dry" for over a year; and there, they believed, Tom would be entirely free from temptation and able to start all over again.

Two years passed. Life had become a succession of happy days. Another baby came. They were all well and Tom was prosperous. He was a devoted husband and a proud father.

It was then that I met Margaret, and our friendship soon became a very warm one. And, as she told me her "story" on that winter night, I could scarcely reconcile the husband I knew with the man she confessed he had been.

**THE** summer after the last baby came, the clouds again lowered over Margaret's domestic happiness. Tom came home one night later than usual. He dropped into a chair, and seemed completely exhausted. Anxiously, Margaret bent over him, then drew back in alarm, for on his breath she detected the odor of whiskey. "Tom!" she exclaimed, "you have been drinking."

"No, no," he assured her. "I dropped

in to see one of the men at the club on my way home and drank some lemonade. I did not know it was 'spiked' until I had drunk a glass of it. That was all."

The explanation satisfied the unsuspecting wife, and she thought no more of it. But the next night Tom did not come home from the office, and when two of his friends escorted him to the house the following day, he was sick and helpless—so drunk that he could not recognize his wife and babies who were waiting for him.

Margaret put him to bed, nursed him tenderly through the "sobering up" process, and watched over him constantly, with never a look or word of reproach.

**BUT**, unlike the penitent husband of former days, he resented her attentions. His guilty conscience made him cruel. As soon as he was able to walk, he left the house and went to one of the popular clubs of which he was a member, and continued to drink until he was taken home once more and placed under the care of a doctor.

I don't know yet how Margaret lived through the months that followed. She was proud and hurt and embarrassed, and gradually drew away from all her



friends but me. As her confidante, I shared her sorrow with her, and I know that her life was just one nightmare after another. Finally I tried to persuade her to give him up, divorce him.

She refused to listen to me.

"If I left Tom he would soon drink himself to death," she continued. "Besides, I am going to give my babies the best home life I can. I could not do that and be the bread winner of the family, too. So for their sakes, and for his sake, I shall stay with Tom as long as it is possible."

Things went from bad to worse. Tom was rarely ever entirely sober and his health was rapidly failing.

AT the crisis he suddenly decided to go to New Orleans, where he had some wealthy and influential friends who had promised to back him. So they moved to the large city and once more Margaret became hopeful that the new surroundings and the responsibility of the new work would restore his equilibrium. But her hopes were short-lived. He drank incessantly the first month, sometimes staying away from home three and four days at a time. His friends soon became disgusted with him, for he was utterly unreliable. Their bank account dwindled, and at last Margaret was ready to give up in despair.

He had been gone a week. No one at the office knew where he was. Margaret, for the sake of the children, tried to keep smiling, but her heart was broken, and her own nerves all but shattered with worry and anxiety. At last a telephone message—Tom was ill—in the Charity Hospital!

There she found him, in a ward with dope fiends and other dregs of humanity, only a shadow of the man she had promised to love and honor. His head was bandaged and he was semi-delirious. He had been there two days, the hospital attendants told her, and had just regained consciousness that morning long enough to tell them who he was. He had been struck by a street car, and had been badly hurt. He was drunk and had been brought to the hospital in the charity ambulance.

DARK days and darker nights followed when the man's life hung in the balance and his mind seemed entirely gone.

Then the clouds lifted and once more Tom came home.

"Margaret," he said, "I don't deserve your forgiveness. I haven't the nerve to ask it. But I am going to earn it. I shall never drink another drop as long as I live. The few seconds that I remained conscious after the street car hit me, I thought I was dying. I suppose I was suffering physical pain, but I do not remember it. I remember only the mental pain when I saw your sad face before me and knew that I would never be able to atone for the heartache I had caused you. That taught me my lesson. I shall never forget it."

Five years have passed. Tom has kept his vow. He is once more firmly established as a successful man. He has regained his health. And once more there is a "dream home." Cupid has won his suit against John Barleycorn.



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Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

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## A Honeymoon "In High"

(Continued from page 36)



## "At Last—a Real Job and Real Money!"

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go away with him to begin your bridal trip in that condition."

He thumped his elbows on the arm of his chair and held his poor worried head in his hands and shook it in a sort of hopeless admission of his inability to grapple with the situation. At heart I was as worried as he, for to Vera's childish point of view he had added that of a grown man, a man of affairs. I wanted to quit, just quit the whole business there, and tell Dad I wasn't going away with a drunken husband. But as I pictured it, I thought of the scandal, and the ridicule that would come to me and mine if I did, and I just threw a bluff.

"Never mind, Dad," I said cheerfully. "You don't understand, and I love you for not understanding. But it'll be all right. And you look for that check by return mail tomorrow. Good-by, now; I must hurry, or we'll be found out."

THEN I skipped, and meeting Benny in the hall, near the side entry, piloted him down the steps.

I shoved him into the passenger's seat in the front of his high-powered car, while I took the wheel. I wasn't going to take any chances with Benny's driving in this state. He had taken too much champagne to resent it. Our train was made up when we reached Grand Central Station, and presently, with the help of an understanding porter, we were settled in our drawing-room.

The dulling effects of the liquor had now worn off and he was simply very bright—scintillating—and affectionate.

"Well, old girl," he exclaimed, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and swelling his chest, "that was some wedding party. By Jove, that's the way all weddings ought to be—joy, rapture, and fun—wine, women and song. I guess we showed them a thing or two."

He stopped, eyeing me with a complacent smile, which I could only return with a flash of my eyes that he failed to comprehend.

"And, by the great horn spoon," he cried, "it's some spiffy little bride I've carried off."

He stepped forward in joyous enthusiasm to sweep me into his arms; but I stopped him by the simple means of putting out a hand suddenly and shoving hard against his chest, which sent him in dumb amazement back against the door.

"Why, Kitty, what the—!" he exclaimed, and as I still had not found words to express the tumult of ideas within me, he went on, "What's the idea?" and then as if the situation were merely a repetition of one that had occurred several times that evening. "You know you've got to kiss the groom, Kitty. Everybody kisses the groom, even the bride—ha! ha! that's a good one—even the bride! ha! ha!"

I tried to thrust him away again, but I could not seem to find the words to accompany my gesture, and his dilated eyes were unable to interpret the expression on my face. He caught my hand this time, and snatched me toward

him with a merry laugh. It was all a joyful romp to him.

FOR a moment I thought of humoring him. But even as I was yielding to him, I had a mental vision of Vera's blue eyes, marred with tears of disappointment; and the picture of that sweet, clean young girl's shattered dream, steeled me against all yielding. I struck suddenly and hard with the heel of my free hand, catching Benny full on the mouth and sending him sprawling ludicrously on the floor.

He sprang to his feet, his face suddenly white, and rage born of shame flaring in his eyes.

"Look here!" he cried through gritted teeth, advancing a deliberate step toward me, "if you think you can—"

But at last I had found my tongue.

"Stop!" I said with all the vehemence I could put into a low voice. "Benny, you can't kiss me while you're drunk. Do you hear? You're disgustingly drunk. You've been kissing all the maids in the house, and you've done other things you ought to be ashamed of. Now listen to me. You get out of here and find somewhere else to sleep. We'll talk tomorrow."

THE white anger ebbed from his face, and a crimson flush crept in to take its place. He dropped his eyes from mine, and I saw him bite his lip. Then he turned to the door.

"All right, Kitty," he said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know. I guess I had more than I thought. Good-night." And he went out.

Already my heart began to ache for him, and I wanted to call him back. But I didn't. Instead I bolted the door, and wearily began to undress, the picture of Vera's tear-streaming eyes hovering before me, and strengthening me to put through what I had started.

I spent the greater part of the night alternating between remorse at my hard-heartedness, and renewed resolution somehow to win back to some sort of approach to Vera's clean young view of what it meant to be married.

It was awfully hard the next morning to unlock that door and step out into the car. When I thought what I would have done in his place, and how I would feel toward the person, just married to me, who sent me away for doing things no worse than I had done lots of times before, I began to wonder if I should find Benny on board that train at all.

BUT he was there all right, sitting by a window, reading a newspaper just as if nothing had happened. The seat opposite him was not taken, so I dropped quietly down in it, just as he looked up. On his face was the queerest mixture of doubt, distress, remorse, question, and eagerness to make up, that I had ever seen. But all of a sudden I didn't want to talk about it all. I didn't know how to begin, and somehow I knew it was up to me. Benny was plainly waiting for me.

(Continued on page 74)



# High "D"

## A True Story of a Girl Who Wanted to Sing

HOW well I remember that first sad letter she wrote me. It told of her ambition to be a great singer—an ambition that was gradually being stifled by her loneliness, her poverty, and the seeming hopelessness of her struggle. Yet through it all there was still a note of determination—a pluck that made me vow to see her through.

We started to work together. Four weeks passed without another word from her. You can imagine my anxiety. How I longed to know whether I had come into her life in time to revive the spark of ambition that had almost perished. Then came the first of those wonderful letters. It was just a short note, but what a world of happiness it conveyed. Only a music student can understand the thrill of it—that first joyous moment—

Dear Professor Feuchtinger:—

I am already finding an improvement in my upper tones and am able to sustain the high "D" for the first time in my life.

How eagerly I watched for her letters. Her enthusiasm was so genuine, so naive. But sometimes I wished that she would be a little less modest in her accounts of new triumphs. It was just a year later that Ferretti praised her singing. She wrote me all about it.

Dear Professor Feuchtinger:—

The last concert at which I sang was another triumph for your method. The hall was a big one and although the baritone and tenor both had big voices, my voice carried the best of all, even down to the lowest notes. I no longer have the fear of bad acoustics that I used to have.

When it was over, Mr. Sarcoli told me that Ferretti, another Italian baritone who was there, had said that I did some things in the "Ah fars' e lui" aria that very few people could do, and I was very pleased.

Triumph after triumph. One day she wrote and told me she was going to the Orient on a concert tour. I often thought of her and wondered about the strange new sights, the wonderful experiences that each new day was bringing her. And then I heard from her, from Yokohama, she wrote this to me:

My dear Professor Feuchtinger:—

Your wonderful course has increased the volume and compass of my voice without in any way injuring the quality or flexibility—top C sharp and D now come with little or no effort and my whole voice is stronger.

I am able to get the echo effects in "Dinorah" much better than I could before and the staccato notes at the end have about three times the former volume. I feel that I owe you so much that you should be told of my success. Your exercises are simply invaluable.

And now she is back in the United States, preparing for a career in opera. Just last May, she wrote from New York. The monogrammed stationery was quite different from the note paper that she had used when she wrote me that enthusiastic little note three years before. It told more subtly than words the story of her success:

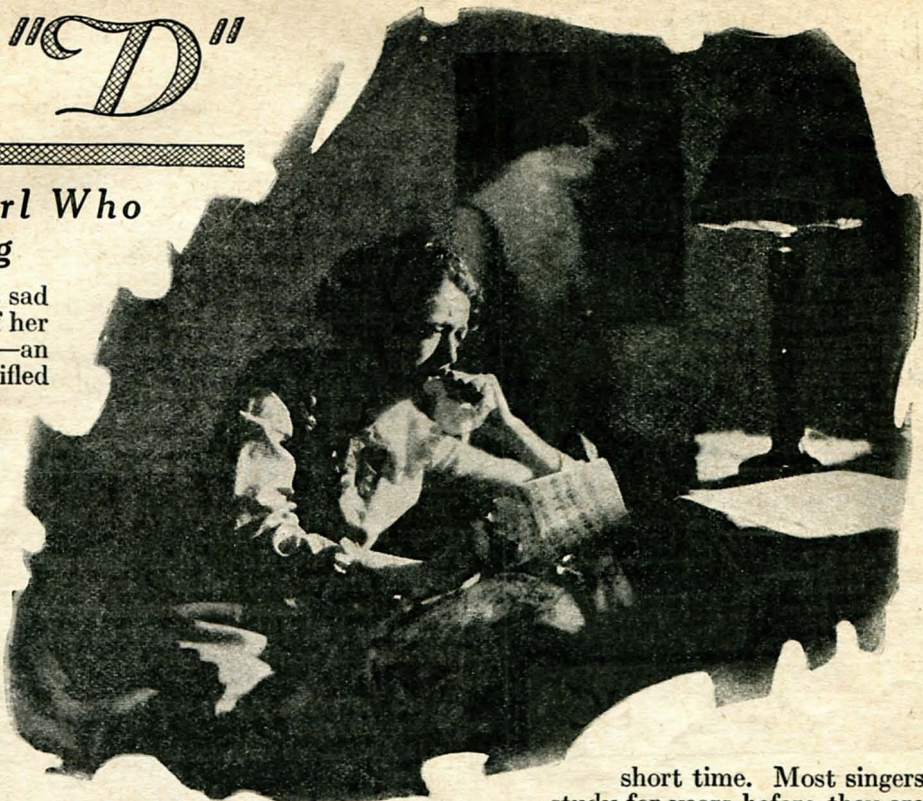
My dear Professor Feuchtinger:—

I shall certainly be delighted to tell anyone what your course did for me. In fact I have been telling people for the past three years and tried to start several people in the work in Japan, and some of them have sent for your course.

When one lives in New York as I do now and sees the number of wholly unqualified people who are teaching singing, it seems as if there ought to be some test for teachers.

I think that learning ten operatic roles, one after another, is a pretty good test of the condition of a person's throat, don't you? My voice doesn't seem to have suffered in the least from it.

I am very proud. It is remarkable for a young woman to work up into opera in such an amazingly



short time. Most singers study for years before they are even given an audition. And the most remarkable part of it all is that the writer of these letters received her entire training from me before she ever saw or spoke to me. I gave her all her instruction by correspondence.

THIS is Professor Feuchtinger's own true story of one of his students. Her name and address will be sent to anyone interested. The name will doubtless be well known to you. And Professor Feuchtinger—he is the famous voice teacher who has devoted his life to teaching students who cannot leave home—who cannot afford the expense of studio lessons and living away from home in a large city—who cannot give up their daily work—but who want to study and improve their voices. Professor Feuchtinger was famous before he established the Perfect Voice Institute. He is a descendant of a long line of musical ancestors. His books on voice culture are known everywhere; among his pupils are famous opera stars. Since the establishment of his Chicago studios, Professor Feuchtinger has trained thousands of singers and speakers. And he can cultivate your voice—train it for speaking or singing—by the same methods he used with them.

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Write to Professor Feuchtinger or send him the coupon below. He will send you free his interesting book, "Enter Your World." It will give you a clearer understanding of the scientific method of training your voice. Find out more about this opportunity. It may be the first step in your career. Send for your copy today. Address Perfect Voice Institute, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 1345, Chicago.

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(Continued from page 72)

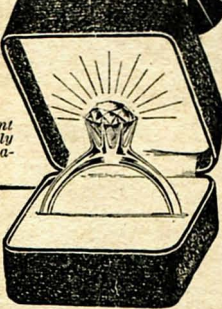
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"Well," I said quite casually, "I'm hungry. Are you?"

"Er—what?" he ejaculated in surprise; and then, "Oh, yes, of course. First call to breakfast ten minutes ago. Shall we go?"

We went, and all through breakfast we talked about idle commonplaces with the greatest vivacity on my part, and a fair amount of polite response on his. But it was really a strain for me, and I could see that he was miserable.

As we strolled back to our end of our car, he got up courage to say over my shoulder, "I say, when do you let me in on the big idea?"

Though I had been so gay and impersonal until then, I had really been feeling very soft-hearted. But this tone of his turned my mood upside down again in a moment.

"Now," I said, briefly and with what I fear was a cold, hard look.

He followed me into the drawing-room in silence, and waited politely for me to sit down first. When I did, he sat down opposite me and waited expectantly, all the doubt and contrition gone from his face.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" I demanded.

He looked at me with an arrogant tilt of the head.

"Oh, I don't know," he said slowly.

"I'm not so sure that you get any explanation or apology from me. I didn't kick you out of the home-roost and leave you to explain to astonished Pullman porters and conductors. I pass. It's your turn."

"I'd like to know what you expect," I said bitingly. "Do you think I am going to—to start married life with you drunk, disgustingly drunk the first night?"

"Oh, cut the sob-stuff," he said coolly. "I wasn't any worse than I've been lots of times, and you never said anything. Fact, I've seen you in the same pickle yourself, more or less, and I didn't turn you down."

In a sense he had me there, though of course I had never gone to the limit that he had reached. Still, I went on.

"Drunk, and kissing everybody in sight, acting like a disgusting fool, all the servants laughing at you. Do you think I could—could—take a man like that into my arms?"

The catch in my voice wasn't faked, and I turned my head quickly away to hide tears that had jumped suddenly into my eyes. I felt dreadfully alone and not capable of putting this thing through. And yet I must.

Benny didn't speak for nearly a minute. He must have seen how I felt, and the picture of himself that I had drawn must have burned deep.

"Why did you come with me at all?" he asked finally.

"What else could I do?" I asked dully. "What would everybody have said if I had turned you down at the last minute, after we had been married?"

"What difference does it make?" he asked in a lifeless tone. "Now, or then, everybody'll talk just the same."

"But I haven't turned you down," I said slowly. "You're here, aren't you?"

HE turned quickly, relief all over his face.

"Good kid!" he exclaimed. "You

aren't going to turn me down! Kitty, I apologize. I'm deuced sorry I didn't hold it better. I swear I'll be more careful in the future. I was just so darned happy, that's all—that's why I acted so." He shifted over to the seat beside me and put his arm about my shoulders. "Come on, Kitty, forgive a fellow. You'll see I don't think anybody but you is worth a cent."

He was drawing me to him, and I was just giving way with a sigh of relief, when suddenly I remembered that check.

"Wait," I said, "there's something more."

Now nobody likes to have affectionate overtures repelled and Benny was no exception. He flopped back to the seat opposite me and got out his cigarette-case again.

"Is there?" he said. "Well, step on the gas. Don't mind me."

"I'm going to," I said with a return of my former biting tone. "How about that thousand dollars you borrowed from my dad? Will you explain that?"

ALL his nonchalance faded out. He turned on me like a flash.

"Who told you about that?" he asked. His face was white and then red as I looked at him without answering. I knew then that he had done something that he was ashamed of.

"Nobody told me," I answered at last. "I saw the stub in Dad's check-book. What does it mean?"

He stared away out the window again, evidently thinking hard. Finally he bit his lip and forced himself to look at me, and I knew I was going to get the truth.

"Well," he said, "you might as well know it now as later: the firm I'm with has told me they don't need my high class services any more. That happened yesterday. I guess I was trying to forget it, and that's why I made such a soak of myself. I touched your father last night because we couldn't have had any wedding trip without it. I'm cleaned out. When we get back I'll get another job."

He stopped and watched to see what I would say. I said nothing, but stared back at him. So that was it. He was not only a gay boy, and a reckless driver, and a heavy drinker, but a failure as well! It was too much for me. I crumpled up and buried my face in my hands. Benny sprang over instinctively to comfort me, but I pushed him away.

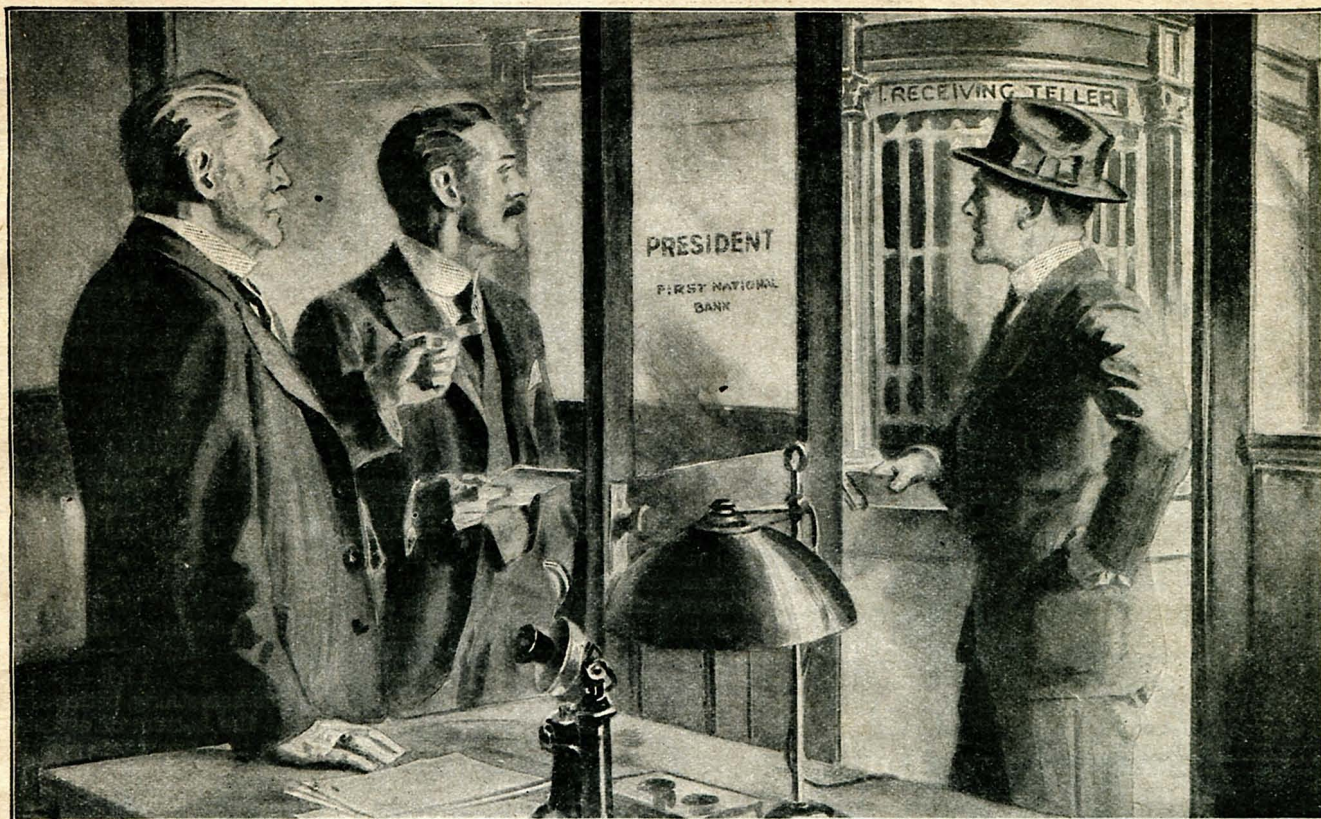
"Don't," I said. "Just—leave—me alone. Go out. Smoke. Anything."

The last was pretty nearly a hysterical shriek. He got up and I heard him go out. Then I found a pillow and buried my face in it for a good, unrestrained cry. I felt absolutely lost, deserted, beaten, whipped, worthless, useless, incompetent—and most awfully alone. All this I poured out into the pillow. And then I lay and panted and gasped long shivering gasps that gradually soothed down. Then the first thing I knew I had been asleep, and was waking up.

I SPENT another half hour making myself presentable, and trying to hide all traces of my crying. Then I went out and found Benny. When we were once more alone together he was neither con-

(Continued on page 76)





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(Continued from page 74)

trite nor arrogant. He didn't know what was coming, and he was not going to weaken his defenses by taking any more false steps. For myself I was inwardly numb from the spasm I had just been through, but my mind was perfectly clear on one thing: Benny and I must get to rock bottom, size up our situation, and face facts. Our train was hurrying us on to St. Louis, the place to which our ticket carried us first; and we had to get this problem solved before we reached there. So I couldn't wait till I was feeling natural again.

"Benny," I said without wasting any time, "in the last twelve hours everything has changed. You're not the man I thought I was marrying at all."

"I don't see it," said Benny. "I haven't changed a bit. You've always known that I liked a gay party with drinks and so on. You've seen me kiss other girls before, when we were having a good time. You never seemed to care. Why all this virtuous stuff all at once?"

He seemed genuinely puzzled, and I could see his point, too. But somehow I couldn't make him see the thing that I had seen through Vera's eyes—that there were lives coming after us, dependent on us, that must have a fair start in life. How was I to show him? Instead of trying to answer him, I went on with the rest of my cry against him.

"That isn't all, Benny. You have married me on the same day that your firm has turned you out as a failure; and you've so little self-respect that you have gone to my dad and shamed me by borrowing money from Dad on my wedding day. Will you please tell me just what all that means? How much of a down-and-outer are you? What have I got to hang to?"

He listened very calmly. Then he said:

"WELL, I know it sounds pretty awful. And yet it isn't so bad, you know. It's being done all the time in New York just as it is in Europe."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, just this sort of thing. Highly aristocratic family without much money makes alliance with less aristocratic family with lots of money. Of course, we aren't as raw about it as they are in Europe; but we do it just the same, and what's the use of blinking it?"

I gasped and grew cold with horror at his words. Did he mean—but after all, wasn't it true? His family was one of the oldest in New York. Mine was only a generation old, though just as good. Had he deliberately set out to marry money? It was unthinkable. Every step of our acquaintance had been the normal, unguided drawing together of kindred spirits. Perhaps there had been but little spiritual romance about it; but certainly it was personal attraction that had brought it all about. Yet he talked like this. Well, if that was his idea, I wouldn't waste any more time on him. I'd—just at that moment, I seemed to hear my mother's delighted words, "My dear, he's the catch of the season!" Was the crime all on his side after all?

ing me, our marriage was ended right there.

"That's so," I said with deceitful calmness. "Of course you expected financial support from Dad. But you know, Benny, I honestly had never thought of it that way before. I always thought you cared a good deal for me down under our gaieties. It never occurred to me that you married me just for my money. It makes a difference."

I spoke with all the colorless lack of expression I could muster. And I got my answer. All his own calm vanished and his voice took on real feeling as he spoke.

"No, Kitty, no! Lord, you've got me all wrong. Darn it all, girl, haven't I always acted as if I cared for you really? Haven't I told you I thought you were the greatest kid in the world? I only said what I did to show you that borrowing money from your Dad was no crime. I'll bet he had looked me up financially and knew he'd have to give you a good big allowance if he wanted us to live decently. He wasn't surprised a bit."

His words and his very evident feeling showed me the one thing I felt I had to know: there was something better than a grand fake at the bottom of our marriage, something that was worth fighting for. So I went on, fighting.

"All right, Benny," I said. "However much this marriage of ours is a combination of poor aristocracy and rich nobody, that isn't the way we went into it. I cared for you, Benny, a lot; and I believe I could again, though I'm awfully disappointed in you. But we've got to begin all over again."

He stared at me. He simply didn't know what I was driving at.

"WHAT do you mean—begin all over again, Kitty? We're married, aren't we? Why can't we just go on from here. When we get back to town you'll see I won't go the limit with booze; and your Dad will help me get another good job."

I sighed.

"Oh, Benny, why can't you understand. I simply will not spend a cent of that money you borrowed from Dad. If you cash that check that ends it for me. I won't be the wife of any man who can't stand on his own feet."

I brought the last out rather vehemently, and he responded in kind.

"Don't be silly. Of course I can stand on my own feet. When we get back—"

"We'll never go back—together—until you are on your feet already!" I interrupted fiercely. "And what's more I won't live with you an hour until you show me that you're a real man. You're nothing but a sporty jellyfish now, wanting to spend money that someone else has earned."

A dark flush rose on his face.

"Is that so?" he sneered. "Are you any better? Are you a real woman? Could you make a real home for a real man? Are you any better than a sporty jellyfish wanting to live on the earnings of some man?"

IT struck home, unkind though it was, and mad though it made me. His words were as true as mine had been. I

(Continued on page 78)



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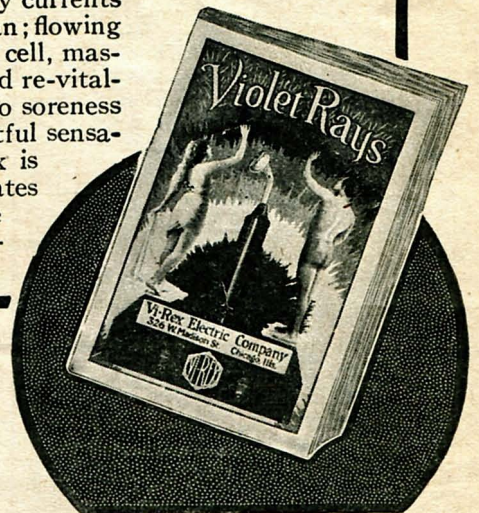
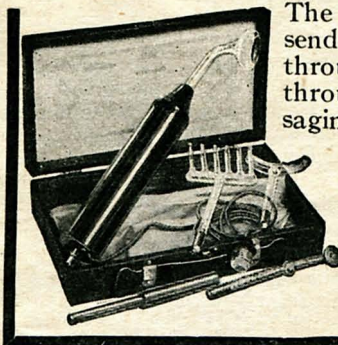
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was silent. He went on, seeing his advantage.

"We're both tarred with the same stick. What's the use in being high and mighty. Anyway, tell me what could we do if I didn't cash this check. I've got just sixteen dollars left, and nothing in New York but my auto. We've got to take your Dad's money."

But there I flared up.  
"We won't use it. If you don't give me that check now, I'll send a telegram at the next station to stop payment because I'm leaving you. There."

"But, Kitty—what'll we do? You don't know what it is to be without any money."

"Are you going to give me that check?"  
There was a silence. Then he took out his wallet and handed the check to me. I crumpled it up and thrust it into the neck of my gown to burn later.

"WELL," he said bitterly. "Now what are we going to do?"

"I don't know what you're going to do," I said. "That's up to you. When we get to St. Louis, I'm going to the Y. W. C. A. If you're half a man, you'll give me half of what you've got left. When you are a whole man you can write to me at the Y. W. and tell me about it. In the meantime it'll be good-by for the present."

Again he stared, this time as if he thought I had really lost my mind.

"You're crazy," he said.  
"You're a jellyfish!" I retorted. "Are you even half a man? If you are, let's divide that money, and then you can get out. I'm sick of you."

He grew very white and drew out his pocketbook. He fumbled in it a minute, and then handed me fifteen dollars.

"You'll need more than I will," he said.  
"I'll send you some more as soon as I can."

And before I could stop him and insist on an even division, he had gone out. I looked at the seven dollars that wasn't my share, and then I smiled with a queer, almost happy feeling inside. Benny was certainly a little more than half a man already.

I didn't go out of the drawing-room that day except for lunch and dinner. I was busy doing a lot of hard thinking and planning. Benny's statement that I couldn't make a real home for a real man had struck deep. The awful part of it was that he was quite right.

LATE that night our train drew into the Union Station at St. Louis. The porter came for our bags. As I was stepping off the train, I had a queer feeling, and looked back. Benny was just behind me, his face a perfect mask. The next minute he was putting a dollar bill into the porter's hand and picking up my bags and his.

He stalked rapidly down the platform, so that I had quite a job catching up with him, especially as I was trying frantically to get out some money—that extra seven dollars—from my bag. I was all contrition. Poor Benny hadn't eaten a thing! He had saved that lone dollar for a tip to preserve his pride. I had been too much of a brute.

"Here," I said, as I finally caught up

(Continued from page 76)

with him. "You haven't a cent left." And I held out the bills.

"Go to the devil," he snapped, not too loud, but loud enough for me to hear him.

During the crush around the gate I slipped the bills into his coat-pocket. Then I felt better.

He led me without hesitation to the street, and looked around for a taxi.

"Young Women's Christian Association," he said with a suspicious firmness to the driver, tipped his hat formally and turned away.

Oh, how I wanted to call out to the driver to stop, how I wanted to go back and tell Benny that I'd take a chance and start fresh with him now—but I didn't. Something held me back.

At the Y. W. C. A., I engaged a room for the night, and went to bed, exhausted. When I laid my head on the pillow, I felt almost sure that it was all a dream and that I should wake up out of it the next day.

BUT the first gray of morning told me I was in it deeper than ever and that it was no dream, but the real thing. I went downstairs for some breakfast. Then I went into the writing-room and wrote a letter to Mother, being careful to use plain stationery:

DEAREST MAMA:

We are wildly happy. Don't expect to hear from us for MONTHS. (Months was twice underscored.) We are off to see the world (world was once underscored) and we haven't time to write.

Your loving daughter,

KATHERINE.

I wrote that gorgeous lie to avoid trouble and worry at home. We certainly couldn't write again, because we weren't traveling, and they mustn't know that.

Then I got another piece of plain stationery, put my own home address at the top, and wrote as follows:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

The bearer, Mary Thompson, is honest, reliable, intelligent, but quite untrained. I know that she will work hard at anything she attempts. I have known her from childhood and feel sure that no one will make a mistake in giving her a position.

(Signed) KATHERINE —

I signed the letter with my own name. Then I went to an employment bureau, and started out to look up the address I received.

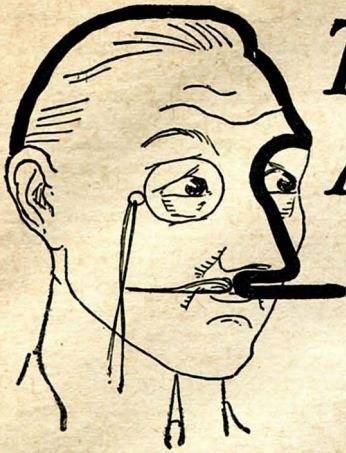
I was stunned at the ease with which my plan carried through. The very next day, on the strength of my own recommendation, I, Mary Thompson, was engaged by a very nice, motherly lady to do general housework, including what cooking I could learn, and the family wash once a week—for seven dollars per week and board.

Benny was not to be able to say for long that I was a sporty jellyfish who couldn't make a real home for a real man!

MY trials and tribulations endured in my efforts to be a good general housework girl will not be of any great interest to any one, so I shall make no attempt to describe them in detail. But I felt I simply must not fail. I had told Benny brutally to go out and make good, and I simply had to do the same.

(Continued on page 80)





# The Magic Power of A Few Little Lines

Have you ever noticed a cartoonist draw? A short line here. Another there. A small curve. A splash of shading—and you have a wonderful picture! It was all so easy—because he knew how—he knew which lines to use and just where to put them. Through this New Easy Way to Draw you too can learn the Magic Power of a Few Little Lines and how to make big money in drawing them!



# New Easy Way to DRAW

## How Easy!



Note how these few little lines are transformed into a picture.

One of the most fascinating, best paid businesses—yours, after a few minutes' training a day.



Delightful pastime! Endless fun! Acquire the knack in your spare time.

Invaluable asset in your present business. A few lines can drive home your intangible ideas. New way makes it easy to learn drawing.



**T**HIS wonderful new method makes it possible for **anyone** to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students are now making splendid incomes. And most of them never touched a drawing pencil before they studied with us.

The simplicity of this method will astound you. You will be amazed at your own rapid progress. You learn by mail—yet you receive **personal** instruction from one of America's foremost Commercial Artists:—Frank Godwin and Wynn Holcomb (Wynn), the famous artists, are but two of his many successful students. Get into this fascinating game, NOW. You can easily qualify and make big money. A few minutes' study each day is all that is needed.

Newspapers, advertising agencies, magazines, business concerns—all are looking for men and women to handle their art work. Cartoonists and designers are at a premium. Dozens of our students started

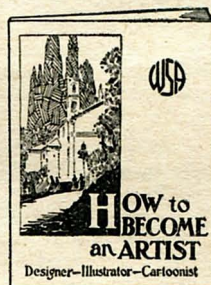
work at a high salary. Many earn more than the cost of the course while they are learning! **YOU**—with a little spare time study in your own home—can easily and quickly get one of these big-paying artists' jobs.

This amazing method has exploded the old idea that talent is an absolute necessity in art—that "it's all a 'gift'." *Just as you have learned to write, this new method teaches you to draw. We start you with straight lines, then curves. Then you learn how to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from \$50 to \$500 or more.* Many artists get as high as \$1,000 for a single drawing.

Big money is gladly paid—and big money is waiting for anyone with foresight enough to prepare for this pleasant profession. Through our new easy method of teaching, **YOU** can earn big money as an artist, **regardless of your present ability.** Mail coupon today for interesting booklet telling all about it.

## Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "How to Become an Artist," has been prepared and will be sent to you without cost. It tells how you can easily become an artist in a few minutes' daily spare time and at the cost of a few cents a day. Explains about this amazing method in detail. Tells of our students—and their wonderful progress—and how we can qualify you for a high-salaried artist's position. Booklet gives full particulars about our "Free Artist's Outfit" Offer. This booklet will be sent free, and without obligation. Read all about this amazing New Easy Way to Draw and how you can quickly learn, at home in spare time. Fill out the booklet-coupon now. Mail it TODAY.



**Mail coupon today for this fascinating booklet, and learn how you can become an Artist in a few minutes a day of your spare time. Cut out coupon and mail NOW.**

The Washington School of Art, Inc.

1813 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist," and full details about your special Short-Time Offer.

Name.....  
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

**Washington School of Art, Inc.**  
1813 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.



(Continued from page 78)



## On Trial

**Y**OU may now have any musical instrument for a week's trial at our risk in your home. No obligation to buy. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of a week if you decide not to keep it. The trial will not cost you a penny.

### Monthly Payments

A few cents a day will pay. Complete musical outfit comes with most instruments—velvet lined case, all accessories, self-instructor, etc., all at direct factory price—everything you need at practically the cost of the instrument alone.

Wurlitzer instruments are known all over the world for artistic quality. Used by the greatest musicians, bands, and orchestras. Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for over 200 years.

### Send for New Book

**on Musical Instruments — No Charge**  
Every known instrument illustrated, many in full colors. All details and complete descriptions. A veritable musical encyclopedia—absolutely free!

Wurlitzer has stores in over thirty cities. But no matter where you live, Wurlitzer is no farther than your nearest mail box. Send the coupon today!

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200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

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117 E. 4th Street, Cincinnati 120 W. 42nd Street, New York  
700 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 215 Stockton St., San Francisco  
Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full descriptions of all musical instruments, also details of the Wurlitzer Free Trial Easy Payment Plan. No obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(State musical instrument in which you are interested.)  
Copyright 1921, The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

At the end of the first day I was a physical and almost a nervous wreck. I had washed dishes and peeled potatoes. And I was sure I couldn't stand another day of it.

Yet when night came again I was not so weary but that I had time to sit down in my little room and give myself a good going over.

"Look here," I said to myself, "this won't do. Haven't I brains enough to put this thing through? Surely I have inherited at least an average mind; and for all I don't know housework, I have learned to exercise my wits a lot more than the average green girl from Ireland or Sweden or any other country. I've got to take hold. What is the lead?"

On this I meditated a long time. And in the end I decided it all lay in determination. A simple enough conclusion but it worked wonders.

Inside of a week I had mastered the routine of Mrs. Hawkins' kitchen, and she had ceased to follow me about explaining every little detail.

By this time I was beginning to worry a good deal about Benny. What was happening to him? How was he getting on? I took my first evening off to go back to the Y. W. C. A. and ask if there was any mail.

A small envelope, sealed, but without a stamp, was handed to me. It contained seven dollars and a slip of paper with the word "Thanks" on it in Benny's writing.

I turned quickly to the Secretary.

"When did this arrive?" I asked.

"Just after you left, a week ago. A gentleman brought it in."

"Did he leave any message?"

"No."

"Did he ask any questions?"

"No. Is there anything wrong? Can we help you in any way?"

I shook my head, choking down a hard lump in my throat, and went out, followed by a troubled look from the Secretary.

**T**HE next week was easier as far as the work went, but my heart simply would not be contented. I wanted to know what Benny was doing, and I wanted to know badly. Mrs. Hawkins had hardly a word to say to me. Twice I caught her staring at me in a puzzled, thoughtful way, and I gleefully told myself that it was because I was making good.

When Thursday night came I hurried over to the Y. W. C. A.

There was a letter from Benny, enclosing fifteen dollars:

DEAR KIT:

This isn't much—but I earned it. You were O. K. about me not being a real man. Hang on a bit longer if you can. It must be awfully dull for you, just sitting still and waiting. But I'm on the job—a real job; and I'll be hanged if there isn't some fun in it.

Yours,

B.

I could feel my heart pounding and my face flushing with pleasure. Quite happy, I went back and to bed, Benny's letter under my pillow as if it had been a love letter. The money I stowed away with the rest that I had saved.

**D**URING the next week I devised a way to make the strain of the family wash just half, by spreading it a lit-

tle more evenly. What is more, I went rather timidly to Mrs. Hawkins to know if I couldn't begin to learn to cook something. The good soul was quite taken aback and responded so enthusiastically, that for the next two or three weeks I had a hard time keeping my head above water and steady. But somehow I managed it. And wasn't it fun!

Then I began smuggling the cook books upstairs with me at night; and once, when Mrs. Hawkins was out, I gave the family a brand-new dish—done just right too, for a wonder. Their evident satisfaction in it made me fairly crazy with delight.

In the meantime I received three weekly letters from Benny, each enclosing twenty dollars. The first was very brief:

DEAR KIT:

Still at the "real man" stuff. Got a raise. Hope this will keep you from starving.

B.

The next letter was very different in tone and longer.

KITTY:

If you could see me going after this mazuma, I almost think you'd be ready to take a chance on me again. Lord, when I think of the mutt I was when you heaved me overboard, I wonder how you ever thought of taking me on at all. Say, do you know, I don't believe I'd go back to that hot sport stuff now, if I had the cash. Would you? Think it over, Kitty. Of course, you aren't seeing the things I am or feeling the satisfaction of *doing* something better than somebody else, and getting paid for it. But take it from your Uncle Dudley, *this* is the life. I'm getting mighty lonesome, though. Just as soon as I know just where I stand I'm coming gunning for you. Gee, I wish I dared now.

Your loving, reformed jellyfish,

B.

When I read that letter I not only thrilled, I cried, so people in the street stared at me; but I didn't care. Benny had done it all right. Ready to take a chance on him? Oh, I was readier at that moment than I had ever been, even when I was actually being married to him. When he came "gunning for me," he'd find I was ready all right. If I could only have reached him to tell him so.

**A**FTER that I was dreadfully lonesome. All my efforts with the cookery and so on, only half stifled the ache that had begun to grow. When the next letter came, I was ready to fly out of my skin:

Here's the little twenty, Kit. Got something on my mind. You may hear from me soon, if it works out right.

B.

Oh, why didn't he tell me his address? I wanted so to see him, and tell him all that had been growing in my heart. But now I had to take my own medicine, and it was no fun.

The next week the letter contained only five dollars, and it showed that something was worrying him:

DEAR KIT:

I've taken the leap, and this is all it has landed me. I hope you can scrape through on this. I'll send more in a day or two, if I can. I may have been a damned fool, but I'm not convinced yet.

Your loving,

BENNY.

(Continued on page 82)



# Fortunes are Going Begging

**Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for scenarios but can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.**

A SHORT time ago a Montana housewife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity. It was thrust on her. She was literally hunted out by a photoplay corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

This single incident gives some idea of the desperate situation of the motion picture companies. With millions of capital to work with; with magnificent mechanical equipment, the industry is in danger of complete paralysis because the public demands better stories—and the number of people who can write those stories are only a handful. It is no longer a case of inviting new writers; the motion picture industry is literally reaching out in every direction. It offers to every intelligent man and woman—to you—the home test which revealed unsuspected talent in this Montana housewife. And it has a fortune to give you if you succeed.

## Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has uncovered hidden photodramatists in all walks of life. With Malcolm McLean, formerly Professor of short-story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the happy idea of adapting the tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

The results have been phenomenal. In the recent J. Parker Read, Jr., competition all three prizes amounting to \$5,000 were awarded to students of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is

conducting this search by means of the Van Loan Questionnaire.

**THESE** are the leaders behind the search for screen writing talent. They form the Advisory Council of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Thomas H. Ince  
Thos. H. Ince  
Studios

Frank E. Woods  
Chief Supervising  
Director Famous  
Players-Lasky Corp.

Rex Ingram  
Director of "The  
Four Horsemen  
of the Apocalypse"

C. Gardner  
Sullivan  
Author and  
Producer

Allan Dwan  
Allan Dwan  
Productions

Lois Weber  
Lois Weber  
Productions, Inc.

Rob Wagner  
Author and  
Screen Authority

Jamer R. Quirk  
Editor and  
Publisher Photoplay  
Magazine

The experiment has gone far enough to prove conclusively (1) that many people who do not at all suspect their ability *can* write scenarios; and that (2) this free questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

An evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because

## Scores of Screen Stories are needed by producers

Scores of good stories could be sold at once, if they were available. The

Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell* photoplays to producers. Its Educational Department was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop screen writers whose stories it can sell.

Look over the list of leaders in the motion picture industry who form its advisory council. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story, and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story-tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

## You are invited to try; clip the coupon

The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of True Stories to take the Van Loan Questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you directly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The questionnaire is free and your request for it incurs no obligation on your part.

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, T. S. 5**  
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....



(Continued from page 80)

If he could only send me five dollars—believing as he did that I was dependent on him—what was he living on, poor boy? I shuddered as I remembered the way he had given me fifteen dollars and kept one—to give to the porter. That night, I cried on my pillow, I was so worried about him.

The next Thursday, there was no letter!

I FAIRLY staggered out of the place, and was just barely feeling my way along the dark, silent street.

Suddenly an automobile slid silently up to the curb beside me, and a man sprang out. In a flash he had me in the seat beside him, and the car was speeding up the street. I opened my mouth for a good scream, and then quite suddenly found that I was looking into the eyes of my own Benny!

He was grinning triumphantly at me. "Hello, Kit," was all he said; but his face told the rest that I wanted to know.

"Oh, Benny!" was all I answered, but I guess my voice and the way I clung to his arm told him all he wanted to know. For the next minute we had a clear street and the car was shooting forward in Benny's regular style. Neither of us said another word till we were well outside the city limits.

Then he stopped the car and held his arms out to me.

"Benny," I said, with my head nestled close against his cheek, "before you tell me a word, I want you to know that I take back all the unkind things I ever said. I love you, and I'll go with you anywhere, any time, any way, any how."

His arm drew me closer.

"Kit," he said, "you're the real thing. I don't deserve this; but I'm going to, if I can. Do you want to know what I've been doing?"

"Yes," I said. And I leaned a little closer. "Well," he said, "the only thing I really knew anything about was driving an automobile. So I went to the taxi company and got a job. It wasn't long before I saw that the thing that company's service needed was pep." He chuckled a little bit. "You remember I was always rather long on pep, especially with automobiles. Well, I started right out to give my passengers peppy service. Kitty, these folks here don't know what real driving is. Pretty soon I had a few of them sitting up and taking notice.

"THEN I got a hunch that I could capture more trade if I showed my passengers a way to recognize my car the next time. So I made up a little round sign about three inches across, 'We get you there,' and I showed that sign to every passenger I carried and my work soon almost doubled.

"Then I got the big idea: I ought to be working for myself. So I decided to take a chance.

"I pawned everything I had," he said, "and had my own car sent on here from the garage. Then I gave the taxi company the grand bounce and started in for myself. And Kit, already I'm earning more than I was for them.

"But that isn't all. Just as quick as I get a little capital together, I'm going to mortgage this car and buy another just like it. Then I'm going to

pick the best driver from that hick Taxi Company—I've got him spotted now—and start him in doing things in my style. Before you know it we'll be pushing the regulars off the map."

He paused a moment. Suddenly an idea flashed into my mind.

"Benny," I exclaimed eagerly, "you need some money to help you get started. Listen. I still have that thousand dollar check that made so much trouble. It would do some good."

I stopped. I could feel him catch his breath, and his whole body stiffened.

"Kit," he said, "I want to forget that check, if I ever can."

"I'm sorry," I said, and hugged him.

But I did want to see brains and pep like his get ahead, and another idea was buzzing in my mind.

"Listen, Benny," I said, "I've got ten thousand in my own name at home. Dad gave it to me for a wedding present, and I never thought of telling you before. We could use that."

But he shook his head.

"You don't understand, girl," he said in a low voice. "You made a man out of me; and I want to stay all man. Can't you trust me a little longer. Pretty soon I'll have enough to set up a pretty decent little home for a starter. I would have waited till I had it, but I just had to see you once, at least, to be sure I wasn't losing you. You'll wait, won't you?"

HIS voice was pretty choky, and I just about wanted to cry for love of him. But I didn't. Instead I said:

"But, Benny. I want to begin with you now. Why can't we? Two people can live together as cheaply as apart."

He swallowed hard. But shook his head.

"God, Kit, I wish we could; but we couldn't live on what I'm making. You see the rent and the food, and the servant, even if we only had one, would go way beyond what we're spending separately; and I couldn't save anything to expand the business." He squeezed my hand. "You wait a bit, Kitty. I'll manage it soon. Besides—we'll see each other—often. That'll make it bearable. I couldn't have gone on without knowing—how you felt."

Then I took his hand in mine and told him what I'd been doing, and how sure I was that I could now make a home for a real man; and I told him of the money I had saved, and said we could make a first payment on furniture with it, and—and then I couldn't say anything more, for Benny had me in his arms and was kissing me, and I could feel tears on my face that didn't come from my eyes either.

A week later we were in a cozy little house facing on a park, and happy is not the word to use to tell how we felt. We had been through enough of unhappiness to know that there was no word strong enough to express our state of mind during the first few weeks of our honeymoon—and still—and for a long time to come, I believe.

For I still can see Vera's eyes before me often when I go to bed at night; and now I can smile back into them, and say, "It's all right, little sister. You're going to spend your next vacation with us and some day you are going to help take care of—our babies."

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At last a new method has been evolved that makes it remarkably easy for you to play your favorite musical instrument—that enables you to master it within an amazingly short time. Without any musical education or special training, you can learn to play any kind of music, by NOTE. Even though you don't know the first thing about music at the start, you can become a finished musician within a remarkably short time. There are no numbers to follow or "trick methods" to apply. It is a rapid, efficient, scientific method that permits you to use the same notes as Kreisler, Paderewski, Galli-Curci, etc., etc.

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We will send you FREE a wonderful book which explains how to *test your own musical ability*. It is also filled with interesting information about the joy of music, how to learn both theory and practice, how music will open the door to the finer things in life, how it adds to your personal charm, how it enables you to make more friends, and how it can bring you success. It also tells you how automatic finger control can be gained, how to choose an instrument, how to get a Teachers' Certificate and many other interesting facts.

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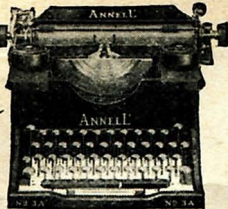
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## A Scrap of Paper

(Continued from page 48)

THE next morning when she woke up, she found the place beside her empty. "Oh, dear me!" she thought. "Here I've overslept because we were up so late last night, and Jake has had to get his own breakfast."

A glance at the table showed no soiled dishes, and a hurried look into the shed revealed an empty stall. Jake had gone with the horse and wagon. Feeling very remorseful about her breakfastless husband, Sarah Jane went slowly back to the kitchen; and there her eyes fell on the little slip of paper that changed all of life for her. It was a note tucked under a plate, and she read with unbelieving eyes:

DEAR SARAH JANE—

I'm called away real sudden, and I have to go. But just keep on believing that you'll see me again, because I'm sure coming back.

JAKE.

SHE stood dazed for a minute, swaying a little on her feet; then she crumpled up in a chair, and with her head on the kitchen table, sobbed her heart out in great, tearing sobs. Gone! Her Jake! The immensity of that fact crowded out the abruptness of his going, and the queeriness of it. She was conscious only of the aching loneliness in her heart, and the emptiness at her side.

The days that followed were pretty black for Sarah Jane. She was too proud to go to her parents, and the loneliness of her devoted little heart nearly killed her. She missed Jake in every move she made, and she was bewildered in her face to face struggle with want.

Once her parents heard of her, about a year after her marriage, from a friend who lived at Ridgeville.

"I don't believe that fellow that married your girl is doing very well," she said. "I hear she's taking in washing."

And then she was sorry she had spoken when she saw the look that came into the mother's face. The father's only set in sterner lines. They had planned to make a school teacher out of her.

SEVEN years passed by, and found Sarah Jane still waiting. They had been desperate, weary years, and she little realized that, should Jake return, he would scarcely recognize the thin, unattractive woman who had been the pretty girl he had left behind.

She kept absolutely to herself, shunning any attempt at friendliness on the part of the neighbors, until they withdrew. But she kept her faith in Jake. Whenever the emptiness became unbearable she would slip her little box of treasures from the corner of the bureau drawer, and read again the worn yellow piece of paper with the comforting words, "I'm sure coming back." Then she could go on with the empty days ahead, serene in the faith that he would keep his word.

She had moved to the outskirts of the nearby city that she might be closer to the people who needed washing done for them. But she had painted a little sign on the door of the old shack telling where she had gone. She hated her new environment. Her cottage was in a cluster of

poor little houses that nestled in the shadow of the big glue factory, and the odor was an all-enveloping twenty-four-hours-a-day affair. But that was why the rent was cheap, and Sarah Jane was very careful with her money. Her one joy in life was her growing stack of money.

"Think how surprised and pleased Jake will be when he finds I have enough for a little home," she thought many a time, as she filled her days with hard and weary work.

ONE day, as she was slipping a shawl over her head to go after the washing of some new people who had just moved into one of the new houses erected for the workmen employed in the factory, she heard two of her neighbors discussing her over the fence.

"Yes, ain't she the queerest thing? And they say she really thinks he's comin' back. You'd think she'd quit that by this time."

"Don't she never hear from him?"

"I dunno. Nobody does. Like as not he's in the pen for some crime he's committed. Land sakes! I smell my beans a-burnin'."

Sarah Jane's head went up.

"That's why I can't be friends with anybody. They say such mean things about Jake. They'd try to get me to believe them too. And I couldn't live if I didn't go on believing that he'll come back to me."

As she mounted the steps of the little house to which she was going, she sighed wistfully. It was so neat and cozy.

"Some day," the happy thought surged through her, "Jake and I will have a home like this."

After she had knocked she caught her breath sharply. A man on the other side of the door was evidently addressing his wife.

"Now be quick about giving me my dinner, and don't be gassing with the neighbors."

"How queer," she said to herself, "I didn't know there could be another voice so much like Jake's in the world."

THEN the door opened.

"Oh, yes, you're the woman who's come after the wash. I've got it right here behind the door." And the woman pushed the basket out to her. Then she turned back into the kitchen. "Say, Jake, did you put your last shirt in here?"

Sarah Jane trembled and shrank back at the sound of that familiar name. Slowly, fearfully, she raised her eyes to the man who came out on the porch, wolfing huge bites from a bread-and-butter sandwich he held.

For the second time in her life, her world went black before her. But she steadied herself with a great effort and looked again, unable to take in the significance of what she saw. For there stood her Jake, in another woman's home, eating another woman's bread. She saw the same black hair pushed back from his forehead, the hard, sullen lines that had become permanent in his face, the once

(Continued on page 86)



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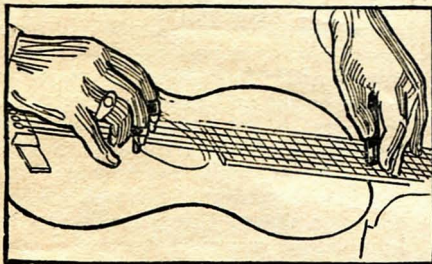
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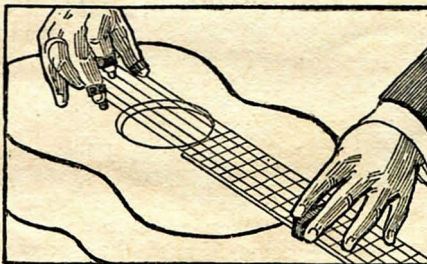
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(Continued from page 84)

handsome mouth and chin that showed all their weakness now.

He suddenly turned and looked at her. She held her breath and tried to control her violent trembling. But no look of recognition crossed his face. He hadn't known her. And then she realized what had happened to her while she was waiting for him.

His wife came out again to add something to the laundry.

"You look real poorly," she was saying. "Judy, you come and help her down the steps with the clothes."

AT her call a twelve-year-old girl came into the room, with Jake's eyes and hair and good-looking mouth. So he had belonged to them before he had to her.

"Oh, no, no," cried Sarah Jane stumbling down the stairs. Somehow she groped her blind way home, shut the door of her little house behind her, and leaned against it for a long time, staring straight ahead of her. At last she crept to the bureau, drew out the little yellow paper, and read again:

DEAR SARAH JANE—

I'm called away real sudden, and I have to go. But just keep on believing that you'll see me again, because I'm sure coming back.

JAKE.

Slowly, bit by bit, she tore up the piece of paper that had been the strength of her life.

Jake had come back.

## The Green-Eyed Monster

(Continued from page 28)

I tried to rest, to pull myself together—it wasn't fair to my patient to undertake an operation with unsteady nerves. As the morning went by and nothing unusual happened, I began to relax, and by the time my patient was ready for the table I had gained control of myself.

I was just about to begin the operation when the door flew open and my wife stood before us. She gave my assistant a glance, then quickly crossing the room, rudely shoved her away.

"Get out of here!" she cried. "I'll assist my husband in his operation."

For a moment it seemed to me as if my heart would cease to beat. Before me lay a patient whose life was in my hands; beside me stood the nurse with the necessary implements to make the operation a success.

With a calmness such as I had never before known, I asked the two doctors present to take my wife out. I'll frankly confess it took them both to do it, and during the remainder of the operation they kept her out. How—I never had the courage to ask.

WHEN the operation was finished I simply collapsed. Mrs. Gibson got me into a chair and gave me a stimulant. "I understand, Doctor," she said quietly. "I'll leave the office."

"You'll go against my will if you do," I answered truthfully.

"I'll do whatever you wish," Mrs. Gibson said. "You know there are no grounds for her accusation, and to leave after what she said before the doctors this morning would be ruinous to my reputation."

I agreed she couldn't afford to leave, and we resolved to make the best of whatever came.

The best, however, proved to be more than either my assistant or I could stand.

My wife found she could make Mrs. Gibson very uncomfortable in a number of ways. She dropped in at the office unexpectedly, sometimes several times a day, quite obviously in order to trap us. Sometimes she would sit there hour after hour watching the nurse's every move with suspicious eyes.

One day I came upon her taking possession of Mrs. Gibson's desk. My assis-

tant remonstrated, but nothing would move my wife. I tried to explain to her the necessity of keeping records in order. But she would only see that I was defending the "other woman"—and a violent scene followed.

I talked and reasoned until there was nothing left to talk or reason about. Only the removal of Mrs. Gibson from my office, she declared over and over, would satisfy her.

I REALIZED at that time I no longer loved her—what I had loved never really existed—but past experience told me a separation with her would mean a loss of my boy as well, and I couldn't tear myself away from him. How anything sweet, bright and sunny could ever have been created by such a woman, is even yet beyond my comprehension, so I clung to my boy by night, notwithstanding the continuous ravings of my wife, and clung to my assistant through the day amid humiliating scenes that seemed greater than I could bear.

Mrs. Gibson was a strong character and, as I said before, my patients adored her. Consequently, my wife found it no easy matter to oust her, but her presence forever in the office and her constant sneers finally began to have weight. Both my assistant and I felt the strain. I lost my appetite, my nerves gave way, and I realized I was no longer capable of trusting my hand with a surgical knife. Mrs. Gibson lost the cheery disposition that had created such a pleasant atmosphere in our office; our patients felt it, too, and we both realized our business was slipping away. Time and again we tried to talk it over, but never could we have a five-minutes' conversation uninterrupted by my wife.

THINGS kept going from bad to worse until one morning in sheer desperation I called Mrs. Gibson into the operating-room and locked the door behind her in the hope of planning some way to save ourselves. It was the only opportunity my wife had ever had to accuse us of secret action. Consequently, when we came out we found her in the main hall, raving like a lunatic—shrieking to everybody who

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came by that she had at last caught us—that her suspicions had been correct—that the woman posing as my nurse was no more than a harlot.

With that accusation, all the pent-up wrath that I had endured for the years of my married life seemed to break from me. I felt as though I should shake the intolerable lie from her very lips. But pride—a heritage that was mine by birth—prevented my doing so. I did, however, clap my hand over her mouth and bodily carry her downstairs, then thrust her into a car and drove home. For the first time in my life I held the floor. When she raved I out-raved her; if she stamped her feet I jumped straight up and down—she had at last made a demon, such as she was herself, of me.

When I went back to the office, Mrs. Gibson was packing up her belongings—she couldn't stand the strain any longer—she was going to her sister's for a much-needed rest. I didn't try to keep her—I couldn't after what had happened.

**A**FTER she left I tried to pull myself together; common sense told me my career in that city was over; stern experience told me I could judge the future by the past, and the outlook was anything but pleasant. For once my manhood forsook me—I never wanted to see again the woman who had ruined my business as well as my life. I locked the office door and got into my car, neither thinking nor caring where I went; I drove on and on until at the close of the second day I found myself at the barnyard gate of my boyhood home.

In my sorrow I had unconsciously gone back to my mother. Into her sympathetic ears I poured out the horrible story of what a living hell I had gone through, and of my desire for freedom.

"Think seriously, son," she said when I had finished. "Only death can free you, and there's not a possible chance of your getting the boy."

**A**T the mention of my son a lump rose in my throat, for suddenly I realized as I had never done before, how much he meant to me.

There was no alternative—I couldn't live without my boy, and I couldn't live with him without the mother—so I determined to start all over again, and this time be master of my own soul at least.

A few days later I went home, and, to my surprise, found my wife ill with anxiety over me.

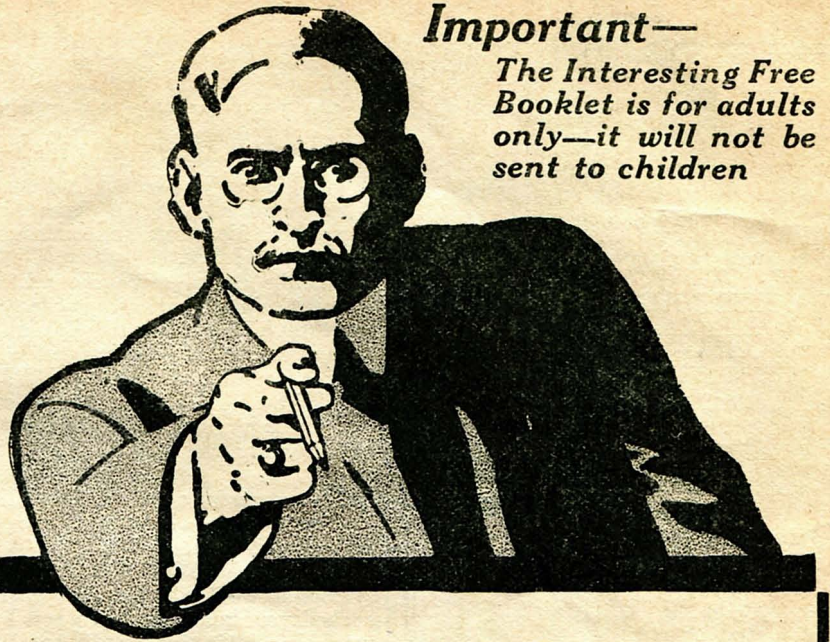
When I came in she threw her arms around me, and sobbing like a child, said:

"I never realized, until I feared I had lost you, how terrible I was. But since I know," she said in a tone of submission I'd never heard her use before, "won't you give me a chance to redeem myself?"

**T**EN years have passed away since then, and today I have a growing practice, due in a great degree to Mrs. Gibson's unwavering faith in my ability, and her tireless efforts to rebuild the business my wife had destroyed by her temper. The only redeeming feature of all the misery I've lived through is the fact that my son speaks of his home today as a haven of rest.

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## Held By Hate

(Continued from page 25)

a time I lay watching him silently, conscious of little as yet save that from head to foot I seemed one great pain. Mateo lay beside me, also bound, but conscious; I wondered idly why Ramon had not completed his work and slain him. I was soon to know.

"Awake again, *muchacho mio*? That is well," said the half-breed at last, speaking the plain, unaccented English which always seemed to be his pride in his intercourse with Caucasians. "That is well," he repeated, "for I have work to do, you know, and Ramon's time in any one place is never long."

HE paused for a moment, then in that same tone of hateful pleasantry, addressed Mateo.

"You see, it is like this, Mateo. The *muchacho* wouldn't tell me where you cached your nuggets, and when I said I would break his toes, one by one, until he changed his mind, the young devil kicked me in the face and ran. For that kick I have already paid him—partly. Now, as it happens, I have him again—and you! Yes, and you, Mateo—that part of it means much. The boy still has a tongue to speak with, also toes to break! Will he speak? I do not know." But you, Mateo—what of you? He is your friend, the *muchacho*, is he not? See—I seize his foot—so! Where is your cache, Mateo? Will you tell? No? Lie there then, and watch me work!"

"Stop—you!" gasped Mateo, in his guttural English—well I know he had only paused to frame the words always so difficult to his tongue. "Stop! I tell—I give all. No hurt *muchacho*!"

Ramon released my foot, laughing lightly, and arose.

"I thought so," he said. "That is settled, then—all but one thing."

THEN he passed his hand over his lips, swollen from the kick of my calloused little heel, and the mirth left his face.

"For that," he snarled, "take this!"

The brute struck me savagely on the jaw, and I tasted blood upon my tongue. Poor Mateo writhed in his bonds, and muttered vain oaths deep in his throat. Ramon waited a moment, then kicked us both impartially as we lay.

"Get up," he commanded, and smiled in his wolfish way as if in anticipated enjoyment of the difficulty we must have in obeying his order, bound as we were.

Clenching his jaws, I strove to gain my knees. I made but a single movement. "You dog! Drop that gun! Hold up your hands!"

It was my father who spoke. He had come upon us silently through the underbrush, and stood now ten yards away, his rifle at his hip, his face drawn and gray.

"Drop that gun!" he said again.

Ramon did not obey. He had courage enough in his murderous heart. The muscles of his face grew rigid, but there was no tremor in his voice as he spoke. He knew my father well. "Señor," he said, "the *muchacho* is your son?"

My father did not answer.

"Señor," said Ramon again, "do you

note where my pistol is pointing?"

I had already noted. As he stood over me, the hand that held the cocked revolver hanging by his side, the muzzle of the weapon was pointed directly at my body.

"Señor," for the third time the bandit spoke, "if you so much as move an eyelash, I pull the trigger!"

A moment of silence; then my father's voice again, cold and hard.

"Ramon," he said, very quietly, "if you hurt the boy I'll get you the next instant. I'll not kill you—you know how I can shoot—but I'll disable you. Then I and my brothers"—two other men had joined him now—"will tie you fast to the willows, and I'll burn you alive! I will—so help me Heaven!"

AGAIN a moment of that breathless silence. Then Ramon's voice, calm, defiant.

"What, then, shall I do?"

"Drop your gun. Give yourself up. You can't escape. The Peterson and Illingsworth boys are above, the sheriff himself is at the Middle Bridge. He wants you for the Rieger killing. You haven't a chance."

Ramon's rigid figure seemed suddenly to quiver with fury. The hand that held the pistol leaped upward. His voice was a snarling shriek.

"That for you, then!" he screamed.

He fired, I cannot say with what aim, for as he stiffened with the beast-like suggestion of a coming spring, I had writhed suddenly upward, bound as I was, and now flung myself against his knees. He crashed down upon me, cursing. Something—I did not know if it were leg or arm—rasped across my mouth, and I bit savagely, thrilling with brute joy to feel my sharp teeth sink into the flesh. I heard him curse again—then there was a rush of feet, a sound of struggling, deep-drawn breaths, a sudden confusion of many voices uttering words quickly spoken but low-toned, interrupted by pauses that I know now were due to strenuous, struggling effort. There was a trampling around and over me, and in the midst of it all someone's heavy boot must have struck forcibly my already sorely battered head. Then the confusion about me died swiftly, and I floated away to oblivion.

WHEN I came back to the world again we were still on the hillside, but now it was Ramon who lay, bound and bruised, on the spot where Mateo had so lately lain. The Indian was sitting up on a stump nearby, blinking stolidly with gloomy eyes at the bandit. Then I realized that I was cradled like a baby in my father's arms, and he was looking down at me with something that looked almost like tears in his eyes. He was strangely white and his hands trembled.

"Daddy!" I said.

He glanced toward me for the fraction of a second, then turned his face away, his hand going to his throat as if he were choking. The sheriff came up and patted his shoulder with rough kindness.

"Brace up, old man—the boy's all right. And that whelp tied up there is worth three thousand to you two!"



## To Err Is Human

(Continued from page 60)

hold it in a warm clasp for a long time.

Gradually he became stronger and was able to take short walks. One day he asked for my company on one of his walks. A strange feeling came over me. I felt I could go to the world's end with him. We wandered quite a distance from the hospital tents. He held my arm tightly, but I could feel him tremble. I, too, shook from head to foot. Suddenly he stopped, reached for me roughly, covered my face, neck and hair with his burning kisses. I forgot all, and surrendered myself to him, totally, wholly.

**P**ASSION held me in its grip. I was blinded with it—nothing else mattered. This was the love I had hungered for—this man loved me as I wanted to be loved. Then slowly my reason returned to me. God! what had I done? I was still the wife of John Ensel.

As full realization came, I turned and fled. My soldier lover could not, in his weakened condition, overtake me. I was conscious-stricken and unable to forget. And I remained out of his sight until I was transferred to other quarters.

Then came the awful time when I realized I was to become a mother. I thought of John. If he had only given me the love I was entitled to this would never have happened. Wasn't he partly to blame?

When I was discharged and got back to America I determined to learn the truth about John's feeling toward me, and tell the truth. I longed to bare my heart and soul to him, no matter what happened.

**I** FOUND him alone. He came toward me with arms outstretched, but I would not let him touch me until, brokenly, between sobs, I had told him all. He led me to my favorite chair, then looked into my tear-stained face and said:

"Little girl, I never knew how much you meant to me until you disappeared. God alone knows how lonely I have been—how I have longed for your sweet presence. I guess it must be love that has awakened me. You know I am a proud man, dear, so I quietly informed all our friends that the gay life we had been leading told upon you and that physicians ordered a change of climate and complete quiet and rest. And I prayed God that you would sometime come back.

"My lonely, empty life has revealed to me that love, which I always thought was foolish, is the greatest thing in life. I came to realize that you are a part of me. I need you, love you and want you always. Your child shall bear my name, and the world shall never know."

**I**S it any wonder I remember that speech word for word? Think of what it meant to me, to be lifted from disgrace and to find love.

My child was born a few months later. She bears a strong resemblance to me and none of her soldier father's features are to be traced. I read his name in the casualty list some time later.

Could any woman fail to love a man as I now love my husband—a man so big and noble? Love is ours to keep now, and I feel that God has forgiven me for my great mistake.



## How One Girl Brought Joy and Happiness into the Lives of Others

The True Story of How Helen overcame Natural Shyness and Soon Became the Most Popular Girl in her Town

**I** USED to dread meeting new people for fear that they would not like me; consequently, instead of **overcoming** my shyness—it grew upon me, and I reached young ladyhood firmly convinced that I would always be unpopular.

I had the mistaken impression that one must be the "wittiest of the witty," possess an inexhaustible fund of general knowledge—in short **dominate** every gathering and impress others with one's importance:

But, oh, what a wrong impression I had and how fortunately for me that I soon realized my mistaken viewpoint and discovered the road to popularity and happiness—both for myself and others.

### How I Discovered My Secret of Popularity

First I asked myself **who** were the most popular people in our town, then I figured out just "why" they were popular. There was Tom Randall, one of the most popular boys in our set. His outstanding claim to social success was his ability to play the piano remarkably well. But Tom had spent much money and many years of tedious practice to attain his present state of accomplishment. So for me popularity by the piano route was out of the question. Next in order came Hazel Dawning whose talent lay in vocal accomplishment. Besides a charming, sweet disposition, she had a very clear medium voice, sang in the church choir and was well liked and invited everywhere. But there again entered the elements of expense and time which made success along these lines prohibitive for me.

Then there was Dick Bradley and Emily Nash, the best dancers in town. At every dance they were the most conspicuous figures but otherwise not overly popular.

Last came Blanche Smith, a clever story-teller whose specialty was elocution. But here again entered the element of money and long study. I then realized that these boys and girls

### Each Did One Thing Well

Also that they **contributed** to the pleasure and happiness of others.

Therefore, I determined to look around and find something that I could do well and **quickly** that would contribute to the pleasure of others while bringing happiness to me. At the same time I could not but be impressed with the fact that some form of **music** was the medium through which four out of five members of our set had attained popularity and that of these Tom Randall, who played the piano, was the **most popular**. I laid this to the fact that Tom actually **contributed more** to the happiness of others, because he played for their entertainment, played for some to sing and played for others to dance.

Then one day I was reading True Story Magazine, when on turning the page, there right before my very eyes, appeared the words that were nearest to my heart—"How to Become Popular."

And I eagerly read, "If you expect to be sought after, invited to parties, to be a leader in your particular set, the answer is very simple. Your popularity and leadership will be in exact proportion to what you yourself can **contribute** to the general entertainment."

"Have you ever noticed that **popular** girls and fellows are **popular** because they are good entertainers, because they are good company, and that therefore their companionship is sought?"

"Be popular. It's easy. Learn to play a Ukulele, the enchanting musical instrument that originated first on the sunny Hawaiian Islands and is now captivating people all over the world."

"Through our Home Study Course you can easily and quickly learn to play the enchanting chords and sweet strains of the Hawaiian Ukulele in a few simple lessons."

Then I learned that the entire course was very inexpensive and that they would give me a genuine Ukulele **FREE** and best of all that I could pay for it on convenient terms, only four dollars down and two dollars a month thereafter until paid.

I sent my first payment at once and could hardly wait for my Ukulele to arrive. Soon it came and what a beauty it was. And the lessons! How perfectly simple and easy to learn. Just think of it. By the time I had received my third lesson I was able to play tunes, chords and accompaniments. Then I quickly learned all the new popular airs, the old heart songs, and how to "rag" dance music.

### Almost Immediately I became more popular

My friends began to invite me out more and more. I was kept busy attending dinner and card parties, church socials, dances, canoe trips, jolly picnics and outings, and always came the request, "Be sure and bring your Hawaiian Ukulele, and I always did."

Going around so much, I constantly met new and interesting people, and was often the honored guest at exclusive parties to which formerly I would not have been invited.

Also where before I had been an embarrassed "wall-flower" and forced to spend lonely evenings at home, all my time is now greatly in demand.

And the remarkable fact to me is that previously I hardly knew one tune from another, did not have an "ear" for music, while now in only a few short weeks I have a new accomplishment and unbelievable as it seems to me, I am called the most popular girl in our town.

### Hawaiian Institute of Music

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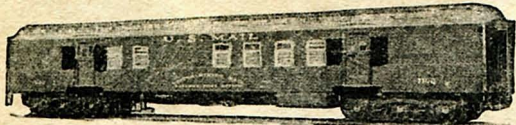
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Walter Mishaal Barry

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\$100,000.00 Business**

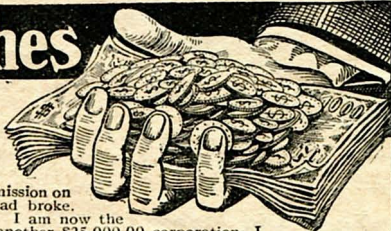
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## A Bachelor Husband

(Continued from page 21)

been a Western girl I would not have hesitated to ask her, for I saw a good deal of her now; but I felt that she would resent any prying curiosity on my part.

Major Davis was a devoutly religious man and the whole family drove to church every Sunday morning, rain or shine.

On the first Sunday after her return, Caroline went to church. But when the next Sunday morning came around and the Major called up the stairs and asked if she were ready, she called back over the balustrade, "I am not going to church, Grandfather, I want to stay at home and work."

Anticipating a family quarrel over this announcement, I hastened to absent myself from the room below.

TEN minutes later from the porch of the new house, I saw the family carriage drive off without Miss Caroline.

I was half hoping that she might come over to the new house. When she did not make her appearance I went back to the old residence and resumed my reading in the living-room.

Presently I heard her step, rather timidly, I thought, on the stair. I glanced about a moment later and saw her standing a little distance from me. She held some sheets of white cardboard before her, and her face was suffused with blushes.

"If I'm not interrupting," she said, "I thought that maybe you might be able to tell me what is the matter with this drawing—"

"I might," I said, as I arose, "that is, if it happens to be a drawing of a house."

"But it isn't a house," said Caroline, mournfully, still shielding her drawing, "it's supposed to be a burglar blowing up a safe, but I never saw a burglar blow up a safe and—and it looks like—it looks awful."

"It looks very neat," I smiled, "from this side," for I was still seeing only the blank face of the cardboard.

She edged around to the table near which I stood. "I've been trying to get up courage for a week to show you some of my drawings—in fact, I stayed at home from church today just to do so. I know they are funny—but if you laugh the least bit I'll hate you till I die—so now!" and she threw the drawing on the table and backed away as if she was afraid I might strike her.

I WANTED to laugh and I wanted to jump up and down and wave my arms and shout—and I wanted to catch Caroline in my arms and kiss her. For in that moment I fell over the precipice I had long been skirting, fell head over heels, abysmally, hopelessly in love. But the external and apparent thing I did was to look very straight-faced and critically at the drawing and began to talk about perspective, and tones and high lights and brushwork. And then the secret I had been waiting for came out into the full light of the June day. Caroline wanted to be an illustrator. And she had set her heart on going to New York to study, and make her way.

(Continued on page 92)



# Wonderful New Complexion Clay Unmasks Your Hidden Beauty!

**Famous Beauty Specialist Tells  
How Marvelous New Discovery  
Gives Almost Instant Beauty to  
the Complexion**

**B**ENEATH the most unsightly complexion, beneath the most persistent black-heads and pimples and blemishes, there is a skin as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! Every woman has a beautiful complexion, and she can find it at once if she will only remove the film of dust and dead skin-scales that are clogging and stifling the pores.

The face is a mass of interwoven muscular fibers overlaid with soft, delicate membranes called the skin. These membranes expel acids and impurities, and are provided by nature with millions of tiny pores for the purpose. When dust clogs up these pores, or when the use of wrong creams or powders stifle them, the acids and impurities *remain in the skin*. They form blackheads, pimples, blemishes.

Plastering the skin with harmful cosmetics will not correct this condition. This will only clog the pores even more and aggravate the blemishes. The skin will become harsh, colorless, unattractive. Massage may clear the pores temporarily, but it will *stretch* the skin and cause it to droop and wrinkle.

Yet under the most unwholesome disfigurements, under the most coarse and sallow skin, there is exquisite beauty! Remove the dead scales on the surface, remove the blemishes and impurities beneath the surface—and the complexion will be left soft and smooth, tingling with the freshness of youth and beauty!

## **This New Discovery Clears and Beautifies the Skin at Once**

Science has found that there is only one natural, scientific way to remove the blemishes and impurities *at once*, revealing the beautiful complexion underneath. A wonderful new discovery actually accomplishes this in a few minutes. Almost while you wait the hidden beauty of your complexion is brought to the surface!

This new discovery has been given the most appropriate name of Complexion Clay. It is not a cosmetic; it is not a skin-tonic. You do not have to wait for results. The soft, pliant, cream-like clay is applied to the face with the finger tips. It dries and hardens. And as it hardens, it draws out every skin impurity with gentle firmness. When it is removed, the skin beneath is found to be smooth and clear and beautiful.

## **How the Complexion Clay Works**

Never before has the attainment of a smooth, clear complexion been as simple, as instantaneous as now. Complexion Clay is one of the most amazing discoveries known to science and chemistry. It is a preparation of wonderful potency, and it brings new life and youth to every skin cell and pore.

Complexion Clay does not cover up or hide the defects. It removes them—at once. When the fine, delicately-scented clay is applied every pore in the skin hungrily absorbs the nourishing skin food it contains. There is a cool, tingling sensation as the clay dries and hardens. And as it hardens you will feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, giving up the impurities that clogged them, freeing themselves of the self-poisons that caused the pimples and blackheads.



*The marvelous new Complexion Clay removes all blemishes and impurities as though they were some useless mask, and the wholesome, youthful beauty of the complexion is revealed underneath. It does not cover up blemishes. It removes them—AT ONCE.*

The clay remains on the face only a short time. You may read or relax while the beauty mask is doing its work—you may even go about your household tasks. A warm towel applied to the face will soften the clay and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And as it comes off, every blemish and impurity will come off with it, every blackhead and pimplehead will vanish in the magical clay! The skin beneath will be left as soft and smooth and satiny as a child's.

## **Our Guarantee Backed By Million-Dollar Bank**

We guarantee Complexion Clay to be a preparation of marvelous potency—and a beautifier that is absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. This guarantee of satisfaction to every user is backed by a deposit of \$10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia, which insures the return to any purchaser the total amount paid for Complexion Clay if the results are unsatisfactory or if our statements in this announcement in any way misrepresent this wonderful, new discovery.

## **FREE Trial Offer**

Every woman owes it to herself to try this remarkable new Complexion Clay, to see for herself how beautiful her complexion can really be, to bring her own charming youthfulness to the surface. As this preparation cannot be obtained anywhere but direct from Domino House, we are making the very special offer of sending a jar on free trial to any one sending the coupon below to us at once.

Don't send any money—just the coupon with your name and address. A jar of Complexion Clay will be sent to you promptly. Pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus the few cents postage) when it is in your hands. This special reduced price is made for introductory purposes for a short time only. The regular price is \$3.50—but if you take advantage of this offer at once you pay only \$1.95 (plus postage) and in addition you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after the first application.

Take advantage of our special free-to-you door offer. Mail this coupon at once, and get your jar of Complexion Clay before the present supply is exhausted. Many will have to be kept waiting. Mail the coupon NOW! Address Domino House, Dept. 245, 267 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Domino House, Dept. 245,  
267 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

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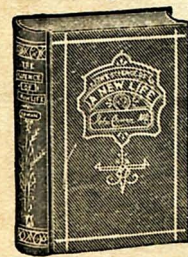
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(Continued from page 90)

The objection on the part of the grandfather came about, not because of any serious quarrel with art, but over Caroline's ideas of going to the Metropolis unchaperoned and living among the artists of New York's Bohemia. The old Major had long been of the opinion that New York was populated by stock gamblers, cotton speculators, chorus girls, Russian anarchists, negro graduates of Harvard, and other works of the devil. And he set his foot down most immovably on his granddaughter's proposed career.

**I** LOVED the old Major, but now I was in love with the girl, and with her ambition, even though a bit doubtful as to her ability—so there was no question in my mind as to which side of the family argument I should espouse. But I had three months' work on the house yet, and certainly I did not want Caroline away that summer.

Although I had been invited by Caroline into the secret of her ambition, she gave me to understand that I was to say nothing of her drawings in the presence of the others, though on the subject of the painting and decoration of the Major's house we could talk art openly and above board.

So, with our two arts as themes for comradeship, the one open and the other clandestine, Caroline and I made rapid strides in acquaintance, and my hopes grew as the weeks passed. But they were hopes only, and I was none too confident. She was friendly, but nothing more, and at times I still sensed that I was a Yankee outlander, and not exactly considered by Caroline—certainly not considered at all by her aunts—upon a basis of social equality.

**B**UT by the time the house was within a month of being complete I had worked up enough courage at last to propose to Caroline—and she turned me down.

"I'm sorry," she said, and her voice bespoke the truth of her words, "that you have taken our friendship in that way. You see, I don't want to be married. I thought you would understand that because of my ambitions, because I want to devote all my time to my art."

"But surely," I said, "you will marry some time."

"I hardly think so," she replied. "I only like men as friends, and it frightens me to think of them as husbands."

"Perhaps you feel that way because you have never been in love."

"Oh, but I have," she returned quickly, "and that is why I know I don't want to marry."

This was something I had not anticipated. She had seemed so indifferent to her many local admirers that I had assumed she had never had a serious love affair. But now at the hint of some tragic romance I found myself speechless. I had no idea of what manner of man he might have been, or what was the nature of the affair that had embittered her against marriage. Nor did she make further confession or encourage me to probe.

**S**O I left her that night a rejected suitor, wishing heartily that I had delayed

my proposal until the eve of my departure.

It was Caroline who the next evening cleverly relieved us from the bondage of embarrassment. "Let's pretend," she said, "that you hadn't asked me to marry you, because if we don't we are both going to be miserable, and it's been so splendid to have you help and encourage me when no one else does."

"I'll try to pretend," I replied gallantly. "To spoil our friendship would be a crime, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would be terrible. If marriage wasn't such a serious thing," laughed Caroline, "I think I would marry you just to keep from losing your friendship."

"I have heard," I replied, trying to speak in lighter vein, "that it is sometimes a very good way to lose it."

"That's what I am afraid of," said Caroline, "that is, it's one thing I am afraid of, but there are other things too, rather terrible things—but I don't like to think of it. Let's talk of something else."

In the days that followed Caroline and I did the best we could to get back upon the ground of our previous friendship, and with a very creditable degree of success. But of two subjects that most concerned us we no longer spoke. One was of the nearing completion of the house and my leaving, and the other was of her own desire to go to New York and study art.

She assumed, I think, that I would return to St. Louis, from whence I came. But I had no intention of doing that. When I received my final payments from Major Davis for my work on his house, I would have about six thousand dollars and would be entirely free from business engagements and responsibilities.

I had long realized that my own professional training was only a makeshift at best, and that I ought to go East—which, of course, meant New York—and supplement by self-directed education there. But I had never mentioned it to Caroline. And then when she refused to marry me and said she did not love me, I couldn't talk of my going to New York because it would only seem to be an effort to use it as a bait to win that which I had failed to win without it. So I kept my secret and cherished the hope that she would find a way to go alone and that I could there renew my friendship and perhaps win her love.

**T**HEN came the twentieth day of August, Caroline's birthday. There was to be a party and a dance in the ballroom of the new house, "A sort of preliminary house-warming," as the Major said. "Because it is so infernally big that we couldn't warm it all up at once."

There was a guest of honor, too, Colonel Sanders, Caroline's maternal grandfather. He came down from Little Rock for the birthday party.

The fact that I do not dance has often been a matter of humiliation to me, but never did I suffer from this handicap as I did on that evening. As the architect of the great house wherein the dance was held and with Caroline pushing me into the midst of things, I could not escape but had to make the best of it, and



worry through like a muzzled dog in a free-for-all dog fight.

Again the music started and I looked up, expecting to see Caroline glide across the floor in the arms of another man—but no, she was not dancing. Then as the other dancers began whirling by, Caroline came straight toward me.

"This is your dance," she said, "I've been trying for two hours to escape. Now take me away quick before they capture me."

WE walked out on the long veranda and down through the great grove of gum trees. When the receding lights were blinking rather dimly through the tree trunks she turned to me. "I am going to kiss you," she announced, "on the cheek—because I'm so happy I've got to kiss somebody—"

I was too astonished to do otherwise than receive the offered kiss quite meekly.

"There now," she laughed, "you think I'm awful, don't you; and don't you ever let me do it again, but you see I'm twenty-one years old and Grandfather Sanders gave me a check for five hundred dollars as a birthday present—and I am going to use it to go to New York!"

"Really."

"Yes, honest Injun—but it's to be a secret, of course."

"When are you going?"

"Not for a month or two, I must stay and help the folks get moved into the new house and break it in with some more parties, and entertain all the kinsfolk once around. But I don't mind that now, because you see it's my own money to do as I please with and I am going to New York, really, truly, cross my heart and hope to die if I don't."

I wanted to tell her that I was going to New York also, and that we would go together. But time and Fate seemed to be working on my side and I was afraid to try to hurry them.

In the week that followed, Caroline radiated joy at every step.

OUR great secret was a burden, though, for we were afraid that it would be revealed on our faces, or rather I was afraid that the watchful aunts might misread it for another secret that I would much have preferred to be hiding. But the secret must be kept, for the grandfather from Little Rock had given her the check without proclaiming his gift, and she had gone to town and deposited the five hundred in a bank that her Grandfather Davis did not patronize.

About ten days after her birthday party, Caroline's nineteen-year-old brother Orville took her out driving one evening and nothing was said about where they were going.

The next morning at breakfast, I sensed that something was wrong. The radiant joy had vanished from her face and I thought her eyes showed signs of recent tears. Orville, too, was looking rather depressed, but he had been looking that way for some time and I would have thought nothing of it had it not been for the fact that Caroline was so obviously worried and unhappy.

FOR some days she seemed to avoid me and spent much of her time alone in

her studio, but I could see that she was making no progress with her drawing and that joy and hope had fled. My efforts to show my sympathy only seemed to pain her.

One evening, as some neighbors were being shown the new house, I saw Caroline slip away and stroll off down among the gum trees. As soon as I could escape from the others I followed her, determined to ask again the cause of her unhappiness and insist upon an answer.

When I came up to her she did not turn away, but merely looked up at me, her eyes swimming with tears, and then started walking down the path with me at her side. We went through the grove and followed up along an old roadway to a hill, from the brow of which one could see the Mississippi in the distance.

I sat down on a little knoll and Caroline sat down near me. Neither of us had spoken, and now without a word she flung herself upon the grass and burst out sobbing. I did not molest her, nor attempt to say meaningless words of comfort about a sorrow that I could not fathom.

PRESENTLY she sat up and wiped her eyes. "Crying won't solve it," she said. "Nothing will solve it, nothing can ever solve it, but something will help, and that's money—will you give me three hundred dollars—and not ask what it's for?"

"I will give you three thousand if you want it," I replied fervently. "I would give you three hundred thousand if I had it—and not ask what it was for."

"But I only want three hundred—when can I have it?"

"Right now." It so happened that I had more than that amount with me as the next day was pay day for my men. I could send to town in the morning for more. So I drew out my billbook and counted out the money.

Caroline sat there watching me and said not a word. I handed her the money and she took it and slipped it into her waist. "There, I've done it," she cried. "To ask for and to take that money was the hardest thing I ever did in my life."

"To give it was the easiest thing I ever did," I replied.

"But to forget to wonder why I asked for it will be hard?"

"Yes, it will be harder, but I will try my best to do it. There, I have already forgotten. . . . Do you see the wonderful rosy tint which lines that thunderhead off there over the river?"

"I'll try to see it. . . . Oh, but I can't, and I don't care, I haven't any pride left and I am going to tell. I want to tell you, so don't stop me. The money is for Orville; he's in trouble, and not the first time either. The other time Grandfather paid, but he told him it would be the last time, and Orville knew he meant it, and yet he went right on. It's just one of those creatures back in the bluffs—and her people want a thousand dollars. Orville only had two hundred and I gave him my five hundred—but they won't wait for the rest. If that girl's father doesn't get his full thousand by Monday morning he is going to town and see the judge and start proceedings and try to make Orville marry the girl."



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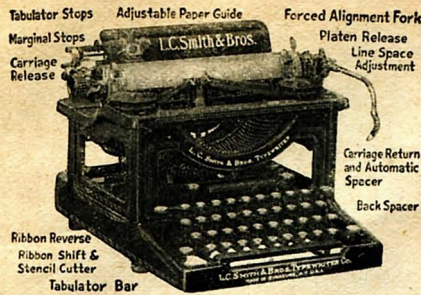
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DESPITE my love for Caroline I rather revolted at the story. "Do you mean," I asked, "that the payment of the thousand will end the matter?"

"Oh, yes," replied Caroline, "it will end it as far as this one is concerned, and he promised me faithfully that there would never be another."

"But will the girl and her people be satisfied to drop things for money?"

"Why, of course. Orville has seen a lawyer and they are to sign off and that will end it."

"But I don't like the system," I said.

"Do you think I like it?" cried Caroline. "But what can a girl do—all men are that way—and now maybe you can guess why I don't want to marry."

"I think I understand," I said.

"Yes, you say that," replied Caroline. "Any man can say that, but you don't, you can't understand how it hurts when a girl first finds it out. I told you I had been in love; I was only seventeen and I didn't know. And then someone told me. There was a woman, an octo-ron—thank God, Orville hasn't come to that yet. The man I had promised to marry was paying her attention—and money—regularly, while he was engaged to me. I accused him and he didn't deny it, but just damned the person that had told me—and said that all men did such things, but that it was too bad I found it out. Of course he promised to quit... and still wanted to marry me. I would have murdered him if I had known how. She, the girl who told me, was only two years older than I was and when she got me out of the way she married him herself. Oh, I loathe the whole system and I never will marry any man as long as I live!"

"Because—"

"Because all men are like that—Orville's my own brother and he is only nineteen."

"AS for your brother," I replied, "I will not judge him, more than to say that it is probably no fault of his for he has merely done what others encouraged him to do. I do not like to judge your community either, but in fairness to the rest of the world and to myself I want to say that all men are not like that. While there are plenty of men who are not virtuous where I come from, still the lack of virtue is not universally considered essential to manhood, and some young men are."

"I don't believe it!" declared Caroline. "I don't want to believe it either, our Southern men are as good as any."

"Then I won't put it on a basis of North and South—because we are probably both prejudiced—but I will insist that my statement is correct, and that there are exceptions."

"How do you know? Someone told you that and you believed it—but you don't know it and can't prove it."

"Perhaps I can't prove it to any one else, but I know it," I said.

Caroline looked at me in mute astonishment. "Do you mean," she said finally, "that you are—that you have never—"

"Yes," I said huskily, "that is exactly what I do mean." And I wondered if, in the gathering dusk, she could see the color that I felt flush my face. "But one

can't prove a thing like that, and I suppose it's foolish for me to ask you to believe it."

The moment seemed endless before her answer came. "Do you want me to believe it?" She spoke softly, intense eagerness in her voice.

"Want you to believe it? Oh, Caroline," I cried, "does it really make any difference to you?"

TENSE silence. A thousand doubts and fears throbbed through me. And then she spoke quietly, slowly—and each word was freighted with a wonderful revelation.

"Yes, Mark, it means everything to me, because it does so much to heal the hurt and bitterness—to give me back my faith and ideals. Perhaps I have been unjust to men. I have certainly been unjust to you." Her voice faltered a little as she added, "So you see, it does make a difference—Mark."

Her words thrilled through me like a chord of rapturous music. The walls of her aloofness that had shut me out, had, like the walls of Jericho, miraculously fallen.

For a moment, palsied by the unbelievable joy of the unexpected realization of my heart's longing, I could only gaze at her shadowy form nestling beside me in the filmy twilight.

Slowly, reverently, in bated wonder that this thing could be, I leaned toward her, and slipped my arm around her. With the grace of virtuous womanhood, she breathed a little sigh of joyful surrender as her head sank into the hollow of my arm. And then, very slowly, very tenderly, our lips met—met and parted and met again.

She lay back again upon my arm, her dark eyes wide with wonder. "Oh," she breathed, "I thought that I could never love again—I said that I would never feel more than friendship for any man. And then this—"

"How I've wanted you," I cried, "and yet I never knew that I could want you—could love you so."

"And I've wanted you all the time," she replied, "but you see, I had made up my mind to hate men—because they are so—so—vulgar and selfish and unfair. So I just wouldn't let myself think of you, or any man—as a lover."

"But now I know that I do love you, you great brave-hearted man—my wonderful hero!"

In the embarrassment of her eulogies I could find no words and I bent over and kissed the white forehead and lids of her eyes that closed dreamily in the twilight.

SHE reached up her slender white arm and ran her fingers caressingly through my hair. "Wonderful lover," she said, "you've brought back faith and trust and love and beauty into life for me—and it means a great responsibility to you—for if you fail me now—if you too become common clay of the earth earthy—then I'd rather you killed me—I couldn't stand it. I'd hate you so—I'd hate myself—I'd hate life. I just wouldn't want to live."

For a moment she frightened me with a picture of a fancied misery. And then I almost laughed at the thought that I, who had lived a virtuous life on the



strength of those little bygone callow loves—or in days of utter loneliness with nothing at all to live for—could ever now be tempted by carnal lust, by unhallowed love when she, the unattainable, the woman of romance, of wonder, had given herself to me, had forged about my flesh and soul a tie of deathless love.

I think there would have been little trouble in the matter of getting Major Davis's approval to my marriage with his granddaughter if I had been a better psychologist.

I waited until the eve of my departure when all business between us had been settled, before broaching the subject to the Major. Then in putting the matter up to him I foolishly tried to bolster my claims by explaining that I wished to take Caroline to New York so that she could study art and have an opportunity to realize her ambition to become an illustrator.

"I'll not consent," snapped the Major, "to any man chasing off with my granddaughter that doesn't want a wife."

In my flustered embarrassment I thought he had misunderstood me and I blurted out: "But I want to marry her."

"YOU insult me, sir," stormed the Major, "to infer that I thought you did not. What I want you to know is that the man who marries Miss Caroline must marry her with a view of keeping her where a good woman belongs, in a good old-fashioned American home. I have been watching you two all summer. If you had been courting my granddaughter on a basis that I could approve of, I would not have thought unfavorably of it. But you have been encouraging her to run off to New York to live in that place called Greenwich Village and draw pictures for magazines. And now, since you see there is no chance for her to get away otherwise, you propose to marry her."

"I know all about that Greenwich Village and those bobbed-haired women and long-haired men," stormed the Major. "And my granddaughter stays at home and marries no damn Yankee who thinks that women should live in studios and draw pictures for a living."

"But you misunderstand me, Major," I protested.

"I misunderstand nothing. You are a clever young man; you are a good architect; you have built me a good house; you are honest in money matters, but otherwise you are a d—scoundrel."

"Thank you, sir," I replied. "We will drop the matter for the present."

"We will drop it for all time!" Major Davis arose and walked into the house.

I finished the cigar I was smoking and then slipped in quietly and went to my room.

THE next morning when I came down Caroline was awaiting me on the porch. We walked out through the flower garden and she made shift to occupy herself picking a bouquet for the breakfast table.

"I heard every word he said," she told me, "for he talked rather loud, you know. Of course, you should not have told him that we planned to go to New York."

"I cannot tell you, dear," I said humbly, "how sorry I am that I did. Can you ever forgive my stupidity?"

"I must forgive you because I love you."

Quickly we made our plans. "I'll go to Chicago," I said, "where I can be studying local architecture to some profit, and wait for you there."

"It's sweet of you," replied Caroline, "to understand that we must both see New York for the first time together."

Breakfast at Major Davis' table that morning was a marvel of grandiose hypocrisy. I was again his guest and not by one look or word did he depart from the external semblance of hospitality.

Orville was to drive me to town and the family bade me good-by in formal fashion. Then the two aunts and the Major tactfully turned toward the house and I kissed my girl good-by while her brother toyed with the whip trying to knock a horsefly from the back of the off mare.

THOSE were wonderful love letters she wrote me almost every day during the month of September. She told me of long talks she had with her grandfather. But it availed nothing. He had taken his stand against our marriage and stubbornly refused to relent.

"But I will come to you, my love," wrote Caroline, "I will come soon."

It was near the middle of October that I received the wire from Memphis that told me she was on the way. I ran down the Illinois Central and boarded her train at Champaign—and we were married in Chicago.

We planned no honeymoon journey save the trip to New York—for New York was a fairyland of romance where we could live an unending honeymoon, with never a going back to the prosaic life of some somnolent Western or Southern town.

After a tiresome day, fretted with baggage transfers and license bureaus, in a noisy, dirty city, we at last found romance and peace in the seclusion of a Pullman.

The soft footfalls of the negro porter beyond the dark green curtain, the gleam of passing arc lamps twisting through the copper-screened window, the swift beat-beat of the car trucks on the rail joints—muffled voices of the shut-out world, a world of realities and memories, receding, fading, a world of romance, hopes and dreams oncoming, unfolding, glorious with love's fulfilment, mystic with the glamour of sleep's caressing touch.

IN the gray hours of the early morning I lay awake and with light touch felt the gentle pulse and ebb of her sleeping breath. Mine at last, surrendered, given, possessed, sanctified by the law of God and man—mine alone, completely, eternally mine.

And then the strange elfs and imps came unwilling, unwanted, creeping out of the dark chambers of my mind. Words of school-day classics hurtled over the meets and bounds of memory—"One little month ere yet those shoes were old". . . "frailty thy name is woman". . . "Men have died and worms have eaten them but not for love."

And again I thought how fortunate I had been to have escaped all the dwarfing shame of the errors of boyhood's little love, and was free to have found a man's woman—the woman of the greater,

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deeper, sweeter life that lay before me, and before her.

The train rumbled through a sleepy-eyed Michigan town and Caroline stirred, murmuring in her sleep.

As I look back through the changing mist of mood and memory, I see that honeymoon journey in varying rose-tinted lights, though I doubt that I ever see it now in its true glory. It was a blissful carnival of ecstatic joy. The love of woman, so long an elusive, uncertain thing, became a vivid and consuming reality. From the tree of knowledge, we plucked the first fruits like eager, yet half-frightened children. It was as if we had been suddenly born again into a new and wonderful radiance which transformed all the mishapen facts of life into glowing beauty.

Despite all my earnestly sought knowledge of the vital facts of life—of vice and virtue, of love and passion—I found I had been as ignorant of it as a blind man of color or a deaf man of tone. Old illusions faded, new miracles unfolded. We marveled that people could live at all without love, and we rejoiced that we had both so existed that we could explore the mysteries of life and love together, and with a like innocence find like wonders.

It was that evening from the Hudson River steamer, as we drank our first vision of New York's skyline, that Caroline turned to me and said: "You wonderful unselfish boy, to have saved it all for me."

"But that is not unselfish," I replied, "it is rather intelligent selfishness—selfish joy in exploring all the wonders of life before he has found the right woman to see and know with."

**DURING** our first two weeks in New York we lived in a hotel located a few blocks north of Madison Square. The days we spent strolling about the city, or riding on the busses or sometimes in taxis. Our sightseeing was combined with the task of getting acquainted with the city and looking for a place to live.

I soon discovered that there was a temperamental difference in our seeing New York.

Caroline's first eagerness was soon satisfied and she then became concerned with not appearing eager. She would tug sharply at my coat sleeve if I stared openly at anything; and she scolded me quite angrily, not because of my ignorance of the ways and manners of New York, but because I revealed that ignorance to others. "Of course we are green," she would say. "But why advertise it by staring and asking questions and making breaks."

"One has to learn," I defended. "But I can learn," she replied, "without appearing ignorant."

"Of course," I laughed, trying to make light of the matter, "that's because you are bright and I am stupid."

"You are not stupid," she replied, "you are—well, you are Western."

And "Western," I knew to be merely a polite way of expressing the unspoken word, "ill-bred."

**SUCH** was our first quarrel. And after it I managed, while Caroline had gone alone to visit an art school, to spend several miserable hours.

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We quarreled a little, too, about the question of picking out a place to live. We had both been disappointed in our first impression of Greenwich Village.

"Of course we ought to live there," Caroline had insisted, "that is, if we are to be artists, but it is such a dirty, crowded place."

"Yes," I agreed, "it isn't what I thought it would be. But we must get out of this expensive hotel," I replied.

"Why, this hotel is rather comfortable," replied Caroline, "and it isn't expensive as New York hotels go. What did you expect?"

This remark brought home to me more forcefully the fact that I had feared in my calmer moments from the start, and that was that I had married a girl who had no practical conception of money matters.

I did not reply to her, but started anew to search Greenwich Village for quarters that I thought would be good enough to make my bride contented and happy.

Finally we agreed on a four-room apartment in a new Charles Street apartment house in the heart of Greenwich Village.

AS soon as we had settled in our new quarters, Caroline had enrolled in an art school and I had taken up a special architectural course in one of the universities.

I leased a small office in a building on Fourth Avenue, and the inscription "Mark Adams, Architect," had been lettered on the glass door. But to rent and equip an architect's office was one thing and to get business in a strange city was quite another. The worst of it was that war was raging in Europe, which resulted in the cost of all building materials mounting skyward; and so New York's usual construction program was at a standstill. I subtlet the office and secured a job as a draftsman at a salary less than I had earned in St. Louis.

MEANWHILE, Caroline was rapidly making acquaintances. At first these were mostly fellow students from the art school, but the art students knew others who were living in Greenwich Village, and Caroline soon became popular among them. Her easy adaptability and her quickness to catch on and espouse the notions and manners of those around her was a marvel to me.

Caroline's first friend had been a girl, several years older than herself. Sally Nevins was an art student and a rather hopeless painter of miniatures. She had been living in Greenwich Village for some years. She had been a school teacher and had a small income from a little property she owned in Ohio. She was rather a pathetic figure, and was anything but attractive to look upon.

Sally called herself a radical, but she was more obviously an "old maid." I felt that Caroline was quite safe in her company—that the older unmarried woman was, in fact, a sort of chaperon to my young wife, and that Sally's very evident unattractiveness to men would keep them to feminine company and feminine ways.

But Sally was not the only girl whom Caroline found to chum with. There was another, an Edith Turner, a young wife of some business man of whom we saw



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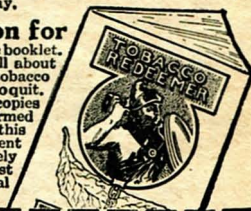
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very little. I disliked this rather sophisticated matron who looked entirely too much like a chorus girl to suit my plebian fancy. That my dislike was well-grounded seemed amply proven when I came home one evening after Caroline and Edith Turner had spent the afternoon sketching together.

The dinner dishes had been cleared away and we were sitting in our bourgeois living-room, lighted by the blue flames that crept over an asbestos gas log, when Caroline confided her trouble.

"I KNOW I was a fool—but Edith said some rather bitter things about men's morals, and I flared up and told her that I had married a man who had never sown his wild oats."

"I suppose," I remarked, "that she refused to believe you."

"No, not that, Mark, if she had merely refused to believe me I wouldn't have cared, but she turned and looked at me with such a pitying condescension that I could have choked her, and just said, 'Honest!' And when I didn't deny it, Edith replied, 'Well, if it's true I'm sorry for you!' I insisted on knowing what she meant. And she said cattily, 'It's rather obvious, isn't it, Caroline, that you're missing something. Either your husband is lacking in masculinity or he has artificially repressed his virility with Puritanical inhibitions, which is worse. In either case he's cheating you?'"

"Why didn't you choke her," I demanded of Caroline. "The girl is talking arrant nonsense, but just the same, I don't like it."

"Well, I certainly don't," replied Caroline.

"WELL, then, what in thunder did you let her talk about your private life for anyway?"

"My private life?" repeated Caroline in sincere amazement, "why, it was your private life—oh, I'll admit I ought to have kept still—but you seem rather proud of it. Even if you say nothing, you somehow manage to show it, and people understand. One can tell by their attitude just how they feel toward you. It isn't that I have changed my mind about that, Mark, for of course I'm very proud of your clean past, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, I hardly know," said Caroline, evasively, "but you aren't like other men, Mark, and you continually show it. And, well, it embarrasses me."

"See here," I cried, "you half believe what that silly woman told you."

"Not at all," said Caroline, archly. "But if I had known you were going to get mad about it I would have kept still. I thought it would flatter you."

I looked at her searchingly—and I knew that she was lying—that she did believe what Edith Turner had said, and she had begun to doubt the perfection of our love—to regret that she had married a virtuous man.

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## "Honor Thy Father"

(Continued from page 64)

again I decided it must be about noon so started to prepare dinner, singing as I worked.

SO intent was I at my work that I did not hear the door open nor did I hear the footsteps of the man who had entered the room. Turning away from the fire to place a plate on the table, my startled eyes fell upon a man's face. Although seized with a trembling spell, I succeeded in retaining my grasp on the plate.

"Where the deuce did you come from?" he asked. "You ain't one of the gals from Pete Sheldon's, but what are you doing in my shack?"

At first, I was too much startled to speak, but as I looked into his face and saw that it was not at all terrifying, I recovered and told my story, beginning with the stranding. When I concluded, he said with a laugh:

"How long do you think it would take you to walk home? Why, say, Miss, every step you were taking was carrying you farther into the wilderness."

Mumbling something about being much obliged to him for the shelter and the food I had eaten, and offering to send him money in payment as soon as I reached home, I told him I must be on my way. But he refused to permit me to go, requesting me to prepare a dinner for two. Later, as we ate, he informed me that he expected two friends that night and extended an invitation to me to become one of the party until I found a chance to better myself. He seemed a kind man, and as my journey promised to be lonely, I accepted his offer.

JUST before nightfall, the door opened to admit his two partners. One, Bill Slade, was most repulsive in appearance. The other was "Red" Norton, thus called, because of the fiery thatch of hair which covered his head. His eyes devouring me, Slade spoke to my host.

"Some queen, Jim. Where did you find her?"

My story was retold by the man addressed, and he added that I was to become a member of their party.

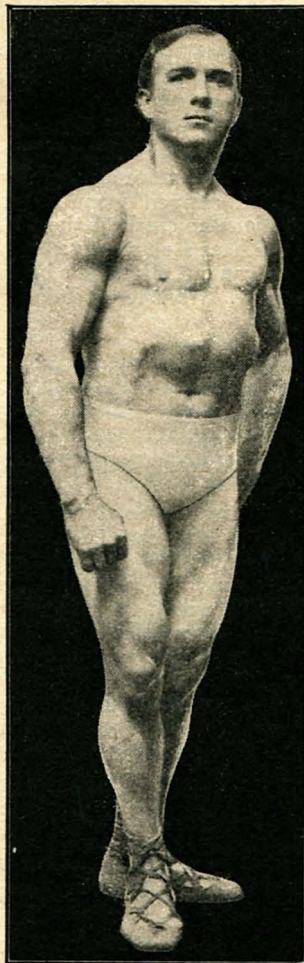
All this time the red-headed man had remained silent, but now he said impatiently, "Let the girl alone! Clear the table and let's finish our poker game. While you're getting ready, I'll git something out of my saddlebag." And he left the room.

Slade had been watching me continually.

"Say, kid," he began now, "if you been with a show, you oughter sing us a song and—"

His sentence was interrupted by the man Jim, who said, "Guess you'll have to excuse her tonight, Bill. Tomorrow's going to be a hard day, and I callate it'd be a good idee for her to get to bed." Then, turning to me: "You might as well sleep in the same place you did last night." With a cheery "Good night," I left the room. Sleep was not so quick in coming as it had been the previous night. Now and then I could hear the tinkle of glasses interspersed with the conversation of the players. Curiosity at

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last got the better of me, so I arose and crept to the door, which was ajar because of the broken latch. The three men were playing cards at the table upon which stood bottles and glasses.

How I mourned the absence of a key to lock the bedroom door, as I again climbed into bed. Fear of the consequences of their drinking was born within me. Still, trusting to that chivalry with which every man is supposed to be endowed, I managed to fall asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but when I opened my eyes I could still hear voices in the next room. As I heard a gruff voice use the word "girl," I again slipped from the bed. Peeping through the crack of the door, I was in time to hear Red saying:

"That let's you out, Jim. It's between Bill and me now. Want to bet I don't get her?"

ALL thoughts of sleep vanished as the truth dawned on me. These men were playing a game with me for the stake; and my fate now rested between Slade and Red. I must escape, but how? My only hope lay through the room where the men were. So I wrapped a blanket about me and crawled along the floor in the direction of the outer door. When nearly at my objective, Red threw down his cards, crying:

"What did I tell you, she's mine."

My heart went sick within me and I nearly lost my senses. Just then the trailing blanket caught around a chair leg and the noise attracted their attention. Like lightning, Red was out of his chair, and in another second I was struggling in his arms. I tore his hair and clothing, and scratched his face, but to no avail.

At last, breathless and powerless to fight any longer, I lay half-swooning in his arms, while his hot lips were pressed again and again to mine.

"Now, you be a good kid," he was saying, "and you won't be sorry; but you belong to me, now, and by—I'll show you I'm your master. Do you get me?"

I nodded my head and he again seated himself at the table, holding me upon his knee. The other two men regarded me with appraising eyes and I hid my face on Red's shoulder. This action on my part must have given him the impression that I had capitulated, for he released his hold on me. No sooner was I free than I ran for the door, but before I could reach it, I was once more struggling in his arms. The other two men went out after that. Red pressed his lips to mine again and again—then merciful oblivion!

AFTER breakfast next morning, during which he kept a watchful eye upon me to see that I made no effort to escape, he bade the others good-by, and mounting his horse and holding me before him, we rode away. Some hours later we came to a clearing in the woods, which contained a cabin not unlike the other. We dismounted and he took me in. Shoving me into the kitchen, he ordered me to cook dinner. The meal at a close, he compelled me to sit on his knee and endure his caresses, while he talked about himself and his future intentions. He stated that he was a gambler, and that when we went out into the world again, I was to help him win money by signaling the cards held against him. And in

the end I agreed to help him—I could do nothing else.

EVENTUALLY, our sojourn at the cabin came to an end and we returned to civilization. When he learned that I could dance, he took pleasure in having me dance for him. One day, on our travels, we stopped at an Indian encampment and the chief entertained us by having several of his tribe dance; and in turn Red commanded me to exhibit my skill. Again and again I was obliged to go through my steps, while the chief watched me with eyes that frightened me. When I was through the Indian offered Red many supplies in exchange for me. As Red hesitated before replying, I lay scarcely daring to breathe. Then I felt his hand under my chin. He raised my face, and, after a long look into my eyes, informed the chief that I was not for sale.

Three years passed in this way, during which there were times when it appeared as though my master was about to relent and make me his wife, but he never did. In that space of time we travelled all over the Northwest, while he played his trade. I assisted him in many games, but more often, in the later portion of that time, he seemed to be somewhat jealous of the admiring glances of other men, and so compelled me to remain in our room.

One forenoon we left a small hamlet where Red had made some good winnings. Red was feeling unusually good-natured, laughing and joking as we rode along. As we passed a thicket, a shot rang out, causing my mount to rear and plunge, nearly throwing me to the ground. I quickly regained control, however, and rode back to the place where Red lay stretched on the ground in an ever-increasing pool of blood. Hastily dismounting, I tried to stop the flow, using the hem of my skirt as a bandage. As consciousness returned, he looked up at me, whispering that it was useless—that he had played his last card—and then relapsed into unconsciousness.

Although dazed, my mind rallied sufficiently to remember having seen the village priest in a yard near the edge of the town. I dragged the wounded man into the shade of a neighboring tree, and, mounting my horse, rode over to get him, that he might administer the last rites of the church to Red. The dying man opened his rapidly glazing eyes, and with outstretched arms entreated me in a husky whisper to come to him.

BY this time it had become second nature for me to obey his bidding, and as I bent over him his arms closed around my body. He looked into my tearful face with sorrowful eyes, and as he began to speak a wave of joy welled up in my heart.

His words were graven on my memory and I never shall forget them, for I saw then that God had not entirely forsaken me.

"You poor little girl, the cards were certainly stacked against you. I sure did hand you a rotten deal. But I'm going to cash in my chips now, and I want you to forgive me for being such a brute. Before I go, I want the priest to give you the right to my name, unworthy as it is."

Tearfully I told him that I forgave him. Then he released me, and motioned



the priest to his side, and the ceremony which made me his wife was performed.

Again, he clasped my sob-shaken body in his arms and pressed his lips, no longer fiery with passion but becoming colder as the grim specter approached, to mine as he murmured, "My wife! And now—now I can face my Maker in peace."

With one arm still about me, he reached inside his shirt with the other, and drew forth the picture of a sweet-faced, grey-haired woman. In a voice choked with emotion, he placed it in my hands with the request that I go to her—his mother—and tell her who I was and that he had gone to the Great Beyond.

I promised to obey his wishes and he gave me all the money he had to pay my expenses. With a voice that was growing weaker moment by moment, he lay there, my hand clasped in his and his eyes upon my face, and told me his story.

**B**ORN of parentage equally as good as my own, he had been a student in a Western college. While there, he had met a young woman with whom he had fallen in love and they had become engaged. The day before they were to have been married, she had jilted him. Disgusted with life, he left home and friends to bury himself in the Canadian wilds. He used me to wreak his revenge upon his false sweetheart.

When he had concluded, he motioned to him the priest, who had stood aside, a silent listener, and asked for his blessing. Then, while the holy man knelt in prayer, he groped for my hand again.

"Kiss me, dear," he whispered. His throat sounded the death rattle—and I was a widow.

Casting myself upon his breast, I burst into a paroxysm of tears, not because I had loved him, but because he had been my sole provider for so long that a terrorizing loneliness came over me. When I had recovered my composure, I rose, mounted my horse, and in company with the priest, rode back to the village where I made preparations for the funeral. I then rode to the home of the priest, who gave me a marriage certificate, after which I made inquiries as to the location of the nearest railway station and how to get there. Through the priest's kindly efforts a purchaser for my two horses was found and a man located to drive me to the train, a distance of eighteen miles.

**N**EXT morning after an early breakfast we started, but had not covered more than half the distance over the rough mountain trails when an animal darted from the bushes in front of the horses, causing them to rear and thrash about. All would have been well had not one of the reins broken. The driver seeing that the animals were beyond his control, yelled to me to jump. I tried to do so, but my foot became caught on the footboard and I fell headlong to the ground, though clear of the swaying wagon.

Nearly six weeks later, I opened my eyes to a bare-walled room, containing no furniture but the bed upon which I lay, a broken-back chair, and a table, upon which was quite an array of bottles, a tin dipper and a spoon. No one was in sight; and I could hear nothing. I tried to rise, but found myself unable to move, and gave a groan of pain. The groan had

scarcely passed my lips before the door opened, and a man came in. Inquiring if I wished anything, and expressing pleasure at my regaining my senses, he proceeded to give me an explanation as to my presence in his home. He happened to be passing the scene of the runaway; and, hearing a moan, had instituted a search, with the result that he discovered me lying unconscious in a clump of bushes at the side of the road. No trace of the driver could be found.

He had carried me to the little hut in which he lived and had ridden six miles for a doctor, who had at once pronounced me a victim of brain fever.

**A**S my rescuer recited his story an expression which I was unable to fathom was in his eyes, and I wondered if I had again fallen into the hands of a human wolf.

As the days of my convalescence passed, I rapidly regained my lost strength, and the hollows about my person caused by fever once more disappeared. Nothing had been said concerning my future until I had so far recovered as to be able to walk without assistance. Then the desire to see my old father once more filled my heart.

After a while I began to do little things about the house.

One evening, as we were preparing our simple evening meal together, I ventured the statement that I must soon be on my way back to the land of the Stars and Stripes. I thanked him for his kindness and offered to pay for his trouble. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when he turned away and went into the other room without a word. Not many minutes elapsed before he returned with my money and marriage certificate as well as the picture of my late husband's mother.

As he placed the articles in my lap, he gazed so intently into my eyes that I blushed. He straightened up and threw his shoulders back.

"**M**AY I speak what I have on my mind?" he said. And as I nodded, he continued. "I know that I have no right to say what I want to, because you are a married woman. I don't know where your husband is, and I care less, but any man who let's a dear little woman like you run around alone in a country that's full of thieves and murderers, isn't fit to have a wife."

I tried to interrupt, but he shook his head and went on. "Ever since I found you up there on the ground and brought you here in my arms, I've worshipped you from the top of your lovely head to the soles of your little feet. And, now, I must let you go when I need you so much."

Again I tried to speak; again he shook his head and turned away, as in a broken voice he murmured, "Well, I guess I'll get over it, but it's going to be hard." He threw himself at my feet and buried his face in the hem of my skirt, while his body shook with emotion.

**A**T last my eyes were opened. The expression in his eyes had been adoration and worship for me—while I had feared unnameable things. Even while he thought another had a prior claim upon me, he had loved and wanted me. I, too,

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realized the meaning of the thrills which passed through me, when our hands met. I loved him too. But would he still want me after he heard my story? I didn't know, but I would soon find out. Taking his hands, I raised his face to mine, and gazing into the depths of his brown eyes, I told him everything from the time my father shut me in my room until the day he found me. Before my story was completed his arms were about me. Then,

kneeling at my feet, he bade me hush. "My darling, you'll be my wife," he said joyfully. "If you don't love me now, perhaps you will in time. I want you so much. Please say yes!"

After a feeble attempt to convince him that I was not a fit woman to be his wife—to which statement he refused to agree—I gave him the answer he desired.

That is many years ago, and I have never had cause to regret it.

## The Life Story of a Bank Burglar

(Continued from page 66)

him across the street and threw him into an empty box car.

Jimmy and I made the entrance without any trouble. We started drilling the vault immediately. There was an early morning passenger train due at three o'clock, going north to Wilmington; we wanted to make our getaway on that, so we hurried. Just as we were about to put in the "soup," Porter called us outside.

"What's the trouble?" I asked him.

"Here come three drunken coons down the street. I think they saw me. We better stick them up."

We could hear them talking. When they got to the bank we jumped out and shouted, "Hands up!"

**T**HEN we tied all of them up, put gags in their mouths, carried them over to the box car on the siding and threw them in with the other negro that we had found asleep on the bank steps.

We returned to the bank, applied the cap, fuse and nitroglycerin to the vault door. The explosion was almost instantaneous—a sharp, quick one, not very loud and not very light—something like the report of a discharged forty-four revolver; the vault door lock box crashed to the ground.

We pulled open the door. The bills, gold and silver were scattered all over the vault floor. We bundled up all the paper money and gold, leaving the silver, of which there was about three or four thousand dollars.

Twenty-seven thousand, five hundred and fifty dollars for about twenty minutes' work. Not so bad.

We boarded the early morning passenger when she pulled into the station and rode the blind baggage to the freight yards in Wilmington. We got off and went into the woods to await the coming of night, for we knew that the news of the robbery would get to the Wilmington detectives, and they, of course, would be looking for everybody that did not look like a bank burglar. We didn't look the part, therefore there was a strong probability of our being arrested if we roamed around Wilmington in broad daylight.

**T**EN years ago, when we robbed the Bridgeton bank a gang of drug-crazed negro bandits roamed the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad—now known as the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington Railroad. The leader of this gang was known to the underworld as the "Brooklyn Shine." He worked with two other desperate negroes, the "River-side Shine" and "The Wolf." They were all three cocaine fiends, three murdering

brutes that were utterly devoid of every human instinct.

Their victims were hoboes, berry pickers, oyster dredgers and farm hands. These poor fellows would work on the farms of southern Maryland, Delaware and Virginia during the fruit season until they had accumulated sixty or seventy dollars, when they would go to Philadelphia or Baltimore and buy themselves an outfit of clothes. They usually traveled in crowds of ten and fifteen, every one of whom would have sixty dollars or more in his pocket.

The "Brooklyn Shine" and his gang saw a chance to collect a bank roll with little effort and less danger, since the hoboes seldom carried guns.

The station for the dusty knights of the road is the watering tank. The watering tank is to the hobo just what the railroad station is to the passenger. The hoboes congregate around it, smoking pipes and cigarettes and relating their adventures. "Dusty Willie" will tell "Hungry Joe" and "Handout Shorty" that this house is good for rolls and coffee; the other, ham and eggs, while such and such a residence will want them to cut a cord of wood for bread and jam. The watering tank is the hoboes' board of trade, where means and methods of livelihood are discussed and confidences exchanged.

**T**HE "Brooklyn Shine" and his gang got their information around the watering tanks as to what hobo had money, and which ones didn't have it. When the train pulled into the tank for water and the hoboes boarded it, the "Brooklyn Shine" and his two pals always got in the empty car nearest the engine. When the train started out the "Shines" got to work.

They carried a rope ladder, at the end of which were two hooks that they fastened under the running-board on the top of the car. It was an easy matter for them to slide from the top of a car to the inside, regardless of how fast the train was going. It was equally as easy for them to climb up and out of the car after a hold-up. When they entered a car it was their custom to close all the doors, light a candle and then shout "hands up;" everybody would huddle up in the end of the car.

The hoboes were thus robbed of their summer's earnings. The negroes, however, didn't stop with the mere hold-up of the tramps. They were blood-thirsty bandits. They made the hoboes jump off the train; if the train was going fifty miles an hour or ten miles an hour, it was all the same to them. Some of the un-



fortunates hit the ground safely, others fell under the swiftly moving wheels and were ground to pieces. The ones who resisted were killed right then and there. It is a matter of record that these black desperadoes killed at least forty or fifty tramps; It was a common thing for track walkers on the old P. W. & B. R. R. to see bodies lying along the tracks, some of which were filled with bullets, others cut up beyond recognition!

WE knew all about the depredations of the "Brooklyn Shine" and his gang, so it was only natural that we should discuss him as we lay in the woods outside of Wilmington waiting for the night to come.

"It would be a riot," said Porter, "if we should bump into that gang tonight."

"It would be worth all the money I've got in my pocket," declared Ford, "to have that nigger try to stick me up."

"I hope we stumble up against him, Jimmy," Porter remarked.

"I'll bump him off if I do, Eddie, you can gamble on that," replied Ford. "I've been digging into banks all my life, and I've yet to harm a man, woman, or child, but turn me loose with that nigger just once. I'm going to kill him if it's the last thing I ever do."

We laughed at Jimmy, but he went on with his denunciation of the "Shine."

"I don't mean to say that I'm going to blaze away at him on sight. I'll give him a chance for his life, but if he comes into the car that I'm in, he's going to get all I've got in this forty-four."

"It won't be our luck to meet him tonight," said Porter.

"Don't be too sure about that, Eddie," I answered. "Let's figure on it and decide what we shall do if he comes into our car."

"You're right, Jack," cut in Ford. "It isn't a joke; he's bad and he may get the drop on us."

"WELL," said Ford, "let's make up our minds what we are going to do."

We decided that we would be extremely careful. We would keep close tabs on the "Brooklyn Shine" and his gang; if we saw them get on our train we wouldn't say anything or do anything to them until they entered our car and closed the doors. When they did that we knew that it meant just one thing; a hold up, and we felt that we would be justified in resorting to any means to protect ourselves.

At midnight we came out of the woods and started for the watering tank down in the middle of the freight yards to catch a freight train for Baltimore.

It was a bright moonlight night, innumerable stars glittered in the blue vault above, a maze of ruby-red and emerald-green switch lights sparkled and shone with the brilliance of gems. Great express trains, pounding the rails at sixty miles an hour, applied the brakes as they entered the yards, and the wheels, as though they were angry, spat little balls of red flames from under the brakes as steel grabbed steel.

A hundred or more hoboes of all nationalities, shapes and sizes swarmed around the tank like a bunch of bees around a hive. Some of them were fairly well-dressed and clean-looking, others without enough clothes to pad a crutch, and dirty as pigs.

THEY were a merry lot as they sat there in the bright moonlight, these young and old panhandlers and riders of side-door Pullmans.

From an empty box car behind the water tank came three negroes. Ford, Porter and I watched them as they circulated among the hoboes.

"There's the 'Brooklyn Shine' and his gang!" exclaimed Porter.

"I'm going over to the tank," said Ford, "and let them get a flash at my ring and stud. If they see them I know they will be after us."

The three of us went over to the tank. We were all well-dressed, so, of course, the "Shine" and his gang began to give us the once-over.

After awhile we saw the three of them go off from the crowd and hold a sort of whispered consultation, looking at us occasionally as they talked. We knew then that we were in for an interesting night.

Finally the train came rumbling up. The hoboes ran in all directions to board it. The "Brooklyn Shine" and his two pals got in the first car next to the engine. Ford, Porter and I climbed into an empty in the middle of the train. In a few moments we were on our way to Baltimore.

After we had traveled about twenty miles Ford began to grow impatient.

"I wish that nigger would hurry up," he said.

He had no sooner uttered these words than we heard a groan.

"What was that?" shouted Porter. "Did you hear it?"

Porter had hardly finished speaking when we heard another groan. And as the train breezed along we saw a form rolling over and over on the ground. Suddenly the fireman opened a door to feed coal to the engine. The reflection from the fire box illuminated the sky and the side of the train. We looked towards the head of the train and saw a form go headlong to the ground, and as the train rolled by we heard another groan. The thugs were at work, killing those who were resisting them and making the other victims jump from the train as soon as they robbed them of their money.

PRESENTLY we saw the three "niggers" climbing out of the car and up the rope ladder. Within a few seconds we saw them again clambering down into another car. Then other forms hit the ground, and as we passed them, we heard more groans. One jumped in a cut as the train rounded a curve and we saw him bounce back under the wheels to death.

"Holy—!" we exclaimed simultaneously, "did you hear the wheels grinding up that poor fellow's body?"

I cannot tell you how I felt. I was stunned, dazed, horror-stricken! What bloodthirsty, murdering fiends those negroes were! Some of the sights that I saw that night, blood-red tragedies, are indelibly engraved upon my mind and I shudder now as I write them. I wish I could forget, but I can't, try as I may.

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women could very easily understand this psychology, if they ever looked upon the dastardly acts of assassins like the "Brooklyn Shine" and his gang. I have some compassion for the person who kills in a heat of passion, or who kills in self defense, but for the criminal who kills defenseless men and women, I say give him the chair, the rope, the torch—no form of death is too horrible for him!

THE next time we looked out of the car we saw the negroes coming down their rope ladder into another car right next to ours. A few moments afterwards we heard several shots and saw a fellow fall out of the car to the ground; we heard him groan as the train speeded by. We counted five as they hit the ground. God only knows how many of them were shot and how many fell under the wheels.

"Get ready," said Ford, "we're next. I'm going to kill that coon if it's the last thing I ever do."

"Examine your guns, quick," shouted Porter.

We pulled out our cannons and gave them the once-over.

"Let's get up in the corner of the car," said Ford. "They're liable to step in on us any minute now."

"We won't blaze away at them," whispered Porter, "until they shut the doors and light the candles, then give them hell."

"No," Ford broke in, "wait until they order us to put up our hands."

We agreed to Ford's proposal. My nerves were tingling with excitement; I wasn't scared a bit; I was just on edge, like a race horse panting at the barrier. I really wanted the battle to start. The thugs had driven me to desperation by their atrocious murders.

"Where in the hell are they?" inquired Ford impatiently.

His words had hardly died away when the rope ladder swung in the door. In a second the "Brooklyn Shine," hat over his eyes, and gun in hand, came clambering down.

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## The Whistling Girl

(Continued from page 39)

to take me to the circus. It was a simple thing later to escape from them and slip around to the dressing-room. There I was given a pair of red tights with black trunks, and outside the manager was announcing that a local girl would perform.

**W**ELL, my performance was a huge success. But when I reached home I was in for it. The long-expected catastrophe had come. I had disgraced the family. From that day on, I had to depend entirely on my good old whistle to keep me cheerful. The one thought was instilled in my mind that I must not worry Mother, and since I had disgraced her, I must not let her know that I was unhappy and must keep on whistling so she would think I was happy.

Time passed, and when I was fifteen we moved to Arizona. Then Sister died, and something died within me. She understood me and always helped to smooth things for me at home, and now she was gone. Mother, of course, was heartbroken, as were all of us. It was my last term of High School, and I realized that I must bear my grief the best I could and still try to make good at school, as it was time that I should go out to work and help my brothers bear the burden. My two oldest brothers had married and my youngest brother supported Grandmother, Sister, Mother and me. Now that Sister was gone, I must work that much harder and try to make up to Mother for what she had lost. Then one day I heard Mother speaking to Grandmother.

"Yes, she is in there whistling just as though nothing had happened. I don't see why God couldn't have left me the good one, instead of taking the good and leaving the bad."

Grandmother said, "Yes, that's always the way. The good are taken and the no account are left."

**S**CHOOL drew gradually to a close. I realized that Mother would expect me to graduate. Mother took less interest than ever in me, now that Sister was gone, and my one black skirt and two white shirt-waists constituted my wardrobe, and somehow I realized that it would break Brother's heart if I should graduate in those old clothes. He worked hard to keep me in school and it would make him so happy to see me graduate, but it would break his heart to see me there in my old black skirt and waist. But Mother, when I asked if I might buy a cheap white dress, told me that if I cared anything for my dead sister I wouldn't be thinking of clothes. I know she didn't understand that it was not for show that I wanted a white dress, but so that Brother would not feel so hurt. I didn't know what to do.

Then the great day came. I passed all my examinations with honors, but I knew that I just couldn't humiliate Brother by graduating in my old black skirt. He was looking forward to the evening as only a proud brother can, with never a thought but that I would be properly dressed. I must manage some way. So that afternoon I walked out to the cemetery and sat by Sister's grave and thought

things over. Desperate measures require desperate remedies. Without a moment's hesitation, though shaking in every limb, I laid my left arm on a rock and picking up a large cobblestone brought it down on my left arm. The first time, I only bruised the flesh; the second time, however, I was more successful and managed to break my arm midway between the elbow and wrist. At home I told them that I had fallen down and thus broken the bone. Of course, that prevented my going to the graduating exercises. Thus Brother was saved the humiliation of seeing me graduate in my shabby dress, and no one ever suspected.

My older brother, who was in San Francisco, wrote me shortly after this, offering to pay my way through business college, and I jumped at the chance.

**I** FINISHED my business course with colors flying, and then I returned to Arizona and secured a position in a law office and at last was able to help Brother support the family. But somehow I seemed more of an outsider in our family now than ever before, even though I was a wage-earner and doing my bit at home.

Mother moved to El Paso and I secured work there.

Then a boy entered my life, a neighbor's son. He seemed to understand me. He didn't think me queer, as other people did; didn't think I was an enigma just because I always kept my little troubles to myself and pretended that I was happy and carefree when all the time I was in misery. Dave realized that I was living a life of make-believe, and so I told him all about it and he assured me that I was not "no account," as they had said, and told me that I had done nothing disgraceful and that I was really fit for nice people to associate with.

**U**NTIL that time, I had not dared make friends with other girls because I thought I was not fit. I was seventeen and Mother had never told me anything of the vital issues of life, and I was ignorant as only a little girl can be whose only companions had been a trapeze and a whistle and loneliness.

I was so carried away with Dave's sympathy that I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him! Mother saw me. I had no intention of hiding my action from her. She saw me, and I was disgraced for life. That night, things were said that I could never repeat. The next day after a sleepless night I went to the office. I had left the house whistling and was accused of being a disgraceful, shameless wretch. I had to whistle, because years before I had forced myself to act a part, and it was just as natural for me to pretend that I was happy as it was for me to live. I had long since realized that I must never let the world know my feelings, that I must never let the world know but that I was the happiest, most care-free girl alive. I met everyone with a grin, when I was longing to go away somewhere and have a good cry.

I went to work as usual the next day. However, the nervous strain was telling on me and I broke down and had to be

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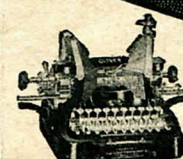
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sent home. For days, I lay delirious with fever. When I was convalescent Mother said that I had disgraced her, and that I had committed the unpardonable sin. In some hazy way I realized of what she was accusing me, but I was ignorant, hopelessly ignorant of the vital things of life and I didn't know what to do. I knew I had done nothing wrong, but Mother said when I got well enough I must leave.

I SECURED a position in Parral, in the State of Chihuahua, close to Mexico City. There was much fighting among the Mexicans at that time and Americans were warned to stay out of Mexico, but I had no choice, as I had no money with which to go away and hunt work, and the San Patricio Mining and Milling Company offered to pay my way to Parral if I would go down and work for them. Office help was scarce in Mexico. When I was ready to go Mother relented and said I might stay. And when I told her I must go on with my plans as I had given my word to the company, she became angry and told me never to darken her doorway again.

Grandmother said: "Baby, don't come back until you have redeemed yourself."

I didn't know just what to do to redeem myself, I didn't know just what I had done that I should be redeemed. I only knew that I was weak from fever and longed to go to bed and stay there, but I had to whistle and keep going.

MOTHER wrote me some nice letters when I was in Mexico, and altogether I was just as happy as any girl could be who had no better opinion of herself than I had. I was able to send money home every month. Then came the order for all foreigners to get out, that the town would be attacked within twelve hours. All the American men rushed their wives and children to El Paso. I didn't go. The battle continued for fifty-two hours, this being the longest battle the Mexicans have ever fought. It was not pleasant, the fighting and killing, but I kept within the adobe office buildings and was quite safe. Two weeks after this battle I left and returned to El Paso. I had secured a position with a railroad company in a small West Texas town.

When I arrived in El Paso I wanted to go home and see Mother, but I thought it would be best for me to go on to S—, the town where I was to work. I slipped up to the house that night and watched through the window. Mother was reading and Grandma sitting near the window, talking. Mother was saying that she was really worried about me down in Mexico alone, and she supposed the only reason I wouldn't get out of Mexico and come home was because I "had some fellow on the string and just wouldn't leave him."

I SLUNK away in the shadows and hurried to the station just as fast as I could. I wrote Mother a letter and mailed it, enclosing all the money I had excepting three dollars. The railroad company for whom I was to work had furnished me a pass. When I reached my destination I wrote Mother, and when she answered she upbraided me for not going home when I was in El Paso, and said many hard things.

I had been in the town of S— only two

months when I contracted blood poisoning, caused from a cut on the arm by a piece of tin. I had met a young man who lived at the same boarding-house where I stayed, who was kind to me, kinder than anyone had ever been. My lonely, hungry heart was so grateful for his affection that when he asked me to be his wife I said I would. We were married within two months after we had met. I wrote Mother that I had married, and she wrote a cruel letter, saying she didn't believe that I was married; that she didn't believe there was a legal marriage. She didn't see why anyone would want me with my queer disposition. I sent her a certified copy of my marriage license. Then she changed, wrote me kind letters and I was supremely happy. This was in 1913. In 1914 my baby came, but it was born dead. I was left a cripple, and walked with a pronounced limp. My husband was good to me and seemed to really love me.

AFTER the birth and death of our baby, I again went to work so that I could send money to Mother each month. My one desire was to do my share toward making the living, so that my husband would not have to work so hard. Time passed and two years ago we came to Arizona. We each had secured a position in a mining town. My work was at the mining office. The mine was down in the valley and the town on top of the mountain. Being crippled as I was, I was forced to give up my position as I was not able to go back and forth.

My husband and I were supremely happy, he seemed to fairly worship me, and I—I idolized him. Finally we realized that we must not stay in this mining town, so he secured a position in a more desirable town in Arizona, and I secured one elsewhere with the understanding that as soon as he became located and we became straightened up financially, I would go to him. Time passed, and when I would write and ask when I could go to him, he would always find some excuse why he was not ready for me.

FINALLY he wrote and told me that he did not love me any more and did not want me—and for me the bottom fell out of the world. I didn't know what to do, so I just kept plugging away and kept whistling, trying to keep my courage from ebbing. I thought surely he didn't mean this, and perhaps if I worked hard and tried my very best to make good, perhaps he would care for me again. After awhile I secured a better position in another town in Arizona.

Then one day I saw my husband. He was with a woman whose husband was in France, and I learned that it is for this woman that he cares, and that he really does not care for me. The world is all in a tangle and all I can do is to keep whistling. When I whistle, people never suspect that I am worried and they remark about my cheerful disposition.

I don't know how things will end. I am able to help Mother considerably now, as I am earning almost two hundred dollars a month as clerk for one of the leading law firms of the State. The end is not yet. I will either win back my husband's love, or I will just have to keep on plugging away alone—and whistle.



## The Secret Bar

(Continued from page 45)

correspondence ceased. When I returned home at vacation time, his family had moved away, and I did not see him again for several years. Then he came back on a visit.

From the youth I had parted with he had grown into one of the finest specimens of manhood I have ever seen, and the love I had thought buried burst into flame again in both our hearts the first minute our eyes met.

We saw a great deal of each other, and when my father spoke to me about seeing too much of Frank, I laughed and told him that as long as I was engaged to another man there was no need for worry.

WHEN the last day of Frank's visit came, and he again asked me to marry him, I told him that I was engaged to another man, and intended to marry in six months. He had seen so plainly that I loved him better than anyone else, that he could not understand. He was so crushed and his heart so completely broken, that I lost my power of resistance.

I laid my hand on his bowed head and began to stroke his hair. Without raising his head he looked at his watch, then reached up and took the hand with which I had been stroking his hair.

"I have only fifteen minutes to catch my train, dear," he said, as he looked into my eyes without even an effort to smile.

Oh, the sorrow I saw there!

He rose, and I followed him to the door, my hand still held in his.

"Good-by," he said; and then, "I cannot bear to give you up."

The sudden realization of what it meant to give him up came to me and, I cried: "You don't have to give me up, Frank."

He searched my face for a moment to catch the full meaning of my words, then he caught me in his arms, crushing me to him, and our lips met for the first time.

"Oh, darling!" he exclaimed, as he tore himself away from me. "You have made me too happy for words."

"I'll write," he said, as he ran down the steps, waving good-by.

HE did write immediately. In fact, he wrote on the train and I received the letter the next day.

Page after page was filled with beautiful expressions of devotion and adoration. If a girl were ever at the point where she felt as if she could not face the future, I certainly was, after I had finished reading that letter. He had insisted on an early marriage, because, as he said, he had waited so long that he could not endure separation much longer; then he added:

"Darling, I know you love me well enough not to mind Mother living with us for a while. She is so sweet that I know you will love her for my sake, won't you, dear?"

And so it was that his mother was still to stand between us. Although I really intended to break my engagement with the other man, I could not bring myself to the point where I could actually live in the same house with that woman, not even for Frank's sake. There was no way out but to marry the other man right away, and this I did. I did not answer Frank's letter for several weeks, and then only to tell him of my marriage. I have never heard even indirectly from him since.

IN looking back now from middle-age, and facing the sober truth, I realize that it was cowardice, pure and simple, that kept me from marrying Frank. I was not afraid of the future with him, nor his mother, either, for that matter; but it was fear of my father's condemnation. Were it to do over, I would marry Frank, and I believe I would meet the consequences more bravely than I have been able to meet some I have had to face.

I wish I could make it plain to erring parents that "Murder will out," and when one least expects it, someone's life will be ruined by an act we think can be hidden from the world. Furthermore, I wish it were in my power also to make other parents realize that they should think well before they interfere with the mating of their children. What is a selfish prejudice, compared with the life-long happiness of one's child?

May God forgive me if I sinned against Frank, against the man I married, or against our children. I have been a good wife, and am frequently told that I am considered a model mother. I don't believe anyone knows that down deep in my heart there are sometimes secret misgivings.

## Life-Secrets of a Spirit-Medium

(Continued from page 55)

vision, the choked sobs stifling me. There was a long, painful moment while he stood there—then he rushed out, and I could throw myself across the bed and abandon myself to grief.

My renunciation of Frank Deland cost me more in soul torture than anything else that has ever happened to me. The tossing suffering of the night that followed his parting from me is etched into my recollections with the acid-tipped needle of despair.

When the morning came, however, I found it necessary to be practical; to con-

sider without delay how I should shape my immediate future. At breakfast, the need for this became even more pressingly apparent.

Already Mrs. Deland had talked of me, as I speedily became aware. No one spoke to me. From other tables, cold glances were directed toward me.

Plainly, the forty dollars I had in my purse would be about all I could hope to collect from the hotel.

Perhaps the reader has by this time discovered the fatalism which is now so definitely a part of my philosophy.

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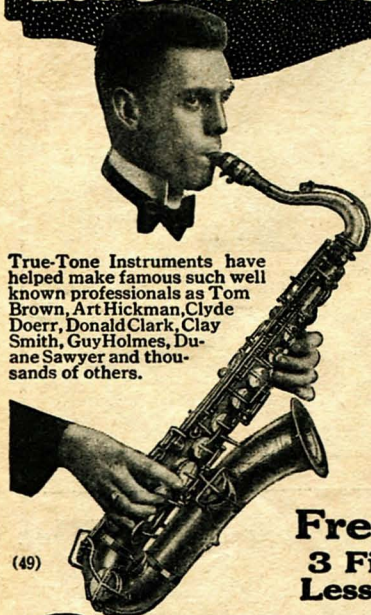
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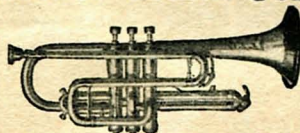
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It had its beginnings in these first experiences.

I felt that a solitary walk might clear my mind of the hideous memories of the sleepless night, and show me what would be best to do. Along the silent white stretches of the beach I strolled, breathing deeply of the raw salt air, rejoicing at its bracing tang. There I found it easier to think.

My brief experience in telling fortunes had fascinated me. This love of the bizarre and the marvelous was congenital—a legacy from my father who was at heart a mystic. As I reviewed my circumstances in that white and sandy solitude, no other form of work allured me. Every prosaic situation which I considered—teaching, stenography, salesmanship—promised nothing but drudgery. I longed to do greater things; to become a famous clairvoyant and surround myself with the glamor of the occult.

**T**HE more I allowed my mind to dwell on this possibility, the more fascinated I became.

But how? The practical side of my nature intruded with annoying statistics. I had only forty dollars, and the hotel bill would have to be paid. Nor did I see how I could earn any more, with the hostility of Mrs. Deland poisoning everyone in Virginia Beach against me.

A chance remark that Frank had made gave me an idea. He had referred to a palmist who was giving readings in the vicinity. Perhaps I might strike a bargain with him; if he would employ me, I might secure a more promising start.

It was not difficult to find the hand reader. There was a little red-and-white canvas booth, not far from the hotel, with a sign over the door: "Professor Ducquerel, Cheirognomist and Cheiromitist."

Rather hesitantly I stood in the doorway and called: "Is Professor Ducquerel here?"

Faster than Mephistopheles when he leaps into the charmed circle at the command of Faust, the palmist appeared at my summons.

**T**HOUGH exceedingly tall and slender, Professor Ducquerel carried himself with a jauntiness nothing less than Satanic. His sable hair was thick and bushy. His face was pale, his eyes brilliant. An expression of austerity in his countenance seemed to be mocked by the playful glimmer of his eyes, the shifting and chatoyant luster of the pupils.

He raised one white and slender hand as if beseeching whatever powers he communed with to witness our greeting. Then he greeted me with a strange smile.

"Madame Desiré," he said, before I could introduce myself, "I am charmed at your condescension. Good morning."

"You know me?" I exclaimed.

He returned my surprised glance boldly, admiration in his eyes, yet with a certain lurking defiance in his manner. Instinctively I distrusted him, though there was an indefinable quality of attraction about him too.

"Know you?" he repeated. "My beautiful, I know you better than you know yourself. You are a most delectable picture this morning. My God, Desiré, you are superb!"

"Please!" I protested, at a loss how to meet his strange manner. I was trying to appraise him and was making a poor job of it. My courage was waning; I was afraid to tell him the object of my visit. But he did not give me the opportunity.

**"YOU** are wondering what I mean when I say I know more about you than you do yourself," he continued. "Well, I know why Edgar Frampton left you on your wedding night. That's more than you know!"

"Impossible!" I managed to exclaim.

"No! No! As a fellow occultist, you should know better than that. I know also all about the scene in your room last night when that sniveling Mrs. Deland fainted on your hands. You should have pulled down your blinds. That's one of my pet means of getting the dope on hotel guests, you know—I have a very powerful field-glass, and I sit out here on the beach and watch what goes on in the rooms. By the way, I can do lip-reading, too—so I actually can tell what they are talking about. That's how I get my information. When they come to me for a reading I generally can tell them things that knock 'em dead!"

He laughed at his own audacity, and to my surprise I found myself laughing with him. We were on more friendly terms at once; he led me into his little reading-room and we sat down, facing across his table.

"Now, my beautiful, what have you got on your mind?" he asked, and his rather taunting smile held a challenge, as if daring me to be frank.

I was frank. Since he knew so much, I was glad to find some one to confide in. Only my love for Frank I withheld; all the other circumstances I felt no hesitancy in revealing.

**B**UT Ducquerel was more penetrating than I had imagined.

"You are in love with Frank Deland," he asserted, when I had finished telling him how I had been snubbed by the guests. "Don't try to deny it. The look in your eyes, the trembling of your hands, when you speak his name, are in themselves a confession. However, you know your own business. What do you want me to do?"

"I thought you might employ me as an assistant," I said boldly.

He threw back his head and laughed scornfully.

"And ruin my business—get the hotel people down on me?" he demanded. As I started to rise, however, he caught my wrist and gently pressed me to remain.

"Just a moment," he pleaded. "Let me think!"

Suddenly he leaned across the little table, fixing me with his brilliant, hypnotic eyes. I knew then that this Ducquerel exerted a singular influence definitely his own—the power of an impulsive spirit that could overawe and dominate. I drew back.

"See here!" he said earnestly. "I want to pull the big stuff. I have actually been hoping I could run across a beautiful medium who could help me earn a million dollars. You can do it. With you to play the big rôle, I could bluff the world. You and I can concoct a scheme by which



we can baffle high society, pull the wool over the eyes of all the old boys in the Society for Psychical Research—and clean up! My beautiful, you are the girl who can do it!"

THE intense enthusiasm of his candent eyes drew me toward him. His earnestness was infectious. He was tempting me with what I had already craved—the excitement and thrill of a great and dramatic deception.

"You've got the looks!" he insisted. "You've got the brains! And you've got the courage! You and I can make Balsamo and his lovely Florenza look like a couple of pikers. Everything that Cagliostro wanted to do, but didn't know how, we can do. We'll show them the spirits writing on slates, make spook portraits, lift the tables, spin chairs in the dark, produce raps, float ghostly speaking trumpets in the gloom, raise the flanneled dead from the grave—and make them believe it, and make them like it!"

"How?" I cried incredulously. "Leave it to me!" he boasted. "I know all the old ropes, but we won't use them. I've got something new—something that has never been sprung, something that will dumfound them all. But I must have your youth, your daring, your beauty to put it over. We can make a million out of it!"

"Where will we do all this?" I asked. "New York first! Then—everywhere! All over the world!"

I found the courage to shake my head. No! The project was inconceivable. This man was a stranger to me—a rather queer stranger at that. Why should I cast in my lot with him? I had merely hoped to gain from him temporary employment; enough to enable me to get somewhere else and work out my own destiny.

"NO!" I said. "It is all very glittering, but I am not interested. I am sorry!"

"You are interested," he contradicted. "I saw your eyes while I was telling you about it. You are eager to accept, but you are afraid. I don't blame you. You don't know who I am, or anything about me. Well, I'll tell you who I am—as far as I care to, that is. I know who you are, and I know why your fine husband debauched in the dark of your wedding night. But I won't tell you why, so don't ask me. All that I can tell you about myself, my beautiful, is that I am a scion of a fine old family, as they say in the story books; that my name is not Ducquerel and that I am a black sheep; that I am also a black-leg gambler and many things besides; that I am an exceedingly intelligent criminal who never stole a dollar, betrayed an innocent woman, or hurt a dumb animal!"

"I have no morals! I have decency! At present I have very little money. I have wasted two fortunes. I do not fear anyone, alive or dead. When I set out to do anything I always do it. I have an ambition to be famous before I die. With you I can realize my ambition. Will you do it?"

I ROSE to my feet, afraid to listen to more of his blandishments. He was offering me the chance to do exactly what

I would most wish to do. But I knew it would be the rashest kind of folly to accept.

"No!" I told him. "I—I am sorry, Monsieur Ducquerel, but I cannot consider such a proposition as that!"

For a fleeting instant his brow was contracted into a jumbled corrugation of angry red ridges. Arms folded, jaw thrust out, eyes glittering, he brooded over me, his long, accipitral nose lending him the aspect of a foiled bird of prey.

"You can't?" he repeated.

Of a sudden, his ill-temper vanished. Inwardly he had been seething with anger, and without allowing it vent he had fought it down. Now he was his debonair, mocking self again.

"You are interested," he challenged, laughing. "I have no doubts whatever about your state of mind. I want you—so don't be angry at any means I employ to force you to accept!"

He swung his arm and bowed gracefully as I passed out into the salt air of the blustry beach. I could still hear him laughing as I walked back toward the hotel.

AT twilight that same day I had a disagreeable caller.

All through the afternoon I had been studying over my situation, resolutely driving back the impulse to risk everything, dare everything, with Ducquerel. The future that he promised held for me an allure that possibly would have attracted no other woman. But I had had one little taste of the thrill of wonder-working, and it had awakened a hungry desire for more. I am a born mystic; all who have been associated with me recognize that.

Yet Ducquerel, with his satanic countenance and harsh assurance, frightened me. His familiarity was threatening. I was wise enough to decide that I would keep away from him.

And then, just as the first gloaming shadows were creeping across my room, there came a rap at my door. When I opened it, I saw a raw-boned man, plainly a native, with a long, straggling moustache, bulging and unintelligent eyes, and a nervous trick of brushing a hairy right hand over his heart. He walked up to me with a swagger that was partly domineering and partly intended gallantry.

"Howdy do?" he began, bending over toward me, with his hat held straight out behind him, and his head cocked knowingly to one side.

I bowed and wondered.

"Thought I'd like to have a little private conversation with you—on business," he explained, straightening up, intrusting his hat entirely to one hand and brushing over his heart with the other.

"WHAT kind of business?" I inquired.

"Your business," he grinned. "You'd better."

There was something in his manner that I did not like. I made up my mind to have nothing to do with him.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I am very busy today. Please excuse me!" I tried to close the door, but he balked me.

"I'm Sheriff Hanson!" he announced in a husky whisper, and with a practiced



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movement he threw back his coat and exposed a well-polished badge. I was frightened but I resolved to meet him boldly.

"How does that concern me?" I demanded.

"I might arrest you," he said ominously. "Better talk turkey to me, young woman—talk turkey quick!"

**HIS** beady little eyes, black as the heads of pins, looked mean and threatening. Confidence, high assurance, was in their blinking gaze. Yet what could he do to me? I had committed no crime.

"Just what do you mean?" I asked with considerable asperity.

He thrust his face forward and snapped: "Look here, young woman! Do you want me to put the handcuffs on you right here and now? Better invite me in your room right quick, I'll tell you. I ain't in for no fooling!"

Other guests were pausing in the corridor. It would be better to talk to him privately.

"You may come in," I said quickly, and feeling more and more nervous, I admitted him.

He promptly seated himself, and resting his shaggy hands over his bony knees, he came directly to his business.

"You're a criminal," he announced briskly. "I can lock you up. There's a law on our statute books against women like you—witches and vagabonds and soothsayers and fortune tellers—the law of man and the law of God is against you. You haven't been to any college and studied palmistry and got a diploma like the professor down on the beach. I give him a license. He's a scientist. But you are violating the laws of this state. I've heard all about you. There's something got to be done about your case!"

**I** HAD crossed my knees and I suddenly noticed with alarm that he was contemplating my ankles with an enraptured eye. Instantly I changed my posture.

"Well?" I asked him coldly. "What are you going to do about it?"

He clucked his lips meditatively and seemed at a loss how to resume.

"It can be fixed," he said, with an odious glance.

"I don't know what you mean."

He laughed with a silly cackle. "You don't realize how bad off you are," he assured me. "I can fix it for you so that you'll go to the workhouse. That's a nice place, the workhouse is—not! You hadn't ought to want to go there!"

"Are you looking for money from me?" I demanded.

"Have you got any money?" he gasped. "Very little—I'm awfully poor," I pleaded. "How much does your license cost?"

He leaned over and tried to take my hand.

"Wouldn't cost you very much if you acted right," he said. "Mightn't cost anything whatever!"

"Are you trying to insult me?" I cried, rising, feeling my cheeks flush hotly.

**A** SUDDEN rush of loathing seized me. Why was I caught in such a sordid mess? It was all so abominably cheap, so miserably unfair. This mon-

ster dared to insult me, a highbred girl, as if I were a woman of the streets. Never before in my life had I been subjected to such an indignity. I could scarcely believe I was awake and in my right senses. Shuddering with revulsion I made up my mind to escape from Virginia Beach at any cost; its very air was becoming hateful to my nostrils.

Meanwhile Sheriff Hanson was amusing himself.

"Insult you!" he crowed. "Ha! Ha! Say, look here. Do I look like I was born yesterday? I don't want no kidding. I'm an officer of the law. I won't stand no foolishness. But I am open to argument. You're a nice-looking girl. Give us a little kiss!"

I was speechless. My face was flaming. I had never seen such a wicked sight as this horrid little countryman, with his scraggly red face, and his bad teeth, and his little bloodshot eyes, leering at me. He rose to his feet, a silly half-smile on his withered lips.

"Come on!" he coaxed. "Let's taste one of your kisses!"

I darted behind a chair as he came nearer. Of a sudden I realized that there was danger in the situation. This man had nothing to fear. In the eyes of the local authorities I was all that he had said I was; they had me at their mercy. Indeed, he immediately made this clear.

**"DON'T** try no monkey business with that chair," he warned me angrily. "I come up here to arrest you on a warrant I swore out myself. I'm my own magistrate. That's the way we can do things down here. If you get mugged up, it's your fault. I'm going to have that kiss, mind!"

"You come a step nearer to me and I'll—"

"You won't do nothing," he broke in. "You're a daisy, you are. I'll get that kiss now, if it's the last thing I do, you hear that?"

He made a sudden attempt to seize the chair and wrested it from my grip in one terrific sweep of his arms. I was amazed at his strength; his stature gave no hint of it.

"Come here to me!" he rasped, and his gorilla-like hands were clasped down on my shoulders.

I opened my mouth to scream, but he quickly lifted one hand and clasped it against my mouth. The other he swung around my waist with cruel force and drew me to him.

Struggle as I did, kicking at him, wriggling and squirming to be free, I could not budge from his terrible hold. Almost a maniacal strength seemed to possess him.

"I'm going to get that kiss!" he gloated, and things grew dark before my eyes. His hand lifted from my lips; his face darted swiftly downward toward mine—and then drew back as quickly, as a baffled snarl gathered in his throat.

Someone had come in!

**A** LONG, slender white hand had caught him by the neck and sent him spinning across the room, where he toppled over in a heap against the window.

Professor Ducquerel stood before me, his eyes more mocking than ever! One hand lay carelessly in his coat-pocket.

"There's a case where my spy-glass came



in handy!" he remarked. "I thought I recognized you, Hanson. You're a filthy cur! Now behave! I've got you covered through this coat-pocket with a gun and I'll shoot if I have to. Get out of here!"

Hanson stood up, an ungainly spectacle. He gave me a bitter glance and then shuffled toward the door.

"I'll be back—and the two of you will catch it!" he said meaningly, and went out, slamming the door shut behind him.

Ducquerel smiled at me and pulled out the lining of his pocket. It was empty!

In a flash, I understood.

Ducquerel had done it all! He had instigated that brute of a Hanson to annoy me; deliberately set him on my trail! Now I had to run away before the revengeful Hanson returned. Perhaps Hanson had gone further than Ducquerel had planned; certainly Hanson had been in earnest.

Even so, Ducquerel had tricked me, as he had threatened to do! He had made a fool of me!

AS I looked at him, turning his coat-pocket inside out, proud of the success of his trick, I resolved in one illuminated instant to pay him back somehow.

He wanted me to fly with him, did he? Well, why not? Let him take me away. That was what I wanted most; I had to escape. When I was safely elsewhere, I could leave Ducquerel, before I was placed in the slightest danger. I smiled.

"You tricked him, didn't you?" I said. "Bluff!" he cried merrily. "That's all there is to life, anyway. But Hanson wasn't bluffing, my beautiful! He means business. He'll do just what he says. I am going to leave town in the next hour; I own an automobile, and I am clearing out. What about that proposition of ours? Why not come with me? Won't you come?"

Again I smiled.

"Yes!" I breathed softly. "Now!"

Even then I almost drew back—for the ardent flame that for a moment came into his eyes repelled and warned me. Then I reassured myself. It was all right—I was going to leave him too quickly to fear anything.

THE brooding mists of twilight were rising like ghosts from the sea, moving mysteriously across the silent masses of sand, as I rode away from Virginia Beach by the side of Ducquerel.

One last look I took at the place, so infested with sad and bitter memories. And then came one sweet memory that would not be eluded—my first encounter with Frank.

Long I looked over my shoulder, though the memory gave me poignant, exquisite pain. He had said he would follow me; he would never find me now! I seemed to fancy him there in the shadows—his kind face so stricken at our parting, waving me a shadowy farewell.

All the scene was blotted out from my straining eyes as we plunged on, deeper into the gathering night—deeper and deeper into the impenetrable future.

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BRANN, the Iconoclast

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The Mouth of Hell  
The American Middle Man  
A Disgrace to Civilization  
Some Cheerful Liars  
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The Children of Poverty  
Balaam's Ass  
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Evolution or Revolution  
The Cat  
Driven to the Devil  
The Seven Vials of Wrath  
Adam and Eve  
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Fake Journalism  
Rainbow Chasers

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The Law of Love  
A Prize Idiot of the Earth  
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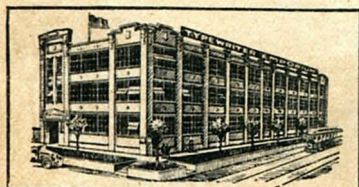
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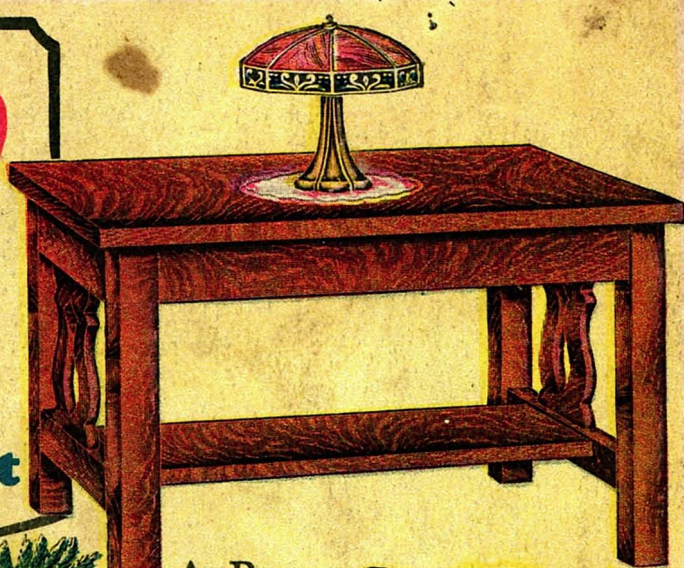
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